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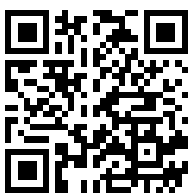

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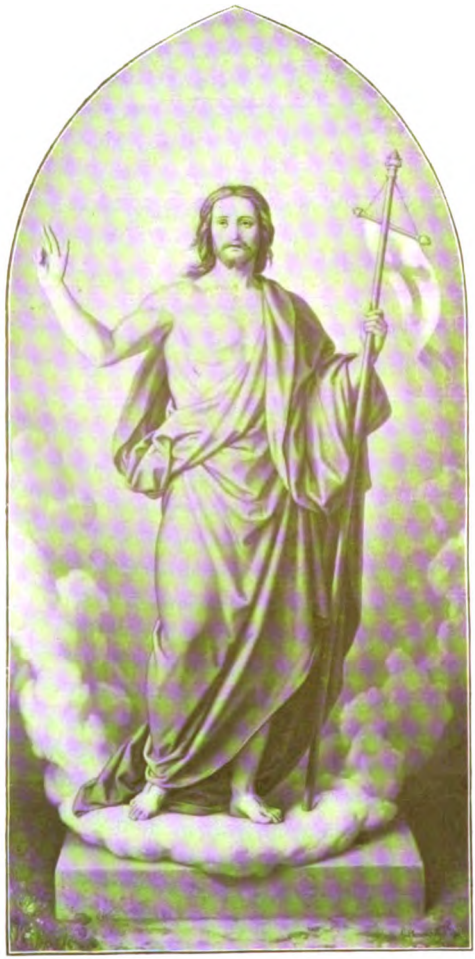

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THE RESURRECTION.

BY JESSIE WILLIS BRODHEAD.

SOFT rose the dawn into the dusky heavens;
Pale from the tragedy its trembling light
Had witnessed on the hillside of Golgotha,
Ghost-like and wan, the vanquisher of night,
Spreading its white wings in the solemn silence—
Wings with a portent burdened, all unknown—
Upward the gray dawn floated, thrusting westward
Shadowy darkness down through the perfect zone.

Into the silence rings a bird-note, flute-like,
Liquid with rhapsody of matin hymn.
Touched by the trembling sweetness of the music,
Flutters a petal from the blossomed limb.

With the awaking ecstasy of nature,
Out from the guarded portal of the tomb
Stands forth the Master, radiant, transfigured,
Light of the fading, dawn-encompassed gloom.
Over the low hills, down the sheltered valleys,
On the dim splendor of the Temple's crest,
Bathed in the creeping glory of the morning,
Forgivingly the Master's glances rest.

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Triumph, my soul, o'er intervening ages!
Take to thyself the dauntless wings of Faith;
Shed from thy spirit mortal chains and fetters;
Rise from this shroud of unbelief, O wraith
Of restless human longing! Lift thy pinions
Into the silence of the Easter morn,
Soar o'er the battle-fields of human reason,
Strewn with their pale-browed victims, travail-worn.

Nay, falter not! Schismatic, pagan, sceptic,
With empty hands upturned on Nature's breast,
Stir faintly 'neath the passage of thy pinions—
A spirit whisper o'er their dawnless rest.
Leave them behind, e'en as they left their riches,
A royal treasure to the wise of earth;
They missed but one thing to themselves essential:
They fathomed Death but failed to fathom Birth.

Turn from their sightless eyes. Upon a hillside
Stands, there, a God in noblest human guise,
With wounds upon His hands, His feet, His forehead,
And wounded love lying within His eyes.
Rest at His feet; and in the waking morning,
Illumined by the tender light above
The broken tomb, read thou anew thy lesson
Of Faith divine born of eternal Love.

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THE SHOE IN SYMBOLISM.

BY RIGHT REV. CAMILLUS P. MAES, BISHOP OF COVINGTON, KY.

CATHOLICS have often been taunted with the fact that no one can approach the Pope of Rome without *kissing his toe*, implying that the sacrifice of one's self-respect and a mark of servility are expected by the Catholic High-Priest from all believers. How many are there, even among the well informed, who have explained this act to the satisfaction of the fault-finders?

Perhaps they have said that it is the cross on the shoe or slipper of the Pontiff which is the object of the osculatory reverence; but the unreasoning prejudice is only mitigated, not removed. The fact is that it is actually the shoe of the Pope which is kissed, independently of the golden cross usually embroidered on the upper of his official foot-gear.

Why is it done? There is a good reason for every ceremony in Catholic usage and worship. The most casual rite of the church's functions and of the ceremonial connected with the official acts of her ministers has a *raison d'être*, a historical or symbolical reason worthy of the attention and respect of the learned and of the educated.

We venture to say that there is better reason for kissing the Pope's shoe than for the gallant token of kissing a lady's hand, to which few of our critics would seriously object on the ground of undue respect.

The act of kissing the shoe of the Pope is without doubt an act of respect and submission to his supreme authority, but it does not imply the least degree of servility to the scholar who traces its origin from the days when public acknowledgment of authority, civil as well as religious, was considered a manly virtue. That affectionate homage rendered to the Father of all the faithful is readily traced to the act of vassalage which the nobles of a kingdom rendered to the king of the realm in feudatory times. The notables who held their fiefs under the crown gathered once a year at court, to do homage for their holdings; and the kissing of the shoe of their liege lord was the customary form in which that recognition of the rights of the general government represented by king, emperor, or pope was originally expressed.

Nor must we forget that only the noblemen of the nation

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were admitted to the ceremony of kissing the shoe of the sovereign enthroned with all the official paraphernalia of legitimate authority; for that service of vassalage was the service of prowess and valor, which only those who had distinguished themselves or who were heirs to titles of distinction were allowed to render.

Thus this act of reverence was given originally by dukes, counts, and other officials who were beholden to the pope for their territorial authority, just as it was given by men of the same rank to the sovereign of the kingdom of whom they were the vassals.

The undying spirit of democracy, which is ever alive in the church, soon levelled all distinction of rank between the faithful in their spiritual father's house, and all were eventually admitted to what was originally the privilege of the few. So that in reality the act of kissing the shoe of the Pope is the survival of one of the most prized privileges of feudal times to which only the better class were admitted. Hence it argues more eloquently for the dignity of the Catholic laymen and for the equality of all in Christ's kingdom on earth than for their obsequiousness.

So much for the respectability of the origin of that ceremony of kissing the Pope's shoe, which modern usage upholds with that respect for olden times which the conservatism of the church of all ages never allows entirely to lapse.

But how came that ceremony to imply an act of reverence? From the very remotest antiquity *the shoe* has been the symbol of authority and power. King David was fully acquainted with its meaning, for he says: "Into Edom will I stretch out my shoe: to me the foreigners are made subject" (Psalm lix. 10). Solomon, describing the many surpassing qualities of his bride, praises not only her beauty but emphasizes her royal rank: "How beautiful are thy steps in shoes, O Prince's daughter!" (Cant. vii. 1). In olden times a suzerain king used to send miniature shoes to the kings and princes who paid him tribute or held their power under him, with the injunction to carry them on their shoulders in the presence of their court retinue. This they did, walking barefooted, on the day appointed for the recognition of their subordination to the sovereign.

Christ, being the Sovereign King of heaven and of earth, always appears shod in the early Christian paintings. It is only when the traditions of Christian art began to be disregarded under the influence of a revival of pagan methods, and art cut loose from all symbolism to seek mere artistic triumphs, that the figure of Christ appeared stripped of his foot-gear. The pope being the representative of Christ, always came forth for the celebration of the holy mysteries with shoes on his feet.

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Later on, the bishops, being the shepherds of the flock, assumed, with the other sacred vestments which symbolize the various garments of Christ and the duties of their office, a pair of shoes richly ornamented, expressive of their authority and of their duty of going forth to evangelize the world, agreeably to the text of Scripture: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace" (Isa. lii. 7; Nah. i. 15; Rom. x. 15). And to this day, when they celebrate, pontifically, the divine mysteries, the bishops put shoes, leggings, or slippers on their feet, praying: "Shoe, O Lord, my feet in preparation of the Gospel of peace, and protect me with the cover of thy wings."

"To win one's shoes" was said of the nobleman who conquered in combat and thus came into legitimate possession of his title of knighthood, ending his tutelage under another knight. "To win one's spurs" is the more modern expression of the same thought, and applies to all who pass from dependency unto the liberty of self-relying men in mechanical or professional avocations. It would strike one as a strange paradox that the modern expression is the more knightly of the two did we not reflect that in these days everybody wears shoes.

Whence the old saying: "I wish I were in his shoes." Here again the shoe is the symbol of possession of mastership. It means: I wish I had the authority, the power, the possessions that are his; that I had his good fortune. Many find out by sad experience the truth of old Fletcher's saying: "'Tis tedious waiting for dead men's shoes," which typifies the position or possessions which a man is to leave to the impatient beneficiaries who look for his death.

One of the striking features of the wedding festivities among the ancient Saxons consisted in the bridegroom putting his foot in the shoe of the bride, and the latter stepping into the shoe of the husband. That interesting ceremony betokened the union of the married state and the power over the body which it confers to each over the other's. The modern custom of throwing a slipper or an old shoe after the married pair, when they first set out together after the marriage ceremony, is a reminder of the same import. The same idea of possession may be traced in the custom of German children placing their shoes in the chimney-corner on the eve of St. Nicholas or of Christmas day. Whatever is deposited in their shoe or in their stocking, which is not a wide departure from the original idea, is their own.

Nor do we now wonder at the superstitious practice of their ancestors, who, convinced that wherever dead-lights hovered

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over the ground by night gold was to be found, used to throw their shoe on the spot where it appeared, claiming the next morning the right to dig for it. That staking out of a "gold-burn" temporarily suspended the rights of the owner of the soil to the treasure-trove.

From what has been said it is easy to understand that the fact of "taking off one's shoes" became a sign of reverence to authority, resigning authority, acknowledging mastery, or giving up one's rights. When Moses drew nigh unto the burning bush he was told: "Come not nigh hither; put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exod. iii. 5); and under like circumstances Josue "took off his shoes, fell on his face to the ground and worshipped God" (Josue v. 15–16). To this day Arabs and Turks take off their shoes whenever they enter a mosque or a temple, out of reverence for the God whom they are about to adore. And the same spirit of reverence enforces the still prevalent custom of leaving their shoes at the door when they enter the home of an official, or even of a friend. That ancient custom of the Eastern lands, which Jesus Christ sanctified by his corporal presence, is religiously preserved in the Catholic Church during one of the most striking ceremonies of Holy Week.

When on Good Friday the officiating priest has uncovered the crucifix and carried it reverently to the cushion whereon it is to receive the veneration of the faithful, he takes off his shoes and, in his stocking feet, he prostrates three times before he kisses the five bloody wounds of the crucified Saviour's hands, feet, and side.

When Isaias was inspired by God to prophesy the captivity of Israel he was ordered to take off his shoes from his feet and to go barefoot (Isaias xx. 2–3), to symbolize the loss of liberty of the Jewish people and the fact that their dominion had been taken away from them. Again, in the Gospel we read of the prodigal son who by riotous living had become a bare-footed and ragged and starving keeper of swine. He returns to his father, and a ring is put on his hand and shoes on his feet, to signify that he has been restored to all his filial rights under the paternal roof (Luke xx. 22).

Under the Old Law a man had a right to his sister-in-law when she was left a childless widow. He has to "take his deceased brother's wife, who by law belongeth to him." But if he will not take her and "refuseth to raise up his brother's name in Israel, the woman shall come to him before the ancients and shall take off his shoe from his foot, and his name

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shall be called in Israel the House of the Unshod," that all the people might know that he had relinquished his claim to the inheritance of his brother (Deuter. xxv. 7–9–10).

The book of Ruth, iv. 7, tells us how Boaz acquired his right to marry his kinswoman and to secure her inheritance by the same ceremony, as it "was the manner in Israel between kinsmen, that if at any time one yielded his right to another, that the grant might be sure, the man put off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor. This was a testimony of cession of right in Israel."

In the New Law the men who give up all their rights of possession, authority, and personal liberty, by making vows of poverty and obedience, such as Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins, Augustinians, and Passionists, give up the wearing of shoes. In their monasteries, and even on the street in Catholic countries, where they never doff their religious habit, they walk barefooted, or at best in sandals, mere soles attached to their bare feet with leathern thongs.

To carry the shoes of another, to take them off and put them on again, was the most obsequious service that one could render to another. Among the Jews this was considered slave service. To the question: "How does a slave prove that he is his master's property?" the Talmud answers: "He loosens and ties his master's shoes, and he carries them after him when he goes to the bath." And in another place that Book of Scribes teaches "that all manner of service which a slave renders to his master a pupil also owes to his teacher, except the latching of shoes."

Hence we understand the wonderful humility of St. John the Baptist, who declared himself "not worthy to carry the shoes of Jesus Christ" (Matt. iii. 2), and who declared him so much mightier than himself that he said "he was not worthy to stoop down and loose the latchet of his shoe" (Mark i. 7).

Meanwhile we render the honored service of children to the representative of Jesus Christ, His Vicar, by a filial kiss planted upon the foot-gear, symbol of his spiritual authority. How different this affectionate token of reverential regard from the abject servility of the slave of olden times, who put his head under the foot of the tyrant master and then laced his shoes; ay, and of the base slavery of the modern fop who puts decency under foot and kisses the slipper of a dancer with as much guilty complacency as old Herod who rewarded Salome's lascivious dancing with the head of the Baptist!

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THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"Without my attempt in Natural Science I should never have learned to know mankind such as it is. In nothing else can we so closely approach pure contemplation and thought, so closely observe the errors of the senses and of the understanding, the weak and the strong points of character. All is more or less pliant and wavering, is more or less manageable; but Nature understands no jesting; she is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the errors and faults are always those of man. Him who is incapable of appreciating her, she despises; and only to the apt, the pure, and the true does she resign herself and reveal her secrets" (*Conversations of Goethe; from the German by John Oxenford*).

HACUN à son goût" is a true saying, and we fear many will not agree with us when we tell them that the most interesting place to visit in New York is the Museum of Natural History. It is so easy to reach by the elevated railroad—less than a half hour's ride brings you to it—that there is positively no excuse for ignoring this treasure house, filled with nature's beauties and wonders. And the best way to go through the museum is to take the lift, which carries you in a minute to the topmost story, from whence you may descend on foot and view the different halls without the fatigue of mounting stairs. The library and reading room—open to everybody from ten to five P. M.—are on the highest floor; and here you find a collection of 30,000 volumes relating to natural history, in the care of Anthony Woodward, librarian, while in the admirably lighted reading room are many scientific magazines as well as every convenience for study. On the same floor is an excellent display of Indian relics from North and South America, while the Emmons collection from Alaska is certainly unique.

EXTINCT MONSTERS.

Having visited the library and examined the Indian relics, the first curiosity to which we draw your attention is a plaster cast of *Phenacodus Primævus*, described by Cope. This extremely ancient animal, whose almost perfect skeleton was found in Wyoming, was about as big as a sheep. It had, as you observe, five toes on each foot, each toe ending in a nail which is neither hoof nor claw, and, judging from its foot-bones and its unmodified teeth, it was probably carnivorous as well as herbivorous. *Phenacodus* is one of the most important of recent

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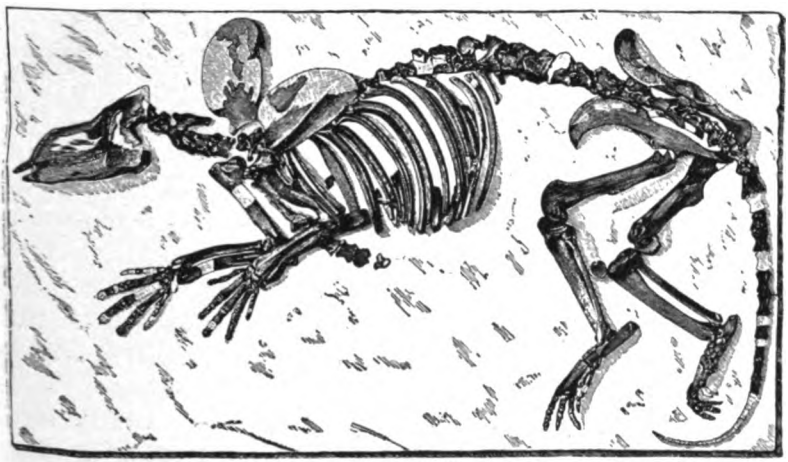
fossil discoveries, for it is the most generalized typical mammal that has yet come to light, and it was probably the common ancestor of all existing ungulates or hoofed animals, and perhaps also of the existing carnivora. How many ages ago since



PHENACODUS.

it lived you may imagine when we tell you that this skeleton was found at the base of the Eocene—the first division of the Tertiary; and when we place this epoch at more than a million years in the past, geologists and palæontologists will not disagree with us.

The next fossil animal to claim our attention is the *Atlantosaurus*. Unfortunately we have only a thigh-bone of this gigantic reptile, which was discovered by Professor Marsh in the upper Jurassic strata of Colorado. The thigh-bone, as you see, is about six feet long, and, if the rest of the body was at all in proportion, we may not unreasonably picture to ourselves an animal somewhat like a crocodile, whose whole length may well have been eighty feet, and its height, if it stood erect, was perhaps between twenty and thirty feet. From this bone of the *Atlantosaurus* turn to yonder skeleton of the great extinct Irish deer.

This beautiful creature—a true *cervus*—gets its name from the fact that its remains are most plentiful in Ireland. But they have also been unearthed from cave deposits both in England and on the Continent. The Irish deer may have been contemporary with later man, with man of the neolithic age; but this is uncertain, and as neither Cæsar nor Tacitus mention it, it very likely did not exist at the time of the Roman invasion

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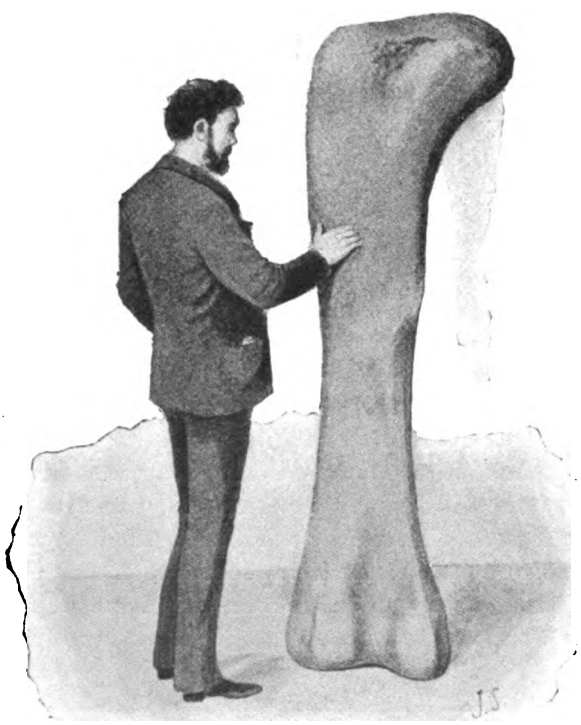
of Britain. The Irish deer surpassed in size the largest moose of Canada, and in several skeletons the antlers have measured between eleven and twelve feet from tip to tip. Its remains were first discovered in the Isle of Man, and are described by Cuvier in his "*ossemeus fossiles.*" But they are not found in the peat, as many erroneously imagine, but in the true boulder clay underlying the peat, which clay is a product of the ice-sheet of the glacial epoch, and this would indicate that the Irish deer was contemporary with the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth, which animals, there is good evidence to show, lived along with palæolithic, or early man. The Irish deer may, however, have lived on to more recent times, from the fact that its bones in several cases retain their marrow as a fatty substance and burn with a clear flame.

Among the mammals which are still in existence, but which, like the seal, are doomed to an early extinction—at least in North America—is the Florida Manatee, of which we have a good specimen. It belongs to the diminishing order of Sea-cows or Sirenians, the largest and most remarkable of the order being Steller's seacow,* which became extinct a little more than a century ago. The Manatee is herbivorous, and aquatic in its habits, and on its fins are rudimentary nails, which may help to throw light on its ancestral history.



THIGH-BONE OF ATLANTOSAURUS.

After the Manatee look at the whale, which, as you know,

* First discovered by the German naturalist, Steller, who was cast away with Vitus Behring on Behring's Island, 1741.

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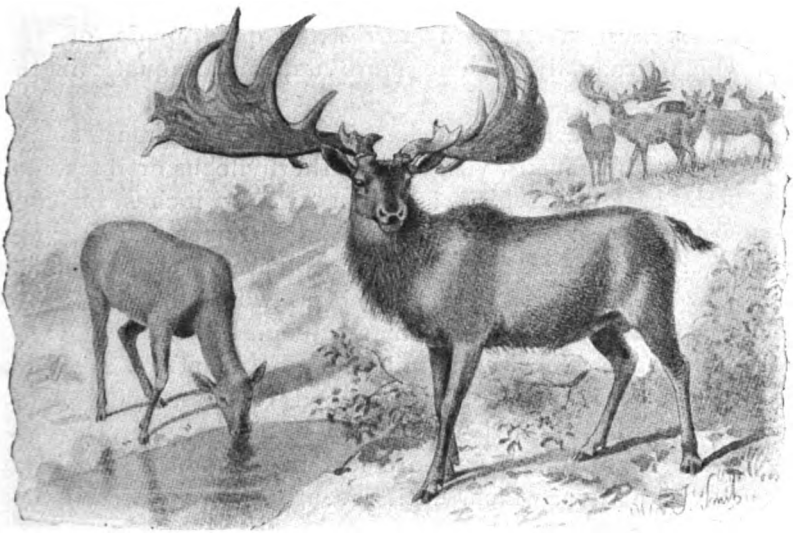
is not a fish; it has merely assumed the aspect of a fish. The fore-limbs have become modified into paddles, while in some species the vestiges of hind-limbs are still to be found within the body. Some of the largest whales are almost one hundred



IRISH DEER.

feet long, and weigh about one hundred and fifty tons. These monsters belong to the finback species. As we have said, this mammal's fore-limbs have been changed into paddles; but the whole anatomy of the paddles is quite unlike that of a fish's fins. The resemblance to fins is altogether external, for the paddles reveal the typical bones of a true mammalian limb, and this is just what we might look for on the theory of descent with modification of ancestral characters. Even the whale's head, so like the head of a fish, retains all the bones of the mammal skull in their proper anatomical relations one to the other, while the unborn young of the Baleen whale, from which we get the whalebone, have rudimentary teeth which never pierce the gums. Now, these teeth in the embryo of a whale would be an enigma except for the Recapitulation theory, which tells us that structures which at one time were of use to the ancestors of an existing animal appear in the unborn young of the latter, because of the tendency of all animals to repeat in their own development their ancestral history. Indeed the whole structure of the whale is an admirable lesson in evolution. Here we quote Romanes:* "The theory of evolution sup-

* *Darwin and after Darwin*, vol. i. p. 50.

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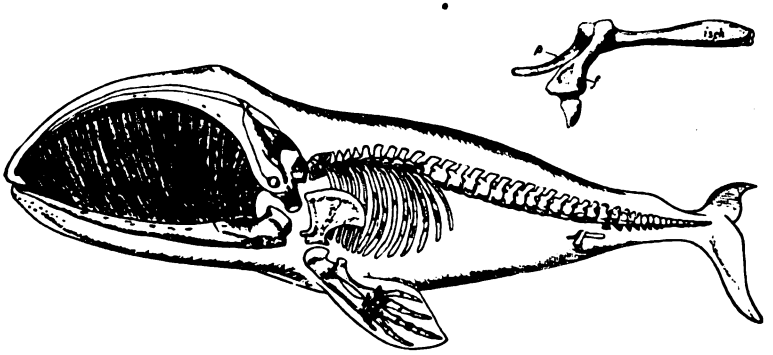
poses that hereditary characters admit of being slowly modified wherever their modification will render an organism better suited to a change in its conditions of life." And speaking of whales, the same high authority adds: "The theory of Evolution infers, from the whole structure of these animals, that their progenitors must have been terrestrial quadrupeds of some kind, which gradually became more and more aquatic in their habits."

From the whale turn to what is perhaps the most singular of all existing mammals, viz., the ornithorhynchus or duck mole. This little creature, which is about twenty inches in length, belongs to the small order of the monotremes. It is suggestively archaic and stands at the very base of the mammalian series; indeed from its affinity to birds we might consider ornithorhynchus as only nascent mammalian.

Its habitat is South Australia and the island of Tasmania; it is aquatic in its habits, has webbed feet like the feet of a duck, a horny bill armed with teeth—which appear, however, only in the very young and are lost in the adult—and it lays eggs, two at a time, which, until recently, were believed to be birds' eggs.

EXISTING MAMMALIA.

Having briefly examined the ornithorhynchus, look at yonder grayish, cunning-looking animal, which in our college days at Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, used to interest us a good deal,



SKELETON OF WHALE, SHOWING RUDIMENT OF HIND-LIMB.

although not at that time for scientific reasons. This creature is the opossum, which now interests us from the fact that it is the sole representative of the marsupial order in the New World. Judging by a few teeth and other bones, the earliest mammals to appear in geological time (Triassic) were non-placental or reptilian

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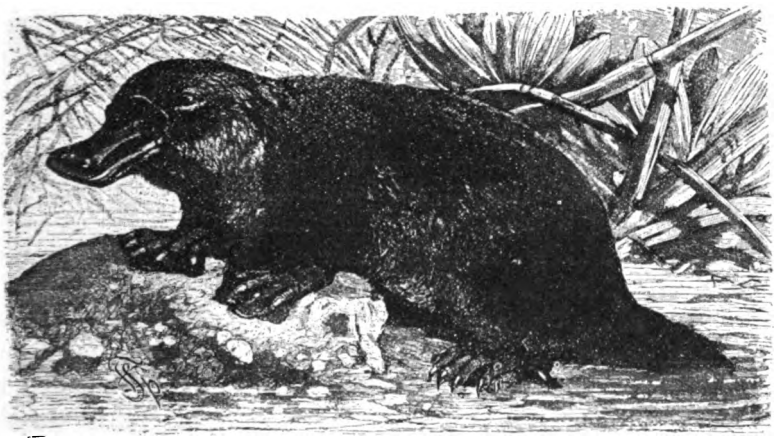
mammals, which sub-class includes the monotremes and the marsupials. Now, a marsupial is a mammal whose embryonic development is completed *outside* the body of the parent, in a pouch (*marsupium*), and hence the opossum, which is a marsupial, may be termed a reptilian mammal, for in the reproduction of its young it approaches reptiles. And here we may observe that true placental mammals—that is, mammals whose entire embryonic development takes place *within* the uterus, do not appear before the tertiary age; before this age—divided into the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene epochs—both the birds (as we know by *Archæopteryx*) and the mammals were still rep-



ORNITHORHYNCHUS.

tilian, and the links which connected the bird and mammal branches with the reptile stem were not obliterated. The opossum, therefore, like the ornithorhynchus (which is even somewhat lower in the scale of organization), presents us with an exceedingly primitive form of mammal life. And here we may remark that when the very few persons who nowadays object to evolution ask to be shown the missing links, the intermediate forms—which on this theory must have existed—they forget that true links are not directly intermediate: the veritable kinship is that of branches of a common stem. Now, the evidence which is derived from the earliest stages of mammal development, undoubtedly supports the theory of descent from a common ancestor. The highest authorities agree on this point. But if the reader wishes to read what is best on this subject we refer him to the tenth chapter of Darwin's *Origin of Species.*

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From the opossum we turn to the kangaroo, which is also a marsupial and the largest of the order.

In the illustration we perceive a young one peeping out of the pouch. The kangaroo is an inhabitant of the Australian region, and is most abundant in what has been aptly termed the fossil continent of Australia. For the whole mammal fauna —insectivorous, carnivorous, and herbivorous—of this immense island is highly archaic, and consists (excepting the bats and animals introduced by man) entirely of the sub-class of non-placental mammals, which is made up, as we know, of the marsupials and the monotremes, and which, as we have already said, appeared before the tertiary age, in which age placental mammals are first discovered.

Not far from the kangaroo is a graceful little black and white animal which we do admire and which affords us an excellent example of *warning coloration*—we mean the skunk. It is hardly necessary to state that it possesses a highly offensive secretion which it throws at its enemies, and hence the great use to the skunk of these black and white colors: they are an advertisement and a warning. As soon as you perceive these conspicuous colors in some bush, or in the dusk, you do not hesitate to about face and run, even if you have a club and a pocketful of stones. Nor will any dog, except the very bravest, attack this otherwise defenceless creature. And let us observe that it is commonly held by men of science that warning coloration has been brought about through natural selection. That is to say, in the ancestral form the animal whose colors ever so slightly varied in the direction of safety, would naturally have some little advantage and more chances to survive. And then through heredity, variability, and the continuous operation of natural selection, these at first slightly warning colors would, generation after generation, age after age, slowly, surely, tend to become more and more conspicuous and perfect, until they became what they are to-day. This may seem very strange to the general reader. But remember what man, who has not been working nearly so long as nature, has been able to accomplish in a few generations through *artificial selection.*

Among other things, from the common, wild crab-apple man has produced the golden pippin. And speaking of his and Wallace's theory of natural selection, which, as we know, has done so very much to spread the ancient doctrine of evolution, Darwin says:* "It may metaphorically be said that natural

* *Origin of Species*, p. 65.

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selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing, throughout the world, the slightest variations; rejecting those that are bad, preserving and adding up all that are good; silently and insensibly working, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, at the improvement of each organic being in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life. We see nothing of these slow

KANGAROO.

changes in progress until the hand of time has marked the lapse of ages, and then so imperfect is our view into long-past geological ages that we see only that the forms of life are now different from what they formerly were."

THE MASTODON.

Let us now pause a moment before yonder gigantic skeleton. Those are the bones of a Mastodon.

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This ancient animal was allied to the mammoth, and it got its name from Cuvier, who so named it in order to distinguish it from the latter. Its remains have been unearthed in a number of places in the United States; and it is interesting to know that of all quadrupeds none were at one period more widely distributed over the globe than the Mastodon. It roamed from the tropics to as far as 66° north latitude. The evidence of geology proves that it represents an older form of life than the mammoth. The Mastodon first appears in the eocene epoch, which is the first division of the tertiary; and in Europe it disappears at the close of the following epoch, the miocene. But in America it lived on well into the post tertiary, until what is called by archæologists the palæolithic, or old stone age; and there is good reason to believe that, like the mammoth, it lived along with early man, who not unlikely was the chief cause of its extinction.

The last mammals to which we call your attention are the monkeys, of which our museum has a fine collection.

THE APE FAMILY.

Our illustration represents one of the highest of the group —a so-called anthropoid ape. The apes include the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the orang-outang; and the illustration is that of a chimpanzee, whose habitat is tropical Africa. And here, without entering into the vexed question of kinship between such an animal and the *body* of man, we ought not to prejudge the matter by looking at it through subjective, *a priori* spectacles. Within proper limits the so-called simian hypothesis is not against faith, nor is the hypothesis less tenable because direct, intermediate forms have not come to light. In natural history, while there may be descent from a common ancestor, connecting links are seldom discovered. We know, however, by comparative anatomy that the differences between man and the apes are distinctly less than between the apes and the lower monkeys; and for those who believe in the Recapitulation theory it is a significant fact that the apes and man still possess a few caudal vertebræ below the integuments, and at a certain stage of the embryonic life of both a caudal appendage is very evident. Now, according to the Recapitulation theory, we have in embryology a record of the history of the past, and the results of recent researches would seem to justify the general conclusion that embryology and palæontology tell about the same story. But whatever light further researches and discoveries

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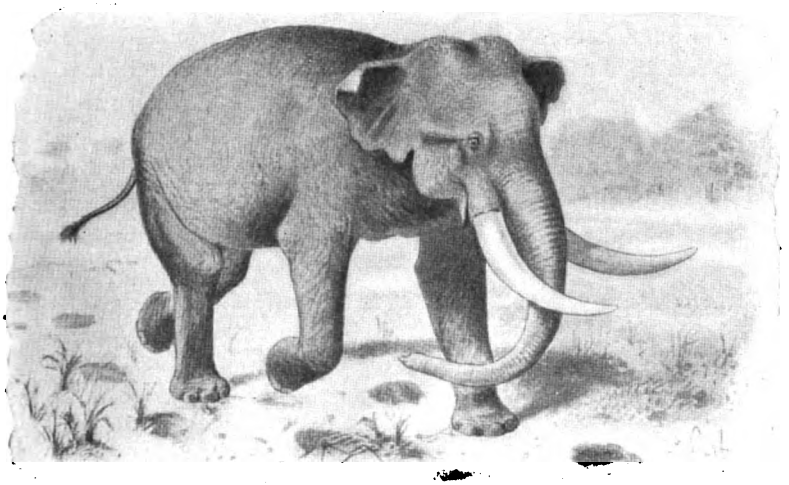
may throw on this important question, it will only affect the *substratum*, the *body* of man; man's spiritual soul was an immediate, special creation of Almighty God, and man was not truly man until he was given a spiritual soul.*

GIGANTIC BIRDS.

We come now to the birds. But there are so very many of these that we can look at only a few. Among those which have become extinct, yonder huge skeleton is that of the Moa, an ostrich-like bird, which formerly inhabited New Zealand, where it was exterminated by the natives, probably not much more than a century ago.

It is an interesting fact that the eggs and bones of another



MASTODON.

gigantic bird—Œpyornis—have been found in the island of Madagascar, which is on the other side of the Indian Ocean. Now, as none of these big birds could fly—the moa had scarcely a trace of wing-bones—it may be asked how they got to New Zealand and Madagascar. Well, the better opinion is that they all sprang from a common ancestor, whose home was in the great northern continental area, and which made its way by degrees southward across land that is to-day buried under the sea. We may thus form some idea of the great changes which we may not unreasonably suppose to have occurred in the

* For the last word of anatomy and palæontology on the subject see *Primary Factors of Organic Evolution*, by Cope, pp. 150–171. November, 1895.

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geography of our globe: and a continent in the Pacific Ocean, for which the name Limuria has been proposed, may really at one time have existed. Has not the theory of the permanence of ocean basins been pushed a little too far? The nearest ally of the moa is the diminutive Apteryx, which is living to-day in the same island, New Zealand, and of which our museum has several specimens. But a marked difference between the extinct and the living bird is that the apteryx possesses the rudiments of wing-bones, whereas the moa, as we have said, has hardly a trace of them. In regard to the loss of the power of flight we quote Darwin:* "As the larger ground-feeding birds seldom take flight except to escape danger, it is probable that the nearly wingless condition of several birds, now inhabiting or which lately inhabited several oceanic islands tenanted by no beast of prey, has been caused by disuse. The ostrich indeed inhabits continents and is exposed to danger from which it cannot escape by flight, but it can defend itself by kicking its enemies, as efficiently as many quadrupeds. We may believe that the progenitor of the ostrich genus had habits like those of the bustard, and that, as the size and weight of its body were increased during successive generations, its legs were used more and its wings less, until they became incapable of flight."

Not far from the apteryx is a specimen of the Great Auk, a native of the Newfoundland region and which became extinct within the present century. And this is a sad reminder that before another century is past many a bird and many a mammal, which is now in existence, will have become extinct, like the great auk.

THE WOODPECKER.

But why, you may ask, is yonder pole placed in the Bird Hall? Well, that represents part of a telegraph pole, and if you go nearer you will see that it is perforated with holes and in every hole is an acorn, put there by the California Woodpecker for food during the winter; and you even see one of these wise, provident birds at work pecking another hole into the wood in which to hide another acorn.

From the woodpecker turn to the cat-bird, which most people imagine has no cry except that of a cat. And does not this show how wanting too many of us are in the important faculty of observation? For there is no songster that can give

* *Origin of Species*, p. 108.

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out sweeter notes than our dear American cat-bird. And how many a country lout shoots it because, forsooth, it steals a few cherries! Well, has it not a right to a little fruit, since it destroys myriads of harmful insects and by so doing actually puts money into the farmer's pockets?

Not far from the cat-bird we come to a fine collection of humming-birds. And remember, this tiniest and most gorgeous-

CHIMPANZEE.

ly-tinted of birds is peculiar to America; it exists nowhere else. And let us add, it exceeds all other birds in its powers of flight. In our Eastern States we have only the ruby-throated kind, which arrives in May and departs in October. But there are four hundred species of humming-birds in the tropics. And we may remark that it is a mooted question among naturalists, whether the beautiful colors of certain birds are due to sexual selection, as Darwin proposed, or whether

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they are the physical equivalent of greater vigor, as Wallace maintains.

CURIOUS INSECTS.

But we have no more space to give to the birds; nor can we do more than glance at the insects. Of these there is a good display of butterflies, moths, bees, and ants; and observe that gigantic South American spider called the Bird-Spider, because it is big and powerful enough to entrap small birds. And it is well to know that animals and plants—so widely apart in the scale of nature—are nevertheless bound together by interesting and complex relations. Darwin tells us * that the common honey-bee cannot fertilize the red clover; it is not able to reach the nectar. The fertilization is brought about by the humble-bee. Then Darwin continues: "Hence we may infer as highly probable that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare . . . red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great measure on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Colonel Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that 'more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England.' Now, the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Colonel Newman says: 'near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice.' Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district." Of the ants perhaps the less we say the better, as it is hard to stop when we begin to speak of this most interesting of all insects. The ant, we know, keeps another tiny insect—the Aphis—in order to milk it, as it were. That is to say, it causes the aphis to excrete a kind of juice by stroking it on the abdomen with its antennæ, and this juice the ant is very fond of. The aphides, however, do not excrete it solely to please their keepers; there is no evidence that any animal does any thing in order to please or benefit another species. The better opinion is, that the excretion serves to carry off waste products; it is extremely viscid, and if no ant happens to be near by (which very seldom happens)

* *Origin of Species*, p. 57.

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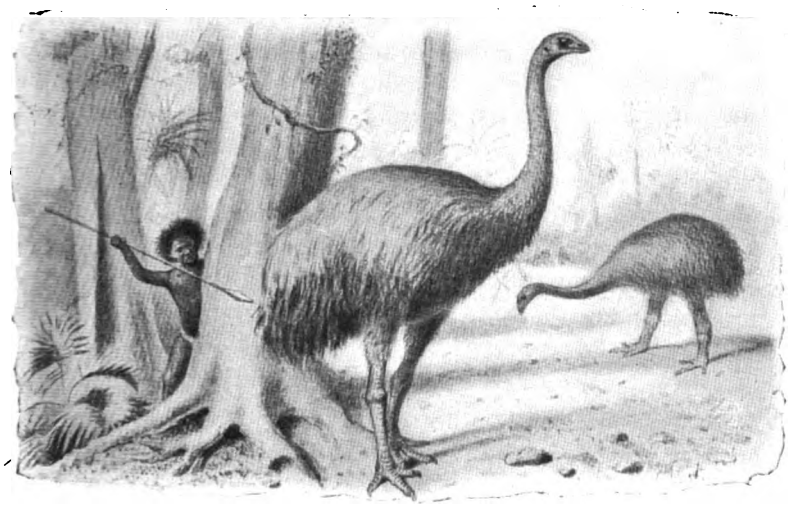
the aphis is obliged to eject it. But no doubt it enjoys the sensation of getting rid of the juice by being tickled on the abdomen. Mr. Belt, in his classic work, *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, tells us that a certain species of ant actually turns gardener and cultivates a diminutive fungus on which it feeds. For a long time this almost incredible fact was doubted. But quite recently a German entomologist, after a careful study of this ant, has fully confirmed what Belt relates.

And now that we have finished our very hasty walk through the museum, let us conclude by saying that before many weeks another hall is to be opened to the public, and in this hall will be exhibited new and wonderful fossil remains discovered in



MOA.

the Rocky Mountain region; and we doubt if there will then be more than two or three other museums in the world which will have a collection of tertiary mammals equal to ours.

ADVANTAGES OF THE MUSEUM.

As a last word, we recommend the students of the Catholic colleges in and near the city of New York, as well as our seminarians, to visit the museum occasionally; it will be like a breath of fresh air to them. A good deal of our book-teaching is only useful as mental gymnastics, and after exercising and racking the brain over some puzzling volume we are often no wiser than before. It will be well, however, before we go to the museum to prepare ourselves a little to intelligently enjoy

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what we shall see there; and to this end, we might read *Darwin and after Darwin*, the very last work of the late lamented G. J. Romanes. We know of no better hand-book for the general reader, who is not a professed naturalist. Then having read it, we shall find the beauties and the numberless curiosities in the wonderland of nature stimulating and quickening our mental powers as nothing ever did before. The faculty of observation, which till now has lain dormant, will be thoroughly awakened and we shall learn for the first time to observe, compare, and contrast. And, moreover, by developing a love of nature, may not some young persons be made less cruel to the birds and beasts around them? Almighty God has put them here to serve us, but we should not be heartless masters. And when we consider the marked advantages for every branch of study which the city of New York presents, we cannot help regretting that the Catholic Summer-School did not decide to hold its annual meetings here, instead of hundreds of miles away in the country. Our museum has not many equals. We shall before long have a good menagerie and a botanical garden, and we believe that what we are saying is only the echo of what many another person thinks, who travels to the Summer-School on Lake Champlain.

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ZILPAH TREAT'S CONFESSION.

IN the year of our Lord 1800, in the early morning twilight of the 1st day of May, a strange scene was passing in a quiet village in New England. In an open square in the centre of this village was its church. About the church stood many pairs of oxen hitched to freshly painted wagons, covered high with new canvas. These wagons were filled with household goods, leaving space only for the family to sit.

Within the church the entire community had assembled; there had been words of admonition from the pastor, hymns of praise and prayers for blessings from the congregation. As they were about leaving the church an aged woman, known in the village as Aunt Axy Treat, arose to speak to them. She was a woman of unusual learning, and her opinion was sought on all important subjects; yet for her to "speak in meeting" was an unheard-of-thing, and the whole assembly, amazed, stood and listened. "My friends," she said, "you are going into a new country to seek your fortunes. I beg of you, let not the love of money drive from your hearts the love of God. Be honest, not only to your neighbors but to your own households. Give them the best it is possible for you to give, and know that for them love and contentment are more to be desired than riches. Beware, beware of the greed of gain! It destroys love, honor, and friendship. It gains its mastery step by step, and so silently that before one is aware he is wholly subject. Once more, I say to you, beware!"

Silently the company left the church. With tears and quiet leave-takings, half of the entire village filled the wagons, and before the sun had risen started on their long and perilous journey. They were not vagabonds and paupers; they were God-fearing, law-abiding, prosperous householders, who, for the promise of the future, were willing to endure the hardships and dangers of a new country.

Before autumn they reached Ohio, and then they founded a New England village; the same in name and customs as the one they bravely yet sorrowfully left on the memorable May morning. For the new village they chose a beautiful valley; on either side were tall hills, forest-covered; at the foot of one

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a broad, swift stream flowed. Quickly trees were felled and cabins built. The streets were carefully laid out, a large centre square was reserved for churches. The transformation was so great and so speedy that in a few years this forest, teeming with wild beasts and venomous snakes, became a peaceful village, with its churches, its school-house, its mills and shops—a New England village with the old-time thrift and economy, fanaticism and bigotry.

Prominent among those of its people vying to outstrip each other in riches was Abner Treat. He had remembered for a few months his mother's impressive words, but he had not heeded them. One who, recognizing a temptation, yields, soon loses not only the power to resist, but the ability to recognize, and he soon without misgiving devoted all his energies to one great purpose, money-making. The importance of this was impressed upon his children. His only son, Samuel, by precept and example, was made the shrewdest and stingiest boy in the whole village.

When fifty years had passed the village had greatly increased in size and dignity. Four neat churches adorned the centre square. There were two schools, public and private, for children; two "seminaries for young women," and a college for young men. There were mills and shops, and all the appurtenances of a prosperous town. All rivalry in society, politics, and religion was confined to the two leading denominations, Presbyterian and Baptist. Their social lines were fixed like the caste lines of India. There was no commingling, socially or religiously.

Abner Treat's son Samuel was the richest man in the village. Like his father, he was a Presbyterian. Promptly every year he paid his five dollars towards the minister's salary of three hundred. Every year he gave twenty-five cents for foreign missions. He faithfully attended all the services of the church—three sermons on Sunday, and the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. Usually he spoke in the prayer-meeting, exhorting sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." Sometimes he exhorted privately, and in every way he was considered an exemplary Christian. Twenty years before he had taken to wife one of the fairest, gentlest girls of the village. God had given them two children, a son and a daughter. Samuel Treat, wholly mastered by one great passion, "the greed of gain," was sacrificing for it love, friendship, and all that makes life most desirable.

One pleasant morning in September of the year 1850 Zilpah,

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his daughter, came to him in their plain, uncomfortable sitting-room. "Father," she said, "I would like to go to the fair; may I?" Samuel Treat looked up, his eyes rested on the fair face of his winsome daughter; he had never noticed before how pretty she was, and a feeling of pride in her possession seized him. "Yes," he said, and as he slowly counted two dimes and five pennies from his purse he added, with a smile meant to be mischievous, "There is twenty-five cents; bring back the change." "But, father, it takes twenty-five cents to get in, and I need a dress, and I want a hat." Quickly the smile and the pleased look left his face, and one of annoyance and irritation covered it. "Do you think money grows on trees?" he said. "What's good enough for your mother is good enough for you, and young girls should not be vain; that is all you can have, and more than ought to be spent in nonsense."

Silently Zilpah turned and left her father. "Good enough for mother!" she thought. "Mother has pieced and darned the black silk dress she had when she was married till there isn't a whole breadth in it; and I and Julius growing up with no decent clothes, no books, nothing; and he, our father, the richest man in the village! Every day he asks God to bless his family. It makes me shiver when I hear it. Little he cares for his family. He really begrudges us our food, and indeed it is poor and scanty enough; but if I do not use this money for the fair, I must give it back. I will go."

The intervening days were spent in mending, washing, and ironing the best of her scant wardrobe. Her white sun-bonnet's ruffles were carefully crimped, and her pure, delicate face was very beautiful in it so encircled. She had clear, ivory-colored skin, with pink in the cheeks and cherry in the lips. She had large, brown eyes with long, black lashes. Her eyes wore an appealing look, as if they constantly prayed for something always denied them. Her hair was black and it grew low on her broad forehead. Her figure was slight but rounded. She was eighteen years old. She borrowed a neighbor's saddle, and taking an old horse that could not be used in harvesting, she rode to the fair. Her way was through bits of woods, by little brooks, past well-tended farms, and finally through the streets of a large town. Just beyond this town were the fair-grounds.

Usually all the beautiful things, from the tiniest flowers at her feet to the bright singing birds in the tree-tops, brought joy to Zilpah. But to-day she rode by them all unheeding, for her heart was filled with bitterness and anger towards her

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father. At the last moment he had refused the twenty-five cents to Julius her brother, one year younger than she, who had worked for him hard and faithfully the whole summer without pay. At first she wondered how things could possibly be bettered. Then she wished some great overwhelming thing would happen, such as a mighty tornado or earthquake, and change the whole face of the world, and so its people. Finally the thought came to her: "If he should die—if her father should die—she would miss nothing, and how much she would gain! Mother could then rest; she could have nice comfortable gowns, and make pleasant little journeys; Julius could go to the college, and she to the seminary. How infinitely better everything would be! Oh, if it could only, only happen! But she could not do that—No! But God might. She would ask him. He must see it is best so." And she prayed with all the fervor of her young soul that God would let her father die.

After she had thought this possible, her whole ride was filled with ecstatic visions of what could be done when the prayer was answered. The farm buildings needed no repairing; the barns were much better than the house, and always in good repair. She would build a kitchen, she would have a girl—she selected the girl; she would make the house so pretty with bright carpets and curtains and comfortable chairs, and a piano—of course she must have a piano. Then mother should have soft woollen dresses, and stiff rustling silks, with fleecy laces for her neck and her caps; and Julius—she could already see him President of the United States, he was so talented and so industrious; and she—how she revelled in her dainty, white-trimmed bed-room, in her soft chintz gowns and broad-brimmed hats, and school, music lessons, and books!

When she went into the fair the effect of this picture made her face shine, and her friends asked her what had happened. Then, for the first time, she realized what had happened: she had buried her father and rejoiced over it for hours! Her prayer was so earnest and her vision so real that she could not stay away; she must go home and see. So, after a quick glance at flowers, fruit, vegetables, and bed-quilts, she started, leaving the horse-racing, which, with its spice of wickedness, was usually the fair's chief attraction. How she hurried!—she fairly panted. When she reached the house she was astonished that there was no unusual stir.

As she rode up to the door the first person she saw was her father, and she listened to his fretful fault-finding. He was

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examining apple-parings, and scolding because they were not so thin as he was sure he could pare them. At the first glance she was thankful her prayer had not been heeded. When she came nearer and saw and heard him distinctly, the meanness, the agony of it all came back to her, and with all her soul she cried: "O God, let my father die!" Day by day, week by week, she carefully scanned her father's face—there was no change; there was the same active, restless life. He was a tall, spare man, but straight and robust. With the same exasperating care he watched the pennies, and there appeared no thought for the well-being of any one. More and more plainly Zilpah saw her father's faults. More and more emphatically she rebelled against them. In her heart only—there was no change in her behavior. There had never been any caressings or confidences between father and child in Samuel Treat's household. There was always dumb, forced obedience, respectful silence; but no confessions of wrong-doing, and no promises of future goodness. Zilpah hated it all—the ugly home, the straitened life, her mother's submission, and Julius' unpaid toil. If it had been necessary, had there been poverty, and so need of self-denial and work, no one would have more cheerfully done her part; but there was no need; it was all the tyranny of a man whose God was Mammon.

"Why should he be allowed to do it?" she thought. "Why should not God interfere, and now, before it is for ever too late?" And the prayer always in her heart, that God would let him die, grew ever more earnest and urgent.

One morning, late in November, Zilpah stood by a window in the living-room, and watched the unloading of freshly cut wood. It was one of her father's exasperating plans of economy that their wood should be green; "it lasted so much longer." A little dry was provided to be sparingly used for kindling. Zilpah wondered if, after all, she must give up all her desires for improvement, and make her home with one of the woodcutters who had lately asked her to. Her father liked him. "He was thrifty," he said. Zilpah knew that meant stingy. "She would not bear that meekly like her mother." The wagon was emptied and the men went back.

Still she stood at the window. "Would it be best after all?" she thought; "but what if her prayer is answered? If her father died, then she would send this man away instantly; then she would study and make the best of herself; and marry perhaps, after a long time, some college man learned in all the

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things she longed to know about, and generous, and fond of luxurious living." She glanced out of the window. Slowly and carefully the wagon was coming back, and it seemed to be empty. She looked again and saw Julius sitting in it; her heart stood still. "Can anything have happened to Julius?" She hurried to the door; there she met her mother. A man came running to them; his story was quickly told.

Mr. Treat was felling trees with them; they saw one was about to fall; they called to him, but he did not hear, and evidently he did not see it; and it fell, striking him on the breast. Julius was holding him in the wagon. They could not tell how seriously he was injured; one had already gone for a physician. Then all was bustle and confusion; a bed was brought down to the sitting-room, a fire kindled, and all the possible requirements of a physician made ready, and the dinner cooked for the men. Zilpah had no time to think. She overheard the physicians telling her mother that no bones were broken, but there were, they feared, serious internal injuries; how serious could not be determined now. The house must be absolutely quiet, and the medicine regularly administered. Mrs. Treat chose to act as nurse; Zilpah was left with the cooking and house-work, and the day was far spent before any leisure for thought or questioning came to her.

Then she silently crept into the room where her father lay. The fire was burning on the hearth, its weird flickerings casting strange lights over the room; on the bed, pale and sleeping, lay her father, her mother quietly watching by his side. Suddenly, like a heavy, unexpected blow, the truth flashed upon her: he would die, and she had prayed for it! Penitence and remorse were almost overcoming her, when her father awoke and motioned to her, and she went to him. "Is the fire out in the kitchen?" he said slowly and feebly; "we can't afford to keep two." All the tenderness and repenting vanished; she hastened to the kitchen, and for the first time she disobeyed him; she filled the stove with wood, and sat down to warm her benumbed hands and to wait for Julius. When he came he went directly to the sick-room; there was lifting and preparing for the night's nursing for him to do.

Zilpah went to her room and slept, youth and weariness overcoming the natural nervous sleeplessness. In the morning she hurried down stairs. "He is better," her mother answered to her questioning. A wave of disappointment rushed over her. "After all, would he live, and the old, narrow, hateful life go

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on?" Mechanically she cooked, and ate, and washed the dishes. She made no plans; she only waited.

For hours Samuel Treat lay in what seemed to be quiet slumber; but a strange vision was passing before his closed eyes. He thought his soul left his body and was immediately met by the spirit of his grandmother, Aunt Axy Treat. He had never seen her, but his father and the neighbors had talked to him of her since his childhood, and he recognized her. Only a few weeks before an old lady, who in her young womanhood had come with the emigrants from New England, sought him, and repeated to him his grandmother's farewell words spoken in the church on the morning of their departure. Very quietly and kindly she had urged him to heed them. He had roughly and emphatically assured her that he felt perfectly able to manage his own affairs, and would allow interference from no one. Yet her words had been in his mind constantly, and with a desire to resent them, and to prove his satisfaction in his way of living, he had redoubled his efforts in economy, and become to his household more disagreeably penurious than ever before.

When he would stay to gaze upon his body and its surroundings the spirit seemed to urge him to hasten, and he followed her. Quickly they left all familiar scenes, and it was not possible for him to tell how rapidly they moved, or in what direction. On and on they went, till finally they drew near to a wall higher than his eye could reach, and seemingly interminable in its length. When the spirit approached, a small gate was opened by unseen hands and they went through. They were in a large city. Its streets were narrow and laid out at right angles; the houses were cell-like buildings, each evidently intended for one person only. The material of which these houses were made was most surprising. On one street they were composed wholly of the evil desires indulged by mortal men, and each and every one was perfectly visible. One, and the one which seemed to him most horrible, was the street of blasphemies. Its homes were made of the oaths of different nations, as evident to the eye as they had ever been to the ear in his natural life. As he passed through this street he thought he heard sighs and groans, but he saw no one.

The spirit hurried on till finally they came upon a scene which filled him with hope and joy. The streets were paved and the houses were built of coins of different nations. As he came upon those he recognized, he thought, his grandmother, who had brought him where money could be had for the taking, and

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he should go back loaded with millions upon millions—and all without work. The value of the coins grew less and less as they went on. At last they stopped before a high cell built of five, ten, and twenty-five cent pieces. The spirit approached this one, and, as he was wondering how he could carry enough of such small coins, she pushed a screen away, revealing a narrow, window-like opening. She beckoned, and he came forward and looked in. In the centre of the room he saw his father carefully counting pile after pile of five cents, dimes, and quarters. His face was so haggard, and he was so evidently suffering great torture, that involuntarily he stretched his hands towards him, crying: "O father! let me come to you and help you!" His father looked up, a smile of recognition came upon his face; it quickly passed, and the look of agony and remorse again covered it. "No," his father said, "you cannot help me; I must count carefully and accurately all this money; what follows then I know not. I have tried to influence you to better living than mine. Sometimes I have thought I was succeeding, but I have been always mistaken; my influence had been too strong while I was with you. Your time is almost come; the house near mine, built of cents and half-pennies, is to be your prison. Nothing can change your fate now. But before you come to stay, go back to your family; tell them you love them—they think you do not; confess your mistakes, and ask their forgiveness. This will comfort you greatly during your punishment; then urge them to be charitable. They will not follow your footsteps, but they need to do more than merely avoid the evil you and I have been guilty of. Do not stay; your time is short. Hurry back to them and make your peace with them.

Then the meaning of this strange city came to him. The worthlessness of the money he had sacrificed everything to gain was shown to him. His coldness and unkindness to his wife and children was made apparent to him, and in eager haste he followed the spirit back. Not because his father asked it; for the love so long dormant filled his soul and he longed to tell them of it, to ask them to forgive him, and to hear them say, at least once before he died, that they loved and trusted him.

Late in the afternoon, while Mrs. Treat sat by his bedside watching her husband as he slept, he suddenly opened his eyes and asked her to call Julius and Zilpah, and to come herself; he wished to speak to them. As they came to him a look of

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love and tenderness never before seen upon his face surprised them.

"I wanted," he said slowly and laboriously, "to tell you that I loved you, and to ask you to forgive me—I have been so mistaken in my life—I want you"—but his words were confused and meaningless. With great effort he struggled. There was a message that he fought death to give them, but all in vain.

The few words he had spoken turned Zilpah's hatred and loathing to tender love and pity. That he, the strong, self-satisfied man, should humbly and in tears ask his children to forgive him—it filled her with a sense of the shame and humiliation that he must suffer, and her whole heart went out to him in the desire to prevent and help. But while the struggle to speak still held him, there came that strange unearthly look into his face, his hands fell, and instantly the quiet of death enveloped him. "Oh! is it over?" Zilpah cried; "it cannot be; I must speak to him; I must ask him to forgive me!"

Tenderly they led her away, and in her own room, refusing to be comforted, she sat in speechless agony. With hands tightly clinched, she kept still and listened while the bell on the Presbyterian church tolled slowly, thus solemnly announcing that one of the congregation had died. Then she counted the strokes, forty-five, telling the people the age; and then the single one, that all might know it was a man that had gone. She could see just how the people, young and old, stopped and listened, counting the age-strokes, and then waiting. If two followed, a woman had died; if one, a man. She knew they all instantly decided it was Samuel Treat, and she felt fiercely angry when she realized that no one in the whole village would be sorry. She steadfastly refused to see any one, and her mother and Julius were obliged to deny her to the villagers who flocked there to learn of her father's last moments, and to express their sympathy.

In those days there were no nurses to be hired, no burial robes to be bought; and yet it was considered very unfitting to bury one in any garments that had been worn. Women of the same denomination helped each other in nursing and made the burial robes. Shrouds they called them.

There was one young woman, Mrs. Hovey, a zealous Baptist, with that Christian charity that reacheth all; her sympathy and help were never denied any one. She was a handsome woman, and her husband loved to adorn her beauty with the prettiest things his money could buy. Her beauty and her choice ap-

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parel were always pleasing. She was a nurse skilled without training; her touch was always soothing, and she was so faithful and untiring that all physicians wanted her. When a baby came, she soothed the mother in her agony; she cared for the baby, and every mother took her little one first from her arms. Her voice was a clear, sweet soprano with a pathetic quality usually found in contraltos only. When all hope was abandoned and death was near, young and old asked for her to sing some of the comforting songs of the church when they were dying. She never refused, but, exercising wonderful self-control for one so young and so full of sympathy, she sang by many death-beds. Then no fingers so deft as hers, nor so willing, in cutting, making, and putting on the burial robes; and she did it all ever graciously. Many of all creeds held her dear in their hearts, but the power of custom was so strong that only those of her own denomination bade her welcome at their homes for social pleasures only.

Mrs. Hovey had been asked to cut the shroud. Jane Stevens, Mrs. Short, and Mrs. Brown had come to make it. Jane Stevens was a tall, angular, unmarried woman, a seamstress who regularly earned twenty-five cents a day except on occasions like this, when she cheerfully worked for nothing. She was always present on all important occasions, parties, weddings, and funerals; and not waiting to be asked, she assumed the general management. She had a brusque, imperative way of doing things and of saying things, and she "never spoilt a story for relation's sake," she said. It was her adverse opinion, however, that she gave so emphatically to people. If she had a good opinion of any one she spoke of it with equal earnestness, but always "to their backs." "Praise to the face" she did not believe in.

Mrs. Short was also tall and angular, and one not acquainted with her state would immediately have pronounced her an old maid; partly because from long living in single blessedness she had the air of one, and partly because she assumed a stiff, precise manner in speech and bearing. She could and did say just as cruel things as Jane Stevens, but with such calmness and quietness that they did not seem so acrid. She had ancestors of whom she was justly proud; her paternal grandfather was a Presbyterian minister; her maternal grandfather had been a teacher of Greek and Latin. These grandfathers gained for her awe and reverence from the old and mature. Her dignified manner and stilted talk had a like effect with the young and

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immature. Probably out of deference to the linguistic ancestor, she was very particular in her choice of words; she never used a short one when a long one could be found in her vocabulary; frequently, when they were not forthcoming, she coined words for herself, high-sounding and impressive.

Mrs. Brown was known in the village as Lucindy Brown. Her husband lived only a few years. Since his death she had lived on a small income, piecing it by calls planned skilfully just at meal-time. Her chief accomplishment was gossiping, but of a harmless sort, if such a thing is possible. It was principally the desire to hear and tell some new thing; though, of course, if it was something naughty the repetition was more startling and more enjoyable. Mrs. Hovey cut the robe in silence. The others would not allow themselves to make critical remarks concerning one of their own denomination in the presence of an outsider.

When she had gone, and the ladies had taken their work, carefully pinned and basted, Jane Stevens straightened herself and said: "Did you notice Mrs. Hovey cut these breadths to go clear over the feet? I think the old skinflint would turn over in his coffin, if he knew it."

"Why," said Mrs. Short, "is it not customary to cover the feet when the circumstances do not necessitate economy."

"Law! yes," said Jane; "but you know as well as I do that Samuel Treat never paid for a yard of cloth when a half yard would do; and here is three wasted. They do say that there are those that hold that the souls of the departed stay around for a spell. I hope his has, and he knows it."

"You had better be a little more circumspect in your conversation," said Mrs. Short. "If his departed soul is present it will comprehend you."

"I don't care," said Jane; "I'd like to have it. He's probably found out by this time that he was of no earthly account, and the Lord interfered by a special providence to get him out of the way."

"Mercy!" said Lucindy, "how you talk; people that have motes better not be pickin' out beams."

"Well, out with it!" said Jane; "don't be beatin' about the bush. If you have anything to say, say it!"

"Mr. Treat," answered Lucindy, "paid his subscription regular, and was always to church of a Sunday and of a week-day. You can't say so much for yourself for four weeks ago come next Wednesday night."

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"I knew before you begun," said Jane, "exactly what you was going to say. On that night I went to the Baptist girls' entertainment. Of course I could have given my two shillings and gone to prayer-meeting. But I didn't choose to. The money they made all went to the Widow Harris, and the land knows she needed it. I am not beholden to you or nobody else, and I'd do the very same thing again. In my Bible I can find about one allusion to goin' to meetin'; but the times the poor is spoke of, and the times we're told to care for 'em, you can't count on the fingers of both hands, with the thumbs thrown in. I s'pose my Bible and Samuel Treat's are pretty much alike; and will you just mention one instance when he done anything for the poor?"

Neither woman answered. Both felt sure there were more allusions to going to meeting in the Bible. They remembered one, "Not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together," but their recollection stopped there. Lucindy determined to stop at her minister's and mark all the allusions to going to meeting that could be found in the concordance in his big Bible. Mrs. Short finally said with great dignity, "Does the family contemplate dressin' in mournin'?" She meant this to seem to be a desire to check all further dispute; but they knew as well as if she had said so that she did not answer Jane because she could not.

"No," said Jane, "since Mr. Treat was asked to give something to buy mourning for the Widow Jones, he has preached against it from the house-tops. She couldn't go against his opinions right at first."

"Well," said Lucindy, "just wait a spell; won't there be high-flying times? They say there ain't no will, and there's a pretty snug pile for all three. My! won't Zilpah go it?"

"I don't know," said Jane; "she's about the worst hurt of anybody; she ain't been out of her room sence he died and she scarcely eats or drinks."

"Well, it can't be grievin' for him," said Lucindy. "No doubt she's under conviction. Standin' in the presence of death would be likely to affect such a girl. I've no doubt she'll join the church on the day of her father's funeral. Wouldn't it be beautiful?"

When they separated, Lucindy, convinced by her own thought, told every one she met, calling at many houses, that "Zilpah Treat was under conviction and would likely join the church on the day of the funeral."

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The funeral was over. Mechanically Zilpah had dressed herself and gone to the church. She had heard the minister, who knew nothing of her father except that he paid his subscription and came regularly to the services, eulogize him as few men were eulogized. She had seen him lowered into the grave. She had heard the sod fall with that sickening, echoless blow upon the coffin lid. She had come home and again gone to her room, refusing to be comforted.

After a few days Julius persuaded her to drive with him. "Why in the world do you grieve so?" he asked. "Did you really love him?"—hoping he might reassure her and comfort her. She answered: "O Julius! are you glad he is dead? Do you really think it is better so?" "Oh!" he answered, "I could hardly say that; I couldn't be so mean as to wish my father dead; but now I shall have a chance to do easily what I had planned to do at the hardest. I had intended to run away and earn my own living and an education. There's lots of money, Zilpah, and we can go to school now."

But Zilpah had only heard "I couldn't be so mean as to wish my father dead." These words kept ringing in her ears. "Julius, O Julius! if you only knew," she thought. "Can I tell him? No, he must not despise me. I will tell no one; after a while I shall myself forget."

Days, weeks, months passed, but Zilpah did not forget. In accordance with her pastor's urgent solicitation, she joined the church. The estate was settled. Her portion was a generous one. The house was enlarged and made attractive. A girl was employed to do the work. Her mother's sweet face had lost its anxious, careworn look, and she wore the soft woollen gowns Zilpah had planned for her. Julius was already distinguishing himself at school, and Zilpah, mechanically and without interest, was trying to do the things she had so joyously planned before they were possible.

But the burden on her heart grew only greater and greater. Her face was pale and her step languid. Friends advised a change of scene, and Zilpah and her mother went to New England, to the home of their ancestors. But no change of scene and no physician brought back the color to Zilpah's cheeks, the light to her eyes, and her quick, elastic step. The Great Physician did not come in answer to her pleading and lift the burden from her heart. Zilpah zealously guarded her secret till finally, when her every effort for relief had failed, she decided to confess it to some one and be told what to do. She chose

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Mrs. Hovey and immediately started for her. For the first time in her life she stood at her door. She rang the bell and then, trembling in every limb, she turned and hurried away. Before she reached the gate the door was opened. "Oh!" said Mrs. Hovey, "did you ring more than once?" And intuitively feeling the girl's errand to be confidential, she put her arm about her and drew her to her own room.

"I have to tell you something terrible," said Zilpah; "I must do it quickly or I shall run away." Then she told all of it, justly, sparing neither herself nor her father.

When she had finished Mrs. Hovey said: "Why, child, God can help you; though our sins be as scarlet, he can make them whiter than snow."

"I know," said Zilpah, "but he does not; I have prayed day and night for weeks."

"Perhaps," said her friend, "you are refusing to do what God has commanded and he withholds the blessing till you do it."

"What can it be?" said Zilpah.

"You have never been baptized."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, "when a little baby, and I have lately joined the church."

"But do you not know that is not baptism? A little sprinkling of water on a baby's head is not being 'buried with Christ in baptism.' You must be converted first and then baptized, and God will surely bless you, for he has promised. Come to the church—our church, if your mother is willing. Ask the people to pray for you. Repent, believe, be baptized; that is all that is required."

Zilpah went away encouraged. If that was all, she did repent; she would believe and be baptized. Soon she had met all the requirements of the church and the day for her baptism was fixed. Zilpah had not "felt her sins forgiven," and some of the good people said "that her evidences were hardly clear enough"; and yet there was so much proof: the requirements of the church were met, and likely after her baptism the blessing would come. They told her this, and with renewed hope and courage she waited for the blessing.

The day of her baptism came. Firmly and without hesitation she walked down into the river. Her hope was so manifest in her face that one present said afterward: "She looked as if she expected the heavens would open and a dove descend upon her, and God's voice assure her that he was well pleased." But

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the heavens were as brass; there was no dove, no comforting voice, but bearing her burden with all its weight she came up out of the water. Mrs. Hovey met her and wrapped shawls about her; and with her arms around her she rode by her side without speaking, for she knew the peace had not come. As Zilpah was going home she whispered: "Wait till the Lord's Supper; God often appears to his people then." In quiet agony Zilpah waited for the communion.

With the same hope and expectancy in her face, she stood near the pulpit while the pastor gave to her and others, as was his custom, "the right hand of fellowship." Then she went to her seat, and with bowed head asked for the blessing with the bread and the wine. When these were passed to her, she ate and drank; but the burden was not lifted.

Faithfully she did every duty. Church, social, and school obligations were all met, but the same sad, hopeless look still rested on her face, and the unanswered pleading always seen in her eyes grew deeper and plainer. She sought every book on religious topics, thinking perhaps somewhere she would find what to do. One day in her eager search in the seminary library she came upon a book on the Roman Catholic Church, "an *exposé* of the practices of that church," intended to repel all readers.

Zilpah knew nothing of this church. She had been taught that its people were a fanatical, misguided set, and its priests wicked, sensual men who pardoned any sin for money. But this book told of penance, hard and varied: of the wearing of sackcloth and ashes before the people, thus telling all that one had sinned and repented; of walking with pebbles in the shoes till the feet were sore and bleeding, when the limping gait testified to all of the penitence; of long prayers on stone floors till the knees, raw and bleeding, could scarcely do their work; of all sorts and kinds of bodily torment, sometimes lasting for years, and then, when all was expiated, the absolution free and full pronounced by the priest, God's messenger. She took the book home. She read it over and over till she could repeat it word for word. Here she felt was her refuge; she would go and confess and ask for the hardest penance, and then the free absolution. There was no Catholic church in the village, none nearer than a distant city.

She made her preparations for going. She made her will, leaving all she died possessed of to be expended for the benefit of girls whose fathers, for any reason, denied them school-

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ing. She gave little keepsakes to the friends she loved. She carefully packed the few things she would carry with her, and waited impatiently for the "Church Covenant Meeting" to make her purpose known.

The Saturday afternoon came. In the basement of the meeting-house the church-members had assembled. On one side the men, on the other the women, and in front, behind a low desk, the pastor sat. As was their custom, beginning with the men and passing in turn around the room, each one spoke, telling any special religious experience of the last month.

Zilpah sat still and motionless, waiting till her turn came. Then, rising, in clear, distinct tones she said: "My friends, I stand before you to-day in the sight of God and the angels a murderer. My hands are not stained with blood; if they were, how willingly I would give myself up to pay the penalty. My heart is crimsoned with it, but no jury would for that condemn me to death. I have tried in every way known to me to find God's forgiveness. I expected it on my knees when I repented. I expected it when I walked down into the water, and was 'buried with Christ in baptism.' I expected it when at his table I partook of the emblems of his broken body and spilled blood; but it did not come. Now I am going to the church that makes us suffer for our sins; now I am going to the priest to confess to him, to ask the hardest penance he can put upon me, and then, when all is over, when peace has come, I shall come back to you purified, and you will receive me; you will take me to your hearts; you will know I have done all I could. Oh! do not look upon me so coldly; think, think! I have murdered my father, and I must find peace! You cannot give it. Oh! let me go; in tenderness and love, let me go where it shall come to me."

But the eyes of the people fell coldly upon her. The pastor frowned upon her, and motioned to her to sit down. But she would not.

"Can you not understand?" she said. "Willingly I would give my body to be burned; but you will not burn it. I cannot, I cannot take my life myself. I cannot longer bear the agony. I must be free!" Her knees trembled, she sank to the floor. Using all her strength, she drew herself up again, saying, "I will confess—I will do penance." Again she sank to the floor, and again she raised herself. "I will be forgiven." The third time she sank down, and she did not rise again. At the feet of the Great High-Priest her soul sought absolution!

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THE MOST HOLY CORPORAL OF ORVIETO.

BY REV. WILFRID DALLOW, M.R.S.A.I.

IN the year 1263, when the Papal States were harassed by the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, Pope Urban IV., whose reign was only of four years, lived with his court at Orvieto. Here, in this strongly fortified city, perched on a lofty mountain, he carried on the government of the church in safety. As God in his mercy often comforts his church at that moment when her troubles seem severest, so, at this time, there occurred a miracle in connection with the Holy Eucharist which has never perhaps been equalled before or since. The following is an account of the prodigy, partly gathered by the writer during a recent visit to Orvieto, and partly from a valuable work in Italian by Canon Pennazzi. He has reason to believe that this is the *first* description of the Holy Corporal and its shrine that has appeared in the English language, and it is hoped that the perusal of the account (though meagre) here given will foster a love for so great a sacrament.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR OF BOLSENA.

It happened in the year 1263 that a German priest, whose name is not recorded, passing through Italy, made a stay at the small town of Bolsena, near the beautiful lake* of that name, about six miles from Orvieto. Bolsena is an Italianized form of Volsinii, which ancient town, situated higher up in the country, was famous as one of the twelve capital cities of the Etruscan League, the spoil of which when conquered by the Romans, B. C. 280, included 2,000 statues.

This priest, called in some accounts Peter, and styled a Bohemian from Prague, was a devout pilgrim, who had travelled to Rome, with much labor and fatigue, to satisfy his piety "ad limina Apostolorum." His special object in paying a visit to Bolsena was doubtless to honor the memory of a famous virgin-martyr, called Christina, whose name has for many centuries been there held in benediction. In the church of this

* This lake, like those of Albano and Nemi, clearly occupies the crater of an extinct volcano.

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town is an altar over the saint's tomb in the crypt, and in the upper part of the sacred edifice is an altar, styled "delle Pedate" (*i. e.*, of the foot-prints), whereat is venerated a stone which is said to bear the impression of St. Christina's feet. Her name occurs in the Roman Martyrology for July 24, where there is an unusually long notice of her sufferings, which were very horrible: "Having broken up the gold and silver idols of her pagan father in order to feed the poor, she was scourged, tortured in a variety of ways, and finally cast into the lake, with a great stone attached to her. Being rescued by an angel, she, under another judge, suffered with constancy still greater torments. She was kept in a burning furnace for five days; exposed to serpents; had her tongue cut out, and at length finished her course of martyrdom, shot to death by arrows." Her death occurred A. D. 295, and many Italian painters have immortalized her sufferings in their works. She was one of the patrons of the Venetian Republic.

A TROUBLED DOUBTER.

This priest Peter, to whom God chose to manifest his power and presence in the Holy Eucharist, is described by the oldest records as a man of piety and virtue, but the victim of temptation as regards belief in the Real Presence. How far he was at fault in this respect it is not for us to say. Perhaps it would be more correct to describe him as tormented by scruples, since he seems to have constantly offered up the Holy Sacrifice, which he would hardly have done had he been sinfully incredulous. May we not devoutly conclude, from the great miracle worked by God's mercy in his behalf, that, whether careless or not in resisting temptations, he was yet an object of pity and of love to Him who deigned to prove his identity before an unbelieving Thomas, and by so doing comfort the other Apostles. So, in like manner, did God not only open the eyes of this good priest, but also has left on record an astounding prodigy for the pious contemplation of Catholics.

THE MIRACLE.

It happened, then, on a certain day, towards the latter part of the year 1263, that this Bohemian priest was celebrating Mass at the altar in the Church of St. Christina, at Bolsena, called "delle Pedate." When he had come to that part of the Canon where the breaking and dividing of the Sacred Host takes place, immediately before the "Agnus Dei," a startling

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prodigy rivetted his eyes. Parts of the Host assumed the form of living flesh, while the smaller part, held over the chalice, retained its original shape. (This fact, as the old chronicler remarks, goes to prove that *all* the various parts belonged to the *same* Host.) Blood now began to flow in such quantities that it stained the Corporal, the purificatory, and even soaked through, so as to mark the very altar-stone. The startled priest, quite overcome at so unexpected a sight, and not knowing what course to pursue, endeavored to fold the Corporal up as carefully as he could so as to hide the miracle from the faithful present at Mass. But all to no purpose; for the more he tried to hide the miracle, the more was it made manifest, and that too by a fresh wonder. Each of the *larger* spots of blood on the Corporal (about twelve in number) assumed the distinct form of the head and face of our Saviour, as in his Passion, crowned with thorns. Peter, having arranged the chalice and paten, and having folded up the Corporal as well as he was able, in which he reverently placed that part of the Host that had changed form, bore them away to the sacrarium. On his way thither, in spite of every care on the priest's part, some of the blood fell upon five stones of the marble floor of the sanctuary.

So great a prodigy became noised abroad to the whole town, and one account states that messengers were despatched to His Holiness, Pope Urban IV., at the neighboring city of Orvieto. What had occurred proved, as we have seen, to be a five-fold wonder: I. One portion of the Host took the form of flesh. II. It remains so to this day, in the great silver shrine, after six hundred years. III. A quantity of blood flowed therefrom; (IV.) so much so that it crimsoned the Corporal, two purifiers, the altar-cloth, the altar-stone, and the pavement. V. The larger stains on the Corporal took the form of our Saviour's face and head, crowned with thorns. The stain on one of the stones also took this latter form, as was solemnly sworn to by Cardinal Mellins.

In deep grief of soul for his former want of faith, Peter went off without delay to Orvieto, where, as a penitent, he threw himself at the pope's feet. Then, giving His Holiness a full account of the whole proceedings, he humbly asked pardon for his hardness of heart and want of faith. The pontiff, filled with astonishment at so startling a history, absolved the good priest, and assigned to him a suitable penance.

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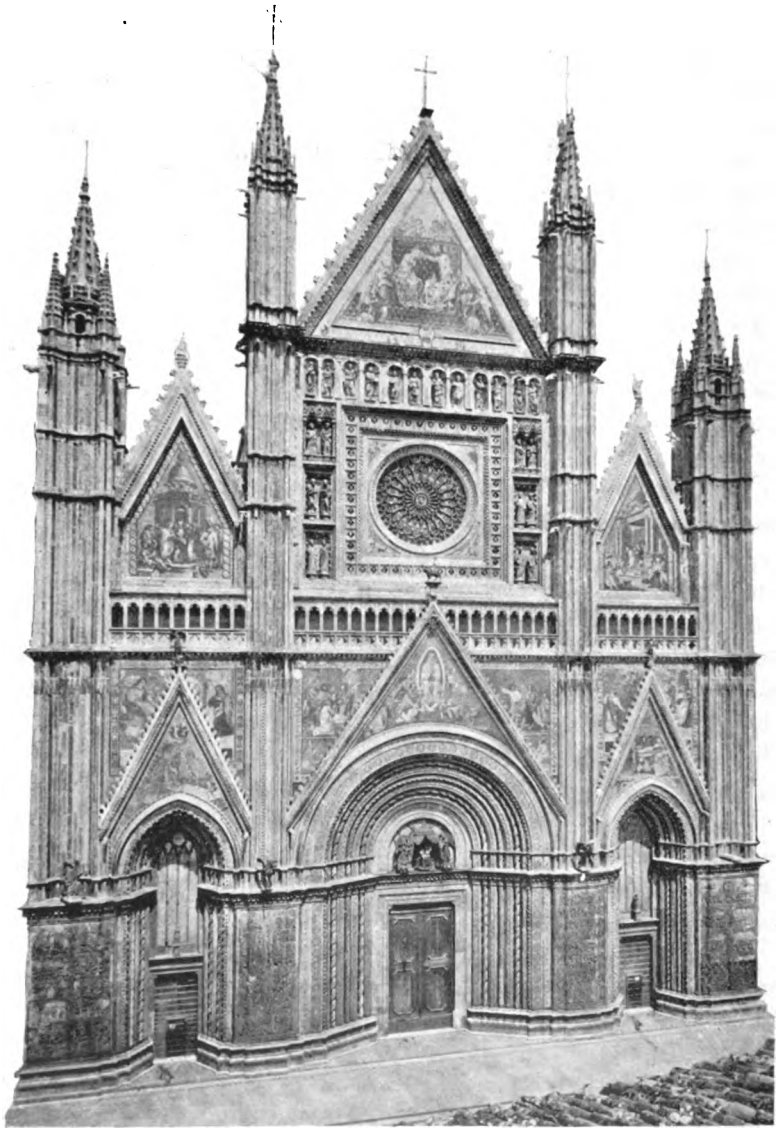
TRANSFER OF THE SACRED RELICS TO ORVIETO.

It was now determined, after due deliberation, that the holy Corporal, with its precious enclosure, along with the afore-



CATHEDRAL OF ORVIETO.

said purifiers, should be brought to the cathedral of Orvieto, where they could in a more worthy manner receive the veneration of the faithful. First of all, however, it is stated that

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those two great "lights of the church," and of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders respectively, Sts. Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, who were then living in that city, were despatched to Bolsena, to make due inquiries into the truth of the miracle.* Pope Urban, satisfied as to the fact that some great manifestation of God's power had occurred, commanded the Bishop of Orvieto to go to the Church of St. Christina, at Bolsena, and arrange for the speedy translation of the sacred treasures to his own cathedral. This he did with the utmost solemnity; and, accompanied by a goodly escort of his clergy, and also of the devout citizens, brought them in procession to Orvieto. The approach of the bishop with his sacred brethren was duly heralded to all the inhabitants, who displayed the utmost joy and holy enthusiasm as became so remarkable an occasion. The various scenes of this great function can be seen portrayed in picturesque frescoes, which adorn the walls of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, in the north transept of the present Duomo.

The old city of Orvieto, deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon her by the Vicar of Christ—an honor that was to make her memorable in all ages—went out bodily to meet the cortége from Bolsena. The city is built on a lofty mountain, and beautiful must have been the sight as the pope and cardinals, the clergy and the monks, together with the bulk of people, poured forth from the city walls, and down the western declivity to the bridge across the river below, called the Rivo Chiaro. We are told that the clergy and youths, and even children, like the Hebrew crowd at Christ's entry into Jerusalem, carried branches of olive and palm, singing spiritual canticles. The Sovereign Pontiff, on meeting the bishop at this spot, about half a mile from the city, threw himself on his knees in humble homage and veneration. He then took possession of the sacred treasure, which he now carried in his own hands up the steep incline to the old Cathedral of Our Lady. Tears of joy flowed on all sides, and that vast multitude broke out again with holy canticles, and sang in lusty joy their loudest hymns, until they reached the temple of God. The pope then reverently placed his sacred burden in the sacrarium, where he doubtless then and there made a private examination of so great and unheard-of a prodigy.

It should here be stated that there were at that time two

*This is the account of a certain Domenico Magro. The famous old inscription on stone, at Bolsena and Orvieto, merely says: "prius habita informatione solemni."

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churches side by side, which were afterwards pulled down to make room for the present splendid cathedral, specially built to house more honorably the shrine containing the "Santissimo Corporale." One of these old churches was dedicated to St. Constantius, Bishop of Perugia, who first brought the "light of faith" to the old city, Urbsvetus. He suffered martyrdom A. D. 175 (vide Roman Martyrology, for January 29). This was called the Church of the Canons, and was used for the daily performance of the Divine Office by the cathedral chapter. The other, the parochial church, appertained to the bishop, and is styled in old records Sancta Maria Prisca, S. Maria Urbisveteris, and St. Mary "of the Bishop."

It was in this latter church that Pope Urban reverently deposited his sacred treasure. His Holiness caused to be made a kind of "burse" of some costly material, in which he placed the portion of the Host, wrapt in a linen cloth, and the Corporal. This latter being folded into a small compass, in order to fit this case, accounts for the twenty creases, and twenty rectangular spaces,* which are visible now under the glass of the present silver shrine. Here they reposed until this gorgeous enamelled monstrance, about four feet high, made of four hundred and forty pounds of silver, the masterpiece of Ugolini of Siena, 1338, was ready to receive them. It appears that in order to adjust the holy Corporal to the space left for it, it was necessary to cut it somewhat at the edges. What Pope Urban did with the purifiers history does not say, but when the time came to move the Corporal into its new receptacle, these two other cloths, along with the aforesaid fragments, were placed in a species of gilt casket, duly sealed up.

At various times this casket has been unsealed and juridically examined by the Bishops of Orvieto. Thus, Bishop Joseph della Corgna, May 28, 1658, and Cardinal Ben Rocci, January 31, 1677, and April 19, 1718, in the presence of their canons and the chief magistrate of the city, examined and venerated the holy Corporal, identifying, also, some of the stains thereon as having the form of the "Ecce Homo." They, at the same time, broke the seals of the casket and found therein the following: 1. Parchment, inscribed "Corpus Christi repositum. Fuit super hoc Corporale et cum summa diligentia debet custodiri" (this was probably attached to the Corporal when *first* brought

* For the benefit of our lay readers we remind them that the corporal (or corporax-cloth) is so folded as to form *nine* distinct squares: the chalice being placed in the centre of all, and the Host on the middle of the near squares.

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to Orvieto). 2. Strip of linen with this inscription on parchment: "Benda in qua fuit involutum Corporale et residuum Corporalis cum guttis sanguinis Christi et figuris." 3. The fragments of the Corporal, above alluded to. 4. Two purificatories, stained with blood. 5. Two silk veils, red and yellow respectively. This casket, after careful examination, was duly locked, and then sealed with four official seals, viz., of the Bishop, the Chapter, the Cathedral Fabric, and the Municipality of Orvieto.

As regards the various stones which had been also stained with blood, as already mentioned in describing the miracle at Bolsena, it would delay the reader too long to write fully about them, although the subject is one of deep interest. Suffice it to say, that they were enshrined with due honor in the Church of St. Christina, and an inscription put up near the altar in 1544 runs thus:

PROCVL · O · PCVL · ESTE · PROFANI · XPI · NRA · SAL' · HIC · QV · SAGVIS · INE.

This, being expanded, gives, according to antiquarians, "Procul, O procul este profani, Christi nostra salus hic quia sanguis inest."

We must not forget to say that one of the direct results of the prodigy described in this article was the keeping of Corpus Christi in the year following, 1264, for the first time by the Sovereign Pontiff and the papal court. It is true that some years previously, owing to the revelation of Blessed Giuliana, this festival had been kept at Liège, in Belgium.

A RIVALRY IN A LABOR OF LOVE.

Pope Urban summoned to his presence those two great Doctors of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas* and St. Bonaventure (suitably named as the "Angelic" and the "Seraphic," respectively) and imposed upon them the honor and duty of compiling and preparing a Mass and Office for the new solemnity. One legend has it that when their pious labors were brought to an end they appeared before the pope to show the result. Then as the Angelic Doctor read his office, the other saint tore his up as unworthy to be compared with his holy rival's. Another account says that the Franciscan doctor paying his friend a visit, and seeing on his table the anthem "O Sacrum Con-

*This saint was an especial favorite of this pope, and was appointed by him to be "lector" in the Dominican Convent at Orvieto, in these quaint words: "Assignamus Fratrem Thomam de Aquino pro lectore in Conventu Urbevetano in remissionem peccatorum suorum."

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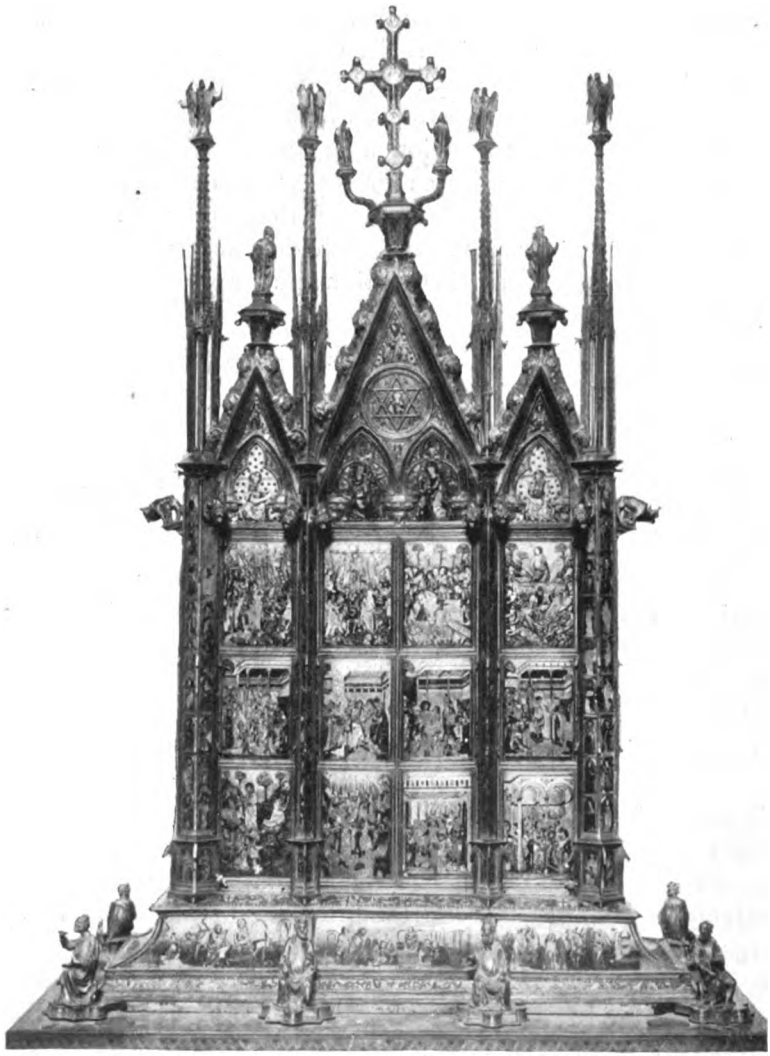
vivium," was so enraptured with it that he went home and in sheer desperation cast his own MSS. into the flames. Whatever be the reason, it is certain that we have the glorious Office of St. Thomas, before which that of Liège paled, and eventu-



THE MASTERPIECE OF UGOLÉNI OF SIENA.

ally disappeared. Tradition says, that when he offered it to his Divine Master in the church, a voice came (like that of Paris and Naples) from the tabernacle: "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas!" Those two beautiful fragments of his hymns

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which are used at Benediction, "O Salutaris Hostia" and "Tantum ergo," are familiar to all the children of the church.

MODE OF VENERATION OF THE HOLY CORPORAL.

We conclude by describing the ceremony of exposing the "SS. Corporale." The clergy approach the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament with acolytes bearing torches and incense, and the candles are lighted on the altar. The "Lauda Sion" is then recited. Then a canon, in white stole over his rochet and ermine "*cappa parva*," mounts the nine steps behind the altar, and with the four *different* keys—belonging to the Bishop, the Chapter, the Cathedral Fabric, and the Municipality of the City—unlocks the great iron folding doors of the lofty monument of marble in which it is kept. Then, descending, he incenses it thrice on his knees. The red curtain is drawn, the silk cover is lifted off the silver monstrance, and its little doors are thrown open. Kneeling in my cotta and stole along with the canon, inside the small chamber of this "turris fortitudinis," he kindly held a taper to the shrine, and under the large glass I beheld the outspread "Holy Corporal." The sight is certainly very marvellous, and calculated to arouse one's faith. There on *each* of the twenty spaces was a large stain or smear of a *reddish brown* color, of different shades. No doubt in the original folding of the Corporal, six hundred years ago, the stains of blood would naturally be transmitted in a greater or less degree over the entire cloth. Hence there are said to be no less than eighty-three marks, of which twelve are very large. The fragment of the Host that became transformed is seen above, under a crystal, beneath the centre spire, or apex of the shrine, beneath the jewelled crucifix that surmounts this marvellous work of the silversmith of Siena, a wonder of sacred art! After the opened shrine had been again incensed, the versicle and prayer of the Blessed Sacrament were sung; the curtain was drawn, the four keys turned in their ponderous doors, and we all retired.

MIRACULOUS CURES AT THE SHRINE.

In the volume (as yet untranslated into our tongue) of Andrea Pennazzi, Canon of Orvieto, there is a long list of cures, selected from the records carefully kept at Bolsena, which have reference to almost every ailment of soul and body. We quote here a few of the more remarkable:

1. Pietro Antonio, April 23, 1693, reduced by fever to the last

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extremity, is cured on making a vow to go bare-footed to the church at Bolsena.

2. Marco Cardelli, Minor Conventual Friar, having suffered from madness for two years—so that he had to be chained up—was cured by kissing the sacred stone once stained with the Precious Blood. April, 1693.

3. Bernadina, May 22, 1693, long bed-ridden by an incurable disease, was cured merely by the *touch of flowers* which had been placed upon the above sacred stone.

4. Valenzia Zitella, June 13, 1693, for ten years possessed by evil spirits, as also Catharine, similarly tormented for nine years, were both cured at the sanctuary of the miracle, at Bolsena.

5. Antonio Finaroli, arch-priest of Castel-di-Piero, January, 1694, dying of a malignant fever, on his vowing to say Mass at Bolsena is *suddenly cured.*

We now give a few instances, where the Roman Pontiffs have *approved* of the tradition and belief in the wondrous miracle of Bolsena, at the Mass of Peter, in 1263.

1. Gregory XI., 1377, by his brief writes that "to a doubting priest at Bolsena the Sacred Host appeared in form of Flesh and Blood, and that some spots of the Blood retained the visible form of our Redeemer."

2. Sixtus IV., 1471, in a lengthy brief, alludes to the sacred Corporal as "showing clearly certain stains of Blood having the Image of our Saviour, Jesus Christ"; and speaks of the great tabernacle of gold and silver which enshrines the Corporal as a work "of rare genius and finest art."

3. Pius II., in 1462, paid a visit to Bolsena and Orvieto, and adds his own opinion to that of former popes in similar words.

4. Gregory XII., in 1577, constitutes the altar in the chapel of the Holy Corporal an "Altare privilegiatum."

5. Pius VII., June 6, 1815, when returning in triumph to his kingdom, gave his first Benediction in the square before the church of Bolsena, and then paid his devout homage to the altar where the prodigy took place.

6. Leo XII., in 1828, by special brief, conferred on Bolsena the "Title and Privileges of a City." He describes the miracle and ends thus: "prodigium sane mirum ex quo Pont. Max. Urbanus IV. publico decreto solemnitatem SS. Corporis Christi in Ecclesia universali instituit."

7. Gregory XVI., in 1841, said Mass at Orvieto, and offered a splendid chalice to the cathedral.

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8. Pius IX., in 1857, attended by a number of bishops—among others our present Holy Father, Leo XIII.—visited the shrine at Orvieto, and at his own expense had the paintings of the chapel of the Holy Corporal restored by Roman artists, Lais and Bianchini.

Finally, Leo XIII., in 1890, raised the cathedral to the rank of a "basilica." His brief, describing the "prodigy," writes thus: "Thoma Aquinas et Bonaventura angelico potius quam humano præconis *Volsiniense Miraculum* celebrarunt."

In conclusion, we may state that in an *aperture* in the *upper part* of this great shrine of the Holy Corporal, the Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed the entire day every feast of Corpus Christi. The devout people of Orvieto, moreover, since 1567, have bound themselves by vow to always keep the vigil as a fast day.

In the Dominican Priory is religiously kept the biretta and breviary of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the crucifix which is said to have spoken to him.

NATURE'S ANTIPHON.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

STRANGE, sweet antiphon is ever swung
'Twixt earth and heaven. In drought her cry
Ascends in sharpened notes of agony,
And the swift pattering of the shower down-flung
Brings music-answer. If the frost have clung
With icy clasp to Nature till her sigh
Grow faint death-utterance, then lo! on high
The sun's warm Jubilate, said or sung.
With prayer, for grace appeareth peace and joy,
In dewy replica. If bounds annoy,
Opens the Infinite. Through Death's minor chord,
Straight, angels hymn the rising of the Lord!
O human souls, uplifted like the flowers,
How closely clings the Father-heart to ours!

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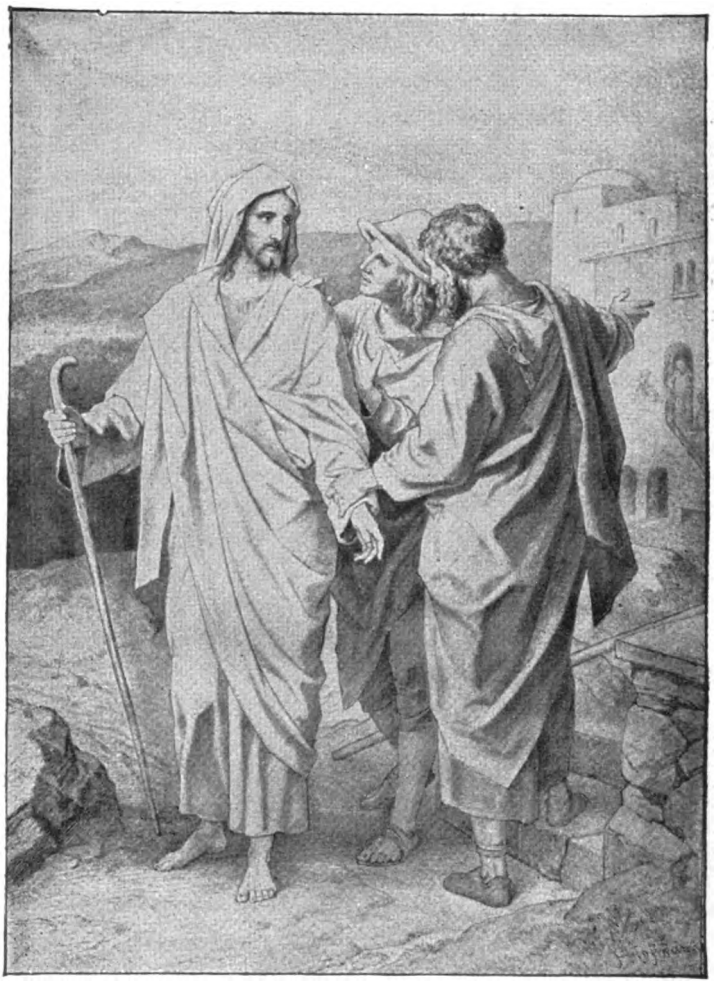

But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us.—*St. Luke xxiv. 29.*

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ALLELUIA.

ITS TRADITIONAL IMPORT.

O filii et filiæ,
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriæ
Morte surrexit hodie—
Alleluia!

HY has this fine old hymn so fallen into disuse in English-speaking countries? It is found in all our old prayer books for the use of the laity, under the title of "Hymn for Easter," as if for the faithful there could be question of no other. In most of such books indeed, with *Adeste Fideles* and *Lucis Creator*, it is the only Latin hymn given. But in modern compilations of the kind it does not appear, and I have noticed it removed from recent editions of those that formerly gave it. I also notice it is not given in recently published Catholic hymnals for church choirs and schools. Its actual disuse might well be assigned as sufficient reason for that omission. But what, I ask, may be the reason of such disuse? The only plausible answer I can think of is, that the hymn is not really a part of our Liturgy, not found in Roman Missal or Breviary, Gradual or Vesperal. But no more is *Adeste Fideles;* yet would Christmas feel like Christmas in our churches if no *Adeste* came from the choir, no chorusing *Venite Adoremus?* I remember when Easter would have as little felt like Easter if the choir did not sing "O filii et filiæ," with its familiar refrain to be taken up for triple response by the faithful. Why, then, has it so fallen into disuse, while *Adeste Fideles* remains the favorite we know it is? Be the reason what it may, for the present I leave the question to the consideration of those whom it more directly concerns. I here content myself with directing attention to the artistic construction of this old Easter hymn of our fathers; and that, both in regard to the dramatic presentation of its historic motive as a hymn for Easter and the lyric presentation of its paschal refrain: especially the latter, as it more directly concerns my present purpose. Note first, I would say, how aptly that refrain comes in for chorus in accordance with the sense of each verse, and then how effectively the air brings out its general character each time it is taken up by the faith-

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ful for approving response. The whole will be thus found to exhibit a strikingly effective presentation of what I have taken for subject of the present article, Alleluia's *traditional import* alike in regard to the thought it expresses and the way that thought is expressed.

PHILOLOGICAL CONSERVATISM OF THE CHURCH.

Our dictionaries and encyclopædias are content with attempting a purely grammatical account of its meaning. The same may be said as a rule of English Protestant commentaries on its use in the Psalms. Of course that was also the idea of those who, in opposition to the tradition of Christendom, substituted for it an English form of words in their "authorized" version of the Psalter. Yet, regarding it from a merely rationalistic point of view or that of the "higher criticism," as the phrase now goes, surely no grammatical explanation ought to be considered a sufficient account of the import of a word so sacred, so ancient, we may well say of such constant and universal use throughout the religious history of mankind, as this mystic refrain of the Jewish Passover and the Paschal celebrations of Christian churches of every rite from the beginning. Grammar at best is but a part and a small part of philology, and every part of philology ought to be employed for a really rational explanation. But, in addition to its ancient and widespread use as a formula of devotion, the high religious sanction given to it as long as we know it absolutely forbids *our* being satisfied with any rationalistic, grammatical, or other mere natural interpretation. The true import of such a word implies more than its literal primary or etymological meaning. There is the thought or sentiment which it has come to express in accordance with its linguistic parts and their mode of conjunction. There is, besides, its sacramental intention, using the word *sacramental* not in the sense proper to a sacrament but to those sensible forms which theologians call *sacramentalia*. Then there is its intended symbolism, and, above all, its *spirit*, the feeling, the fondness, and the special character of fondness which God's spirit energizing through his church, as of old through his chosen people, shows for it. Tradition, therefore, which for us now mainly means Christian tradition, the church's interpreting voice, should be invoked to explain it. Certainly the church wishes her children to make their knowledge of every word of the kind as complete as philology could make it. But as certainly does she not wish their actual apprehension of any such

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word to be exclusively or even primarily through that, in many ways most misleading, form of human learning. Of this word in particular she is manifestly anxious Christians should not form to themselves the partial, contracted, space-time determined and sense-restricted notion which philology at its highest could give. Hence, unlike Protestant sects, she lets no would-be equivalent in any vernacular, even in her own ancient Latin or Greek tongues, be ever put in its place in her approved popular translations of the Bible; while the old word itself she constantly employs in the way we see she does in Mass and Office; besides by her approval encouraging its introduction into hymns for the use of the people, as we know she has done, from the very earliest ages of her history, through Western as well as Eastern Christendom. She clearly wishes us to learn its import primarily and to the end mainly through the living action of her own Divine Voice interpreting the divinely written truth she preserves. So, from choir and altar throughout the year, but most readily through Paschal time, the simplest of the faithful from their earliest years may learn the main point of its import, namely, that it is her mystic formula of Divine praise; for some special reason her favorite phrase, her almost instinctive expression of pleasure, to the extent of being like her natural self-utterance on all occasions of thanksgiving, triumph, or simple joy. Those who would have a more distinct knowledge of what it implies may turn to the words that follow or precede it in the Old Testament or the New. Or in the same manner they may study it as presented in the church's liturgy through the year, where it is used in such a variety of ways; now as invitatory, now as synthetic finale, now as joyously interrupting cry, or, as frequently happens, in all three ways together. A still more complete knowledge of its meaning may be gained by attending to the character of the persons by whom, the places where, and the occasions when it is known to have been and still is being divinely used. The notion of it thus presented is its true traditional import, that which the church's living voice has ever distinctly put before the faithful.

UNIQUE CHARACTER OF THE WORD.

Now, reviewing it in this way, a way in which the daily duty of so many compels them to view it; and assuming it to be, what to all in the first instance it so evidently is, one of the church's consecrated formulas of Divine praise; what, I ask, may be said to be its distinctive character among such formulas, of

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which there are so many? When commenting on its first appearance in the Psalter, Calmet, avowedly voicing the teaching of the Fathers, pronounced it "a kind of acclamation and a form of ovation which grammarians cannot satisfactorily explain." A *kind of acclamation*—not merely exclamation, as our dictionaries represent it—that I take to be the keynote of its traditional import. It is in truth the divine acclamation, it is the supreme ovation, that of Creation's superior beings to their Creator as the Supreme. It may thus be called the acclaiming word of the Kingdom of Heaven, the cry of the Lord's own, their cheer for him as for ever their Lord and the Lord of the world. So taken it means not simply "Praise"—as its acclaiming verb is commonly translated—but praise from all and for all and for ever. All praise—to the Eternal: presenting for that thought a form of utterance which expresses on the one hand "All praise" and on the other "The Eternal," in a way that is wholly *sui generis;* a way that, both for its acclaiming verb and its prenominal affix as a form of divine denomination, in ancient scriptural language, must be deemed supreme.

After some critical remarks on the word's natural as well as traditional meaning, Genebrard observes, in his excellent commentary on the Psalms: "All this I note on account of those who would simply render it *Praise God.*" So might I observe, all in the same sense here noted has been so noted on account of those of our day who in their "authorized" version of the Psalter have substituted for it the phrase *Praise ye the Lord.* In furtherance of his contention for a stronger sense, Genebrard proceeds to show how the acclaiming verb here means more than simply "praise," while its affix is Scripture's mystic presentation of the ineffable Name. Whereupon he quotes approvingly St. Justin's elegant rendering of it into Greek, *hymnésate metà mélous tò hon.* But, he is careful to add, the church's rulers wisely chose to retain the primitive Hebrew word rather than put in its place any form of translation or equivalent expression, which at best could but imperfectly convey its meaning. Yet commentators, he admits, might well exercise their learning and talents in trying to unfold that meaning. His own exposition of its acclaiming verb would be: "Praise with jubilee, joy, and song" (*cum jubilo, lætita, et cantu*). Upon which I remark, it is worthy of note that old commentators often present some such trine formula as expressing its full signification: the formula varying somewhat according to the writer's point of view. Genebrard here interprets it mainly in

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view of the thought's external expression, while another viewing it in the same way renders it "Praise with melody, harmony, and song." Clearly the same thought runs through all such explanations. It is: wholly praise or praise supremely, and therefore in universal worship's triple way, or according to the most solemn form of divine praise. Pursuing the same idea, but attending mainly to the word's intrinsic signification, another translates its acclaiming verb—"Praise, bless, and thank"; while yet another well remarks that to the thought of praise it adds the sense of "joy and triumph and thanksgiving." In old hymns a frequent equivalent presented in the way of lyric parallelism is: "Benedictio, laus et jubilatio"; or: "*Sit* laus, honor, et gloria!" The latter vividly recalls our own prayerfully ascending formula: "Glory, honor, and praise be to God!" Irish-Catholic that may well be called among the pious exclamations of English-speaking Christians. Nor should we omit to note that it is as scriptural as it is liturgical. It is a thoroughly Apocalyptic utterance of devotion. More, even on the authority of the Apocalypse it may be taken for an utterance formally unfolding the traditional import of our Paschal refrain as the Divine acclamation and as such essentially trine.

A vivid sense of its acclamatory character with trine signification is most apparent in those Alleluiatic services (*Officia Alleluiatica*) which form such a striking feature in the liturgical literature of the early part of the middle ages. They exhibit a constant effort after some triple evolution of its fundamental thought while retaining the form of universal acclaim. This was sought to be effected in a variety of ways. Sometimes a triple form of universal praising came before it, as: *Terra, mare, cœlum,* or *Sol, luna, stellæ—laudate Dominum; Alleluia!* Or in the way of lyric parallelism there came after it some triple thought of sovereign praise, generally formulated in the very words of Revelation. Occasionally versicle and response were simply made to accentuate the triple apposition of the Apocalypse itself: "Alleluia, salvatio et virtus et gloria Deo nostro!" Frequently the word was distinctly referred to the Holy Trinity in the way of direct acclamation, as in the beautiful hymn of the twelfth century beginning "Alleluia, dulce carmen!" where, after three verses, each evolving its proper thought of the mystic word, we have for conclusion:

"Unde laudando precamur
Te, Beata Trinitas,

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Ut Tuum nobis videre
Pascha det in æthere
Quo *Tibi* læti canamus
Alleluia perpetim."

DERIVATION OF THE WORD.

Possibly in view of that traditional notion some old spiritual writers favored its derivation from *Al*, God; *el*, strong; *uia*, enduring. This was said to have come down from the Fathers. One certainly accepted it, though it would seem to be of Arabic rather than of Christian origin. But whoever first thought of or subsequently accepted that strange account of its composition must have known little or no Hebrew, or, if any, did not take the trouble of looking at the expression where it first appears (Ps. civ.—Hebr. cv.) in the original text of the Psalter as we have it. There it shows as two separate words, *Allelu* and *ia*, and so continues for several psalms: till Psalm cxlv., after which these two make one. Regarding it then as composed of these two terms and retaining our traditional transcription for each, we might say its most radical rendering would be: Give life's all-acclaiming triple "1" (*triplex sit lau'datio*), or thrice hail, therefore *All-hail* to *IA* (short for *Iaua*, or, as we now say, *Jehovah*), the One who is essentially. Hence we may conclude thought's natural first rendering for Alleluia, in English, should be "All-hail to Jehovah!" This gives a living formula, while retaining the word's traditional spirit, thought, and sound, and yet remaining true to the primary sense-presentation of its verbal root *Allel* (or as many, influenced by its Massoretic transcription, now wish to say, *Hallel*), to cause to shine out, to fully show forth, or glorify, the way the root shows in *Halo*, *Hallow*, and the like. But, whatever English equivalent for it one may prefer to retain, the main point to note is that it represents the Divine acclamation, the supreme ovation, that of highest life at its highest to the Most High; that it is, therefore, at once an all-inviting acclaim and all-acclaiming response, all calling to praise and all-praising the First as still the Supreme, Lord of all, and for ever.

As this it shows where we first find it in Holy Writ towards the end of the Book of Tobias, where, after prophetic reference to the rebuilding of the Temple as the future glory of Jerusalem, we read: "and through her streets shall Alleluia be sung"—sung, observe, as already Israel's universal word of triumph and thanksgiving, its Te Deum in a cry. As this it

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also shows at the beginning, sometimes at the end, of the great psalms of Divine praise specially appointed for the Temple service. Very tellingly it thus opens the last of them all: "Alleluia! Praise the Lord in his holy places, praise him in the stronghold of his power"; and then ends it—"Let every spirit praise the Lord: Alleluia!" It thus stands as last word of the last line of the Psalter, and shows there as a form of acclamation wording the spirit of all its psalms of praise. But as this it shows most tellingly where it last appears in Holy Writ, in St. John's Revelation (Apoc. xix.): "I heard as it were the voice of many multitudes in heaven, saying: Alleluia! Salvation, and glory, and power to our God, for true and just are his judgments. . . . And again they said Alleluia! . . . And a voice came out from the throne saying: Give praise to our God, all ye his servants; and you that fear him, little and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunders, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord our God the Almighty reigns." There it is clearly Heaven's acclamation, the jubilant shout of the Sabaoth, their *Gloria in excelsis Deo! Benedicite—Magnificat—Laudate Dominum*, all in one word: Allelu'ia—All-hail to Jehovah! So the church's first announcement of the Mystery of Easter Eve is simply that acclaiming cry thrice repeated, and which thenceforward becomes the special antiphon of Paschal time. So, just like an acclamation, it marks her first utterance, her invitatory for Matins, on Easter morning: *Surrexit Christus vere, Alleluia!* Then notice how like an instinctive cry, mixed cry of joy and triumph and thanksgiving, it follows on each subsequent reference to the Lord's resurrection. See, for instance, how it thus breaks through that joyous Paschal congratulation to the "Queen of Heaven" which takes the place of her daily Angelus: "Regina cœli lætare—Alleluia! Quia quem meruisti portare—Alleluia! Resurrexit sicut dixit—Alleluia." Now, read through our Easter hymn. Observe how effectively this acclamation forms its refrain in accordance with the narrated fact or thought or feeling of each verse; from the first, that which heads this article, to the one at the end, which may be taken for synthesis of the spirit of the whole:

In hoc festo sanctissimo
Sit *laus* et *jubilatio*,
Benedicamus Domino—
Allelu'ia.

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In the garden was a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.—
St. John xix. 41.

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EARLY LABORS OF THE PRINTING-PRESS.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

AT the present epoch it is hard to fully appreciate the condition of our forefathers in the days when books were treasures that could only be possessed by the favored few, treasures that had been purchased at the price of long and tedious labor. Now that the printing-presses are turning out thousands upon thousands of volumes, we are apt to forget the patient, toiling monk in his scriptorium. The difficulty of reproducing manuscripts of an author was cause that the copies thereof were few in number, and that, although booksellers existed in the Middle Ages, still the trade was limited. When we consider the labors of those generations who had passed away from earth before the printing-press had taken their place, we cannot help feeling grateful that they have labored for us, for without them the art of printing would have been deprived of much of its value. To these heroic copyists we owe all that we possess of Christian, as well as of pagan antiquity, and though there are valuable works of the olden time that have not reached us, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that the number of these is comparatively small. From the labors of the copyists we may form an idea of those of the earlier printing-presses. The former had prepared the material which the latter seized upon with avidity, for the art of printing found ready for use the accumulated treasures of ages.

INVENTION OF MOVABLE TYPES.

Hardly had the art of printing with movable metal types, for which we are most probably indebted to the Dutchman, Laurens Janszoon Coster, who invented it in 1445, passed from Haarlem to Mainz, than the ceaseless activity of the press began which has gone on increasing to the present day. At Mainz worked Gutenberg, and that earliest of publishing houses, under the direction of Fust and Schoeffer, the productions of which are so much sought for by antiquarians. Fust and Schoeffer began their labors as early as 1457, about twelve years after the invention of the art. Their first work was the *Psalterium*. This seems to have been the first printed work that bears a date, as

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well as the name of the printers and that of the place where it was printed. It was reprinted in 1459, 1490, and in 1502. In 1460 Fust and Schoeffer published the *Codex Constitutionum Clementis V.*, containing a collection of the constitutions of that pope and a constitution of Pope John XXII. The edition, printed on vellum, is adorned with capital letters painted in gold and colors. It is exceedingly rare, so much so that very few copies are to be found. One existed in a private collection in Paris toward the close of the last century, but all the sagacity of the bibliographer is required to keep track of books that have gone through the storms of the French Revolution. Like other works that issued from the press of the same publishers, the book contains at the end an inscription attesting that it was effected not by means of the pen but by the art of printing: "*Artificiosa adinventione imprimendi ac caracterizandi absque ulla calami exaratione sic effigiatus: et ad eusebiam Dei industrie est consummatus.*" The same work was reprinted by Schoeffer von Gernsheim in 1467, the year after he had separated from Fust, and again in 1471. From Fust and Schoeffer we have, also, the *Sexti Decretalium*, containing the decrees of Pope Boniface VIII., printed in 1465. In 1473 Schoeffer printed the decrees of Gregory IX., a very rare edition, and in 1477 the decisions of the Rota of Rome. In 1468 he gave to the world the *Institutiones Justiniani*, the first printed edition of this celebrated work. This edition is exceedingly rare. It was reprinted by the same publisher in 1472 and in 1476, while two editions of the same work appeared in 1475, one in Rome and the other in Paderborn.

REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

When the impulse had been once given it was soon taken, and Europe did not long hesitate in making use of the valuable discovery which was to revolutionize the world; for, by the year 1477, while Schoeffer was still laboring at Mayence, it had found its way to the principal cities of what we may call civilized Europe. Strassburg followed Mayence in 1460; and Italy, Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, Spain, and England soon fell into line. It was quite natural that among the works of antiquity, which lay ready to be used by the printer, attention should be drawn to those productions of a classic past which had antedated Christianity. A century earlier the time might not have been ripe for Hellenic literature, Greek until quite recently having been vastly neglected. But things had been

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surely changing, and the first streaks of the dawn of the Renaissance had gilded the literary horizon. Petrarch and Boccaccio in the previous century had become enamoured of Greek antiquity, and Cardinal Bessarion, in the fifteenth century, had attracted attention to himself and to the language of his fathers. We find a work of his against the calumniators of Plato, published at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz, probably in the year 1490.

Attention had been drawn to Plato, but it was not till many years later that an edition of the works of this philosopher appeared in print. In 1482 Marsilius Ficinus published his *Theologia Platonica*, and eleven years later, in 1491, his Latin translation of all the works of Plato. In 1474 a work of Hierocles had been published in Padua, and one of the same philosopher beheld the light in Rome in the following year. In 1492 the works of Plotinus, translated by Ficinus, were published at Florence, and in the same year Ingolstadt sent forth Porphyrius Isagoge, probably the first work printed in that city. The very interesting publication of Jamblichus, on the mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians, beheld the light at Venice in 1497. The edition contains also a number of treatises of other ancient writers on kindred subjects. It is highly interesting to the student of demonology. In 1498 were published for the first time at Venice the works of Aristotle in Greek. Several years before, in 1476, the commentary of the philosopher, Cajetan of Thienna, canon of Padua, and uncle of St. Cajetan, on the Metheora of the same philosopher had been printed in Padua. In 1574 the commentary of Averroes on the Metaphysics of Aristotle came forth from the press in the same city, and in the following year Louvain printed Aristotle's book on Morals in Latin. In 1489 his book on Politics, translated into French by Nicolas Oresme, was printed in Paris. In 1475 Naples was also contributing its share toward making known the works of antiquity, for we find in that year all the works of Seneca issuing from its press.

The Latin classics had not been neglected, for, as early as 1465, Fust and Schoeffer had published Cicero's *De Officiis*. In 1482 the works of the Greek mathematician Euclid were published at Venice. Thus we see that the field of classic antiquities was amply cultivated toward the close of the fifteenth century, but the Fathers of the church and the doctors of the Middle Ages were not overlooked. In 1473 Nuremberg gave to the world the *De Consolatione Philosophiae* by Boethius, with a commentary by St. Thomas Aquinas; it appeared again

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in a new edition in the same city in 1476, and a French translation was printed in Paris in 1494. In 1478 the work of Albertus Magnus on Animals appeared in Rome, from the press of De Luca. However, the attention of printers was not so exclusively taken up with the reproduction of ancient works as to neglect the productions of contemporary writers; in fact, it is more than likely that the activity of the press acted as a stimulus on that of authors, as the pen of writers helped to keep the machinery of the press in motion. Thus, in 1481 appeared the *Moralyzed Dialogue of Creatures*, an anonymous work which, if it still exists, is exceedingly rare. In 1495 was published at Bologna a work by Mathaeus Bossi, entitled *Disputationes de instituendo sapientiae animo*, and, a few years earlier, another book from the pen of the same author on the true joys of the soul had appeared in Florence. In 1471 the *Liber de Remediis utriusque fortunae* was printed at Cologne by Arnold Hoernen. This anonymous work was at first attributed to Petrarch, but it seems that its real author was a Carthusian monk named Adrian, although in 1491 a work of the same title appeared at Cremona under the name of Petrarch. In 1468 Sweynheym and Pannartz, in Rome, published the *Speculum Vitae Humanae*, by Rodrigo, Bishop of Zamora in Spain, and the same work was published a few years later in Germany. This book evidently made an impression, for a short time after the edition published in Germany one appeared in Paris, namely, in 1472, followed by another Parisian edition in 1475, and by one in Lyons in 1477. A French translation appeared also in 1477 in Lyons from the pen of the Augustinian friar, Julian. In 1461 Nicolaus Jenson published his *Puellarum Decor* at Venice. Toward the close of the last century this work had become so rare that a copy of it was sold at the price of seven hundred pounds (French), somewhat more than $265. In 1482 the Augustinian Friar Ægidius Romanus published in Rome his work *De Regimine Principum*, and nine years previously another religious, the Dominican friar, James Campharo of Genoa, licentiate of the University of Oxford, had published his book *De Immortalitate Animae*. In 1485 we find a work on architecture from the pen of Leo Baptista Alberti published at Florence, while others appeared on agriculture, military art, and various other subjects. The few works we have cited belonging to the end of the fifteenth century, when the art of printing was still in its cradle, will suffice to show that the office of the printer was no sinecure.

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EARLY RECOGNITION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PRESS.

Of all the inventions of human genius few, if any, have been so rapidly developed, few were so eagerly seized upon, as this wonderful art to which more than to all else the progress of modern civilization is to be attributed. It opened new vistas before the eyes of the human race, it brought mankind into closer relationship, it made knowledge, which, thus far, had belonged only to the favored few, to become the property of the many, and it paved the way for the most important discoveries. A new invention or discovery became known with the greatest rapidity from one end of the civilized world to the other. Hardly had Columbus landed on the shores of the New World than the discovery was hailed with delight by all the nations of Christendom. His letter to Sanchez was printed in Rome almost as soon as it was written. At an earlier period it would have been difficult to obtain a copy, and now the printing-press sent out several editions to publish to the world an account of travels that have immortalized the name of Columbus. There are a few copies of this letter still extant, one of which was purchased a few years since by the Boston Public Library from a private collection in New York.

PRESS ACTIVITY BEFORE THE "REFORMATION."

We must remember that the intellectual activity to which we have here drawn attention antedated the Protestant Reformation by several years. Some have attributed the progress of modern civilization to that gigantic uprising which severed a portion of Europe from the mother-church, but nothing is further from the truth. If we study attentively the relation between effects and causes, we shall conclude that civilization would have progressed as well under the impulse given by the printing-press, and, no doubt, better without the disturbing element of the Reformation. It is true that the art of printing was a powerful engine in the hands of the reformers; but it was not a cause of the Reformation, which was simply the outburst of a storm that had been brewing for centuries. The most important work of the press, the publication of ancient works, had been carried on for years before the Reformation was dreamt of, and though the reformers afterward contributed hereunto, even in publishing some of the Fathers, as Fell and Pearson did in England, still the impulse had been given and taken while Europe was still Catholic. Before the voice of Luther had aroused the rebellious spirit in Europe, and one hundred

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and forty years previous to the publication of Walton's Polyglot in England, the great Cardinal Ximenes had himself directed the preparation of his Complutensian Polyglot, the last page of which was struck off shortly before his death. This work was the pride of his life. Manuscripts were gathered from various parts of Europe, some at a great cost, and nine eminent scholars were entrusted with the work. Types in the Oriental character were not to be found, although it is supposed that Hebrew type was used in 1475. For his purpose Ximenes imported workmen from Germany, and, in his founderies at Alcalá, he had types cast for the various languages required.

It is interesting to note the different fields where the printing-press performed its labors. Germany had taken the lead, but Italy soon came up with and equalled, if not surpassed, it in the number of its publications. France then followed, and Spain began to unite in the work. England appears to have been slow in making an extensive use of the art of printing, and the Netherlands, which at a later period possessed the most renowned presses, did little or nothing in the fifteenth century. As far as the former country is concerned, a reason for this inactivity may be found in its unsettled condition, for from 1455, shortly after the invention of the art of printing, until the accession of Henry VII. in 1485, England was harassed by the wars of York and Lancaster and endless feuds concerning the succession. However, the art of printing was introduced into England by William Caxton, probably between the years 1471 and 1477.

Under the house of Burgundy the arts and sciences flourished in the Netherlands, the art of printing was invented, the dukes encouraged authors; and yet it does not seem that any important works beheld the light in that country. It is true that this growth of art and letters belonged more to Brabant and Flanders, for the northern part of the provinces, Holland and Zealand, were disturbed by internal feuds between the Hooks and Cods and the clamors of the "*Bread and Cheese*" party, and we may possibly find herein a reason for the state of apathy of the press. It was not until 1549 that Plantin established his famous publishing house at Antwerp, and many years were to elapse before Amsterdam would become the great printing centre of Europe.

EARLY ITALIAN PRINTERS.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century Italy was the country in which printing flourished more than elsewhere, al-

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though, as can be seen from their names, most of the printers even there were Germans, who, no doubt, had learned the art in their own country. Of the cities of Italy at that period printing appears to have flourished most at Venice, which was then engaged in a constant struggle with the Turks. We find Nicolaus Jenson occupied there as early as 1461, and in 1472 we again meet with him printing the Natural History of Pliny, a work that went through several editions in Venice, Rome, and elsewhere. It had been published at an earlier date, in 1469, at Venice by Johann of Spire. In 1471 Wendelin of Spire and Clement Patavinus were engaged in the same city. At Venice also labored John of Cologne, together with Johann Manthes von Gherretzen, Bernard de Charis of Cremona with Simon de Luero, and the famous firm of Aldus Manutius. Rome vied with Venice in its publications, as we may conclude from the number of persons engaged in this labor. We find there Sweynheym and Pannartz as early as 1468, and Pannartz publishing alone in 1475. In 1473 Udalric Gallus and Simon Nicolaus de Luca were laboring together, but in 1478 we find De Luca alone. In the Eternal City labored also Eucharius Silber, *alias* Franck; also called, according to the fashion of the times, Eucharius Argenteus. There too we find, in 1482, Stephen Planck. Padua and Florence come next. In the former city worked Laurence Canozius, and there too labored Peter Maufer as early as 1476, but in 1483 we meet with the latter in Venice associated with Nicolaus de Contengo. Florence, where arts and learning were fostered by the magnificent patronage of the Medicis, might boast of the typographical labors of Antonio Miscomino, Bonacursius, and Nicolaus Laurence the German. Among other Italian cities where works were published to some extent, I mention Naples, Bologna, Cremona, Parma, Milan, Mantua, and Verona. Remember once more that all this was before the year 1500 had dawned, and while the art of printing was still within the first half century of its existence. If we turn our eyes beyond the Alps, we find the printing-press busy at Mayence, Ulm, Ingolstadt, Cologne, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Brixen, Basil, Constanz, Chambéry in Savoy, and Louvain in the Netherlands, where John of Westphalia was hard at work. In France, Paris and Lyons appear to have been the busiest in the typographical industry. In the capital Peter Cæsaris—no doubt Von Kaiser—and Johann Stol were plying their trade in 1472. There too worked Martin Cranz, Jacques Maillet, Marchant, and especially Verard.

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It may also be of interest to note the character of the works published at these various establishments; for this depended greatly on local circumstances—principally, I think, connected with the patrons of such establishments. Schoeffer at Mayence seems to have at first made a specialty of canon law; the Constitutions of Clement V., of Boniface VIII., of Gregory IX., and the *Decretum Gratiani* were among the most important of his productions. It appears probable, to judge from the inscriptions of these works, that they were published at the expense of Fust and Schoeffer, and later, of Schoeffer alone. What moved them to devote their attention to canon law I am unable to state, except it be that Schoeffer, being an ecclesiastic, was especially versed in this branch of study. Others, too, published about the same time works of this category. Thus, Adam Rot, also a clergyman, edited in 1471 the *Lectura Dominici de Sancto Gemino super secunda parte Decretalium*, Wendelin of Spire published at Venice in 1474 *Abbatis Panormitani Commentarii in Decretales*, and Udalric and De Luca printed in Rome in 1473 the *Summa Aurea super Titulis Decretalium* of Cardinal Henricus de Segusio. Johann Zeiner published at Ulm in 1474 his two books *De Planctu Ecclesiae*, written with the object of strengthening the papal prerogatives. Its author was the Spanish friar Alvaro Pelayo. In 1471 Rome witnessed the publication of the Rules, etc., of the Cancellaria under Sixtus IV. It is thus evident that a large proportion of the works of those days was devoted to canon law. On the other hand, civil law was not neglected, for though the *Corpus Juris Civilis* does not seem to have been published until 1628, when it saw the light in Paris, the *Institutiones Justiniani* came forth from the press of Schoeffer as early as 1468, from that of Udalric in Rome in 1475, and from that of Louvain in the same year. Riessinger at Naples published several juridical works of Bartholi de Saxo Ferrato, and Cologne gave to the world one by Joannes Caldrinus. Other works of the same class were printed at Bologna, Parma, and Rome, and Riessinger published the constitutions of the kingdom of Sicily in 1472.

THE CHURCH AND LETTERS.

For most of the works of the ancient philosophers published in the fifteenth century we are indebted to Italy, though we find a French edition of the Politics of Aristotle published in Paris in 1489, and Porphyrius Isagoge appearing in Ingolstadt

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in 1492. It is not surprising that this class of works should have found greater attraction in the country of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the country where Leo Pilatus had in the preceding century restored the study of the Greek language; where, in the schools of Florence, he had read the poems of Homer. It is true the enthusiasm for Greek learning had seemed to expire with those who aroused it; but at the end of the fourteenth century it was again fanned into a flame, and Manuel Chrysoloras accepted a professorship at Florence. Italy had become familiar with Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes before the art of printing had been invented. The fall of Constantinople, by sending a number of emigrants to the hospitable shores of Italy, added fuel to the flame, and the memorable era of the Renaissance was inaugurated. The Platonic philosophy became popular, for the Greek fathers of the Council of Florence were its living oracles, and foremost among them stood Cardinal Bessarion, the titular patriarch of Constantinople, who fixed his residence in Italy. Theodore Gaza, George of Trebizond, John Argyropulus, Demetrius Chalcocondyles, and a host of others contributed to make known the ancient Greek writings, and George Gemistus Pletho, the master of Bessarion, had the merit of reviving Plato under the patronage of the celebrated Cosmo de' Medici. Aristotle had for centuries been followed, Plato had been forgotten; but their works once more appeared side by side, and the printing-press seized upon both. Much of the merit of collecting ancient manuscripts was due to Pope Nicolas V., the patron of scholars. He sought them among the ruins of Byzantine libraries, he brought them from distant monasteries—if not the originals, at least their copies—and in a reign of eight years he had formed a library of five thousand volumes. Before the Greek language had been introduced into the University of Oxford, Italy possessed versions of the most renowned Greek classics, for which we are principally indebted to the munificence of Nicholas V., to whom even the sceptic Gibbon is forced to render most honorable testimony. The press of Aldus Manutius was most indefatigable in the publication of Greek works, and he printed above sixty, almost all for the first time. Although he had predecessors in the same field, he surpassed them by the abundance of his labors. The first Greek book printed was the Grammar of Constantine Lascaris, published at Milan in 1476. A beautiful Homer appeared in Florence in 1488.

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THE MONASTERIES DEVELOP THE NEW INDUSTRY.

Original works we find published everywhere in the different printing establishments of the time. They were generally written in Latin, and not seldom translated into one of the living languages. Thus, the *Speculum Vitae Humanae* of Rodrigo de Zamora came out in a French version nine years after it had first appeared in Rome. Some were originally printed in the vernacular, like the *Fiore di Virtu*, an anonymous work published in the convent of Beretim at Venice in 1477. This book, like most of those published in monasteries, is exceedingly rare, for they generally consisted of a limited edition. We see also by this that the monasteries, which were really the great publishing houses of the Middle Ages, soon began to make use of the new discovery. Our adversaries frequently assert that the church is the enemy of progress. How much truth there is in this accusation is shown by the fact that there is not a discovery of modern times which, as soon as it was proved not to be fraudulent, was not seized upon and employed by that very church. Of course the Church of Christ, consisting of a human as well as of a divine element, may in accidental things be under the influence of the times—as, for instance, in regard to the anticipations of Roger Bacon and the theories of Galileo—but whenever she has recognized the value of a discovery she has not been slow in adopting it. Thus it was with the printing-press. A century later we find the newly established Society of Jesus printing its own works in Rome. In the year 1559, only three years after the death of St. Ignatius, the Jesuits printed the constitutions of the society in their own house in Rome, and various other works appertaining to their order were published in the same year and place. In 1581 and the following years their books bear the mark: *In Collegio Societatis*, while those which appeared in 1559 are stamped with the words: *In Aedibus Societatis.* The work which caused the greatest sensation was the *Ratio atque Institutio Studiorum Societatis Jesu*, published in the college at Rome in 1586. It took nine months to print it. The part bearing on the choice of theological opinions raised a storm of opposition among the other religious orders, principally the Dominicans, who denounced it to the Inquisition. The cause of this opposition arose principally from the fact that the Jesuits did not consider themselves obliged to accept the teaching of the Thomists regarding the action of the First

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Cause on secondary causes; in other words, the *præmotio physica*, which opinion they nevertheless admitted was that of St. Thomas. With the exception of a few points like this, they nevertheless recommended the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor. The result was that Sixtus V. pronounced against the book, and, in the following editions, the chapter "*De opinionum delectu*" was omitted. This first edition has become exceedingly rare; so much so, that De Bure, in his *Bibliographie Instructive*, printed in Paris in 1764, tells us that he knew of only seven copies, one in the library of the Dominicans of Toulouse, and the others respectively in the library of St. Geneviève in Paris, in that of the *Quatre Nations* in the same city, in the collections of M. Gaignat, the Count de Lauraguais, the Duc de La Vallière, and among the books left by the Jesuits in Lyons when they were expelled. No doubt there are other copies, and it would be very strange if the Jesuits in Rome did not possess one.

It is, perhaps, useless to remark that works printed in the fifteenth century have become rare, and for this reason of great value. Some may be found on the shelves of antiquarians, others in private collections or in select public libraries. A large proportion, I believe, is to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, formerly La Bibliothèque du Roi. This library is the largest in the world, containing over two million printed volumes and about ninety-two thousand manuscripts. One of the reasons why printed works of the fifteenth century are rare is to be discovered in the fact that the editions were small, seldom exceeding three hundred copies. John of Spire printed only two hundred copies of his Pliny and Cicero, and Sweynheym and Pannartz were reduced to poverty by their too large editions. It was quite natural that books should be in less demand at a time when learning was restricted to a few, but, as in everything else, supply gradually created demand.

Catalogues of books were at first scarce. The most ancient is that of Aldus Manutius, printed at Venice in 1498. It consisted of a single leaf with the title *Libri graeci impressi*. Aldus, as we have seen, was the first to print Greek works on an extensive scale.

The binding of books in those days was in many instances less pleasing to the eye, but in all cases far more solid, than in our time, so that it is not rare to find works almost as well preserved as they were three or four hundred years ago. The

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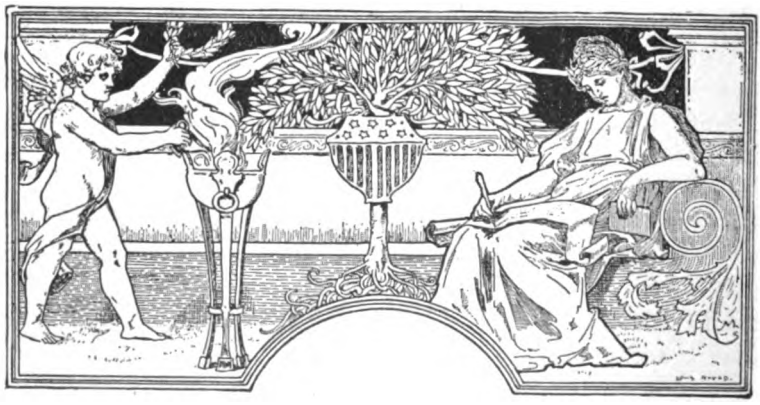
covers were often strong boards, covered with leather and strengthened by metal hinges, corner plates, and clasps. By degrees a more sumptuous and elegant binding was introduced, with designs on the covers worked in colors and gold, but the old boards still remained for a long time in vogue. The form of the books was generally, on account of the size of the type, much larger than at present. The folio and quarto forms were those generally employed, and in fact were in common use as late as the last century.

A custom that prevailed widely in those days, and which continued for a long time, was the abundant use of abbreviations, which were usually arranged according to a system, and, in consequence, it was not difficult to read them. In fact even at the present day a little practice renders one quite familiar with them. Another peculiarity of fifteenth century works was the use in several cases of Gothic characters, even when the language employed was Latin.

Since then the press has made wonderful progress, and the invention of the process of stereotyping has rendered the issuing of following editions much easier than in the days of our fathers, when it was necessary either to preserve the forms or reset the types.*

* Works consulted in the preparation of this paper are : De Bure's *Bibliographie Instructive*, Paris, 1764 ; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire ;* Notes to Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, St. Cajetan, August 7 ; Macaulay's *History of England ;* Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella ; Encyclopædia Britannica ;* besides practical experience gained from a degree of familiarity with ancient printed works and with libraries.



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MEMORIAL CHURCH, PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.

IN THE LAND OF THE JESUIT MARTYRS.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

THERE is no part of this continent which has such an heroic past as Canada. Its early history is lit up with the faith and devotion of Franciscan, Jesuit, and Sulpician fathers who, armed with naught but the breviary and the cross, pierced the virgin forests of this land and planted therein the seeds of divine faith. The first explorers were missionaries who, fired with the double purpose of exploration and religion, traced the course of our great lakes and rivers, bearing to the benighted children upon their shores and banks the Gospel of Christ.

Not a city has been founded but a priest shared in its hopeful labors; not a road blazed through the wilderness but the torch of faith led the way. It was a priest who first traversed Lake Ontario, in a frail canoe; first looked upon that miracle of nature, Niagara Falls; first skirted the shores of Lakes Erie and Huron; first beheld the throbbing bosom of Lake Superior, and named the river which unites it with Lake Huron, St.

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Mary's. In a word, Canada, from ocean to ocean, received its first impulse of Christianity, its first impulse of civilization, its first impulse of national life from missionary priests of the Catholic Church.

"Long before," says Bancroft, "the English missionaries had preached to the Indians of Massachusetts and Virginia the saintly and heroic sons of St. Francis and St. Ignatius of Loyola had borne the message of faith to the very shores of Lake Superior, and won to the fold of Christ thousands of the poor benighted children of the forest who had for centuries been immersed in the grossest and most depraving practices of idolatry." Well might Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, call these twilight days of Canadian life and civilization "the heroic days of Canada," for the Christianizing and civilizing torch of truth was borne into the darkest recesses of the forest by the hand of hero, saint, and martyr; who never faltered or hesitated to purchase the triumph of the cross at the cost of their own suffering and lives.

THE MISSIONS TO THE HURONS.

In the bead-roll of the early missionaries whose heroic achievements for the faith light up with lustre the background of Canadian history there are none whose zeal, self-sacrifice, de-

THE PORTAGE. (*From an old engraving.*)

votion, and suffering more entitle them to the admiration and loving remembrance of the Canadian people than that band of saintly and heroic laborers known in history as the Jesuit missionaries to the Hurons. These holy and apostolic men fill

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with their heroism, suffering, and labors the pages of Parkman, Bancroft, Marshall, and Gilmary Shea, and win from men of every faith the most ardent admiration, veneration, and love.

In the northern and western parts of what is now the County of Simcoe, bordering on the Georgian Bay—where to-day are the townships of Sunnidale, Tiny, Medonte, Tay, Matchedash, and North Orillia—the Jesuits established their missions among the Hurons, the chief of which were known as the missions of St. Joseph, St. Michael, St. Louis, St. Denis, St. Charles, St. Ignatius, St. Agnes, and St. Cecilia. Father Bressani, in his Jesuit *Relation* (p. 36), puts down the total number of missionaries serving the eleven missions among the Hurons as eighteen. Here are their names: Paul Ragueneau, Francis Le Mercier, Peter Chastellain, John de Brébeuf, Claude Pijart, Antoine Daniel, Simon Le Moyne, Charles Garnier, Renat Menard, Francis du Peron, Natal Chabanel, Leonard Garreau, Joseph Poncet, Ivan M. Chaumont, Francis Bressani, Gabriel Lalemant, Jacques Morin, Adrian Daran, and Adrian Grelon. Bancroft is therefore in error, as Dean Harris points out in his excellent work on the Jesuit missions, when he states that there were forty missionaries with the Hurons, and Marshall still more so when, quoting from Walters, in his *Christian Missions* (vol. i.) he places the number at sixty. Father Martin, S.J., in his appendix to Bressani's history, gives the names of all the priests who served on the Huron missions, from the Franciscan, Joseph Le Caron, who opened the first mission to the Hurons in 1615, to Adrian Grelon, S.J., who was the last of the priests to arrive in Huronia, August 6, 1648.

STRIKINGLY SUCCESSFUL RESULTS OF THE MISSIONS.

That the Jesuit missions to the Hurons were eminently successful in their purpose—the Christianizing of the Indians—may be learned from the following statement of Father Bressani in his Jesuit *Relation:*

"Whereas at the date of our arrival we found not a single soul possessing a knowledge of the true God, at the present day, in spite of persecution, want, famine, war, and pestilence, there is not a single family which does not count some Christians even where all the members have not yet professed the faith."

In 1638, twelve years after Father John de Brébeuf and his two companions, Father De Noue and Joseph de la Roche Dallion, had arrived at the Huron village of Ihonatiria, which was situated on a point on the western entrance of what is now

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called Penetanguishene Bay, the missionaries took the census of the Huron country. It was late in the autumn and the Indians had returned from their hunting and fishing expeditions. Two by two they travelled from one end of the country to the other taking note of the number of villages, counting the people, and making topographical maps. When they had collected all statistics the results showed 32 villages, 700 lodges, 2,000 fires, and 12,000 persons who cultivated the soil, fished in Lake Huron, and hunted in the surrounding woods.

WARS OF THE IROQUOIS AND HURONS—FATHER DANIEL SLAIN.

As I have already stated, the Hurons occupied the northern and western portion of Simcoe County, Ontario, embraced within

DEATH OF THE PRIESTS LALEMANT AND DE BRÉBEUF.

the peninsula formed by the Matchedash and Nottawasaga Bays, the River Severn and Lake Simcoe. The Huron league was composed of the four following nations: the Attigonantans, Attigonenons, Arendorons, and Tohontaenrats, and known to the French as the nations of the Bear, the Wolf, the Hawk, and the Heron. They derived the modern title of Huron from the French, but their proper name was Owendat or Wyandot.

Between the Hurons and the Iroquois, those tigers of the forest, there had existed for years a deadly feud. The latter were the most warlike and ruthless among the American Indians. In the spring of 1648 a large war-party of them crossed the St. Lawrence, and, pushing their way by lake, stream, and

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forest, fell upon the Huron settlement with the most blood-thirsty ferocity, and, setting fire to the villages, put to death or led captive nearly the whole population, including many of the missionaries. The first mission to be attacked was the village of St. Joseph, near where now stands the beautiful town of Barrie at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay. Father Daniel, who had arrived in Huronia in 1633, had charge of this mission. He was pierced through with arrows and bullets as he stood in the door of the chapel encouraging his people with the words, "We will die here and shall meet again in heaven." Father Daniel was the first of the priests in Northern Canada to receive the martyr's crown, and is known as the "proto-martyr" of the Hurons.

TORTURE AND MARTYRDOM OF FOUR PRIESTS.

The other priests to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois were Father Garnier, Father Chabanel, Father Lalemant, and Father de Brébeuf. Nothing could exceed the fiendish cruelty and torture to which the brave-hearted Brébeuf and the gentle Lalemant were subjected at the hands of these Iroquois demons. They were stripped of their clothing, tied to a stake, and, after undergoing every manner of atrocious torture and mutilation, slowly burnt to death.

To Mr. Douglas Brymner, Canadian archivist at Ottawa, is due the credit of having discovered and given to the public, in 1884, an original document bearing upon the martyrdom of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant. This document is in the form of a letter written by Christopher Regnant, coadjutor-brother with the Jesuits of Caen, and companion of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, and is dated 1678.

Doctors Gilmary Shea and Francis Parkman, who are usually very accurate, are in error, however, when they state that the remains of Father Brébeuf were permanently interred at the Seminary of St. Mary's on the Wye. They were brought to Quebec—the bones having been previously kiln-dried and sacredly wrapped in plush. The skull of the martyred priest is preserved in a silver reliquary in the Hôtel Dieu at Quebec, and may be seen by any one desirous of venerating the sacred relic.

These heroes of the faith have passed away, and the children of their care, for whom they suffered martyrdom, have well nigh all disappeared save a small remnant who settled at Lorette, some thirteen miles from Quebec. There may be

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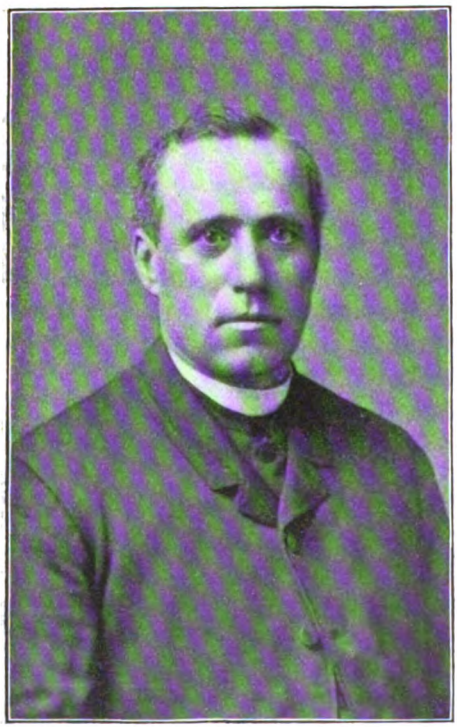
found dwelling to-day all that remains of that mighty race of hunters and fighters once known as the Huron Nation.

But the memory of the heroes, saints, and martyrs who sanctified our forests with their sacred footsteps in the praise and service of Him whom they faithfully served unto death shall for ever abide in our land, nourishing our souls with the ardor of prayer, fortifying our hearts with the chrism of courage, calling down upon the devout and pure of heart the benediction of Heaven.

FRUITS OF THEIR GLORIOUS MARTYRDOM.

Where once the saintly Jesuit fathers moved among their Indian converts and catechumens, consoling them in their afflictions, absolving them in their sins, ministering to their every spiritual and bodily want, there stand to-day temples in which worship a devout and faithful people, and upon whose altars are daily offered up the same great, unchanging and Eternal Sacrifice by whose power is wrought the glorious deeds of hero, confessor, and martyr.



FATHER LABOUREAU, P.P. AT PENETANGUISHENE.

Not far from where stood the mother-house of the Jesuit missions to the Hurons with its chapel and hospital, known as St. Mary's on the Wye, the saintly memory of the Jesuit martyrs is being honored and perpetuated to-day in a beautiful and noble temple which, when completed, will be known as the Memorial Church of St. Joseph and St. Anne, Penetanguishene. The pastor of the mission is Rev. Thomas F. Laboureau, who, like many others of his noble countrymen, left his home in sunny Burgundy nearly forty years ago, in company with the first Bishop of Toronto, Monsignor Charbonnel, to share in the hardships incidental to early mission-life in Canada.

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The parish of the Penetanguishene is one of the oldest and most interesting historically among the early Catholic missions of Ontario. The town was at its inception made a naval and military British post consequent on the transference there of the British garrison from Drummond Island in Lake Huron in 1827, in conformity with certain negotiations which followed the treaty of Ghent, fixing the boundary between Canada and the United States so that Drummond Island was included in the territory of the latter. The Indians of Drummond Island, who had lived under the protection of Great Britain, were first chiefly settled at Waubashene, Coldwater, Orillia, and Beausoleil Island. A few years later they were placed on the new reserve on Manitoulin Island.

At the time the garrison was transferred from Drummond Island to Penetanguishene, there were living on the Penetanguishene Bay two traders, George Gondon and Antoine Corbiere, and a few *voyageurs*, deserters from the service of the Compagnie de. Lachine or North-west Company. Of these *voyageurs* the chief were Thomas Leduc and Joseph Messies—the latter of whom is still living, at the age of ninety.

In those days there was no resident missionary priest to attend to the spiritual wants of either the people of Drummond Island or Penetanguishene. Missionaries paid occasional visits to both places, among whom may be mentioned Father Crevier, of Sandwich, and Fathers Badin and Ballard. In February, 1832, Bishop McDonell of Kingston, accompanied by Father Crevier, paid a pastoral visit to Penetanguishene and remained a few days. In the interval between the visit of Bishop McDonell and the arrival in the fall of 1833 of Father Dempsey, a Father Cullen came to give a few days' retreat to the people. Father Dempsey, who came from Glengarry, that good old Catholic county, the venerable nucleus and nursery of Catholic faith in Ontario, was therefore the first resident missionary priest of the parish of Penetanguishene. Father Dempsey, however, had charge of the parish but a few months, when he was stricken with illness from which he died, at the home of Mr. Bergin, some seven miles north of Barrie.

It can be seen, therefore, that on Drummond Island and at Penetanguishene there had been no resident priest for years. How, you will ask, was the faith preserved? Largely through the labors of two or three ardent and exemplary Catholic laymen, chief among whom was D. Revol, a scholarly and cultured Frenchman, who labored with a zeal and devo-

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tion worthy of a true and fervent Catholic. It was in a great measure through his generosity and labors that the first church, a small log building, was erected in Penetanguishene, which did duty until 1860, when it was replaced by the frame church that lately has given way to the Memorial Church, which is as yet unfinished.

Mr. Revol left Penetanguishene for Montreal, and on his way down called upon Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop McDonell of Kingston, to represent to his lordship the needs of the Catholic people of Penetanguishene. It was likely due to his pressing solicitations that Bishop McDonell sent Father Dempsey to Penetanguishene, in 1833.

MGR. PROULX.

In September, 1835, Bishop Gaulin visited Penetanguishene, and from his pastoral visit dates the first entry in the written records of the parish. The first entry in the book is the baptism of Edward Rousseau, son of J. Rousseau and Julie Lamorandieu, and is written in the French language. Bishop Gaulin announced to the congregation, amid great rejoicing, that a young priest recently ordained would be sent to them in a few weeks. On the 27th of October, 1835, the young priest announced by Bishop Gaulin, who was none other than Father Jean Baptiste Proulx, arrived in Penetanguishene.

The newly-appointed parish priest took a deep interest in the Indians and at times extended his spiritual labors among them as far as Sault Ste. Marie. In 1837, desiring to devote himself exclusively to the Indians, he obtained a priest to reside in Penetanguishene—Father Charest, from the district of Three Rivers, Quebec. Father Proulx paid flying visits to Penetanguishene during the following year, as may be seen by the records, and after that his name does not appear in the entries till 1845. He had succeeded in gathering a large number of the Indians who were living around Gloucester Bay and locating them in the Great Manitoulin Island, where they obtained a

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good reserve. After a few years, about 1845, in his desire to secure for the Indians the benefit of a less precarious attendance than could be given by the secular clergy, Father Proulx obtained the services of a religious order—the Jesuits—to take them in charge.

This good and zealous priest was later on given the care of a parish at O'Shawa, and then was called to Toronto, where his tall and noble form could be seen moving along the streets with light and graceful step, and where he was admired by all who had occasion to meet him for his courteous manner and gentle disposition. The writer of this sketch well remembers that when a student at St. Michael's College, Father Proulx used to visit that institution and, mingling among the boys in the playground, entertain them with the Indian war-whoop. Shortly before his death this venerable priest was created a Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., with the title of monsignor, an honor well merited by virtue of nearly fifty years of zeal, self-sacrifice, and devotion as priest and missionary of Northern Canada. Monsignor Proulx, together with the late Monsignor Rooney, and the saintly Bishop Jamot, will be for ever remembered as of that sturdy band of priests with soul of fire and frame of iron, who belong to the heroic days of missionary life in Canada.

Father Charest, who succeeded Father Proulx at Penetanguishene, remained there from 1837 to 1854. His labors were arduous. It was the time of immigration when new settlers were passing through the front and seeking homes in the backwoods. The district under his charge was immense. It extended from Penetanguishene to the Narrows, and from Barrie to Owen Sound. In following the parish records you can see that one day Father Charest is in Penetanguishene, the next in Coldwater, the next at the Narrows. Another week he would be at Medonte, Flos, and come back to Penetanguishene to go to Barrie, Nottawasaga, Collingwood, and Owen Sound. It was only in 1854 that the first priest, Father Jamot, afterwards Bishop of Peterboro', was stationed in Barrie.

During the years of Father Charest's administration of the parish there was a large advent of French Canadians to Penetanguishene and the township of Tiny, making what is called the French Settlement. Many of these early French Canadian settlers engaged in lumbering, and when the timber was all exhausted not a few of them left for Minnesota, Dakota, and the Canadian North-west.

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Father Charest was followed, in 1854, by Father Claude Terner, a priest from France, and Father Libaudy, another French priest. Then came Father John Kennedy, whose career was cut short by a melancholy accident. He was drowned in Penetanguishene Bay in a generous attempt to save one of the boys in his charge who had fallen overboard.

Poor Father Kennedy was succeeded in 1873 by the present incumbent of the parish of Penetanguishene, Father Laboureau, who is possessed of that zeal, piety, and generosity of heart which mark in so eminent a degree the life-work and character of that noble band of pioneer priests who, in the morning of their manhood, forsook home and country in the Old World to contribute to the spiritual shapings of parish and diocese in the vast but spiritually untilled fields of Canada and the North-west.

Father Laboureau is, in a measure, heir and representative of the glorious past of historic Penetanguishene—successor to the Jesuit heroes and martyrs whose deeds illumine the pages of our country's history and whose blood consecrates the soil of the ancient land of Huronia.

A NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE JESUIT MARTYRS.

Nor has Father Laboureau been unmindful of the memory of that great and heroic band of missionaries who first planted the seed of faith upon the shores of the Georgian Bay and nurtured it with the blood of martyrs.

A little more than ten years ago the successor to these great and goodly men conceived the idea of erecting on the shores of the Georgian Bay, at Penetanguishene, a memorial church as a fitting monument to those holy and noble men, De Brébeuf, Lalemant, and their companions, the early missionaries to that part of Canada, to recall and perpetuate their memory and the history of the mission.

The proposition met at once with general acceptance, and it was determined, since the memory and glory of those men are the property of the nation, to make the erection of the memorial church a national undertaking and appeal to the people of Canada at large for contributions.

To better facilitate Father Laboureau in his work, he was furnished with letters of recommendation from his Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, while the mayor and council of Penetanguishene placed in his hands a memorial to his honor the lieutenant-governor of Ontario, in

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which they showed the desire evinced on many sides to have a monument erected to the men who have been the first national glory of this country, and asked him to kindly endorse the undertaking that it might be shown that it had the approval and sympathy of the lieutenant-governor of the province especially concerned in it.

The site chosen for this beautiful monumental temple is a spot in a commanding position overlooking the picturesque bay, and the whole scene of the Huron mission.

On the 5th of September, 1886, his Grace the late Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, assisted by the late Monsignor

DEAN HARRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE JESUIT MISSIONS TO THE HURONS."

O'Bryen, blessed and laid the corner-stone of the Memorial Church, in the presence of a large number of the clergy, his Honor John Beverley Robinson, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and many representative men from Toronto and various adjacent towns. Very Rev. Dean Harris, author of *The History*

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of the Early Missions in Western Canada, preached on the occasion.

In the summer of 1888 Father Laboureau visited France and England in the interest of his projected church, and received much kindly aid from such distinguished personages as the Marquis of Lorne, former Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess Louise, the late Cardinal Manning, Sir Charles Tupper, the Archbishop of Rouen, and the bishops of Normandy, the country of Father de Brébeuf, Honorable L. P. Morton, then United States Ambassador to France, members of the French Academy, senators, and many other eminent persons.

The style of architecture adopted in the building of the Memorial Church is late Romanesque, the material being "rock-faced" granite stone split, trimmed with white and red stone. The main body of the church is one hundred and twenty-five feet in length by fifty feet in breadth, the façade being wider —about ninety feet—in order to support the towers projecting out from the body of the church. The two transepts on the sides of the church will be used as chapels, and are intended to contain the commemorative monuments.

ST. JOSEPH.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

HEN, with reluctant feet, the winter leads
Northward once more his ice-mailed followers,
And on the southern slopes, as he recedes,
Appear spring's green-appareled harbingers;
When measurably longer wax the days,
And higher mounts the sun the azure arch,
Returns the time thy children chant thy praise,
Dear Saint of March!

And as thy feast approaches, lo! the streams,
So long held captive in the ice king's thrall,
Shake off their shackles, and, aroused from dreams,
The flowers arise responsive to their call;
The truant birds return to bush and tree,
A brighter green pervades the pine and larch,
And thine own lilies wake to welcome thee,
Dear Saint of March!

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FORSWORN.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

AND so this is the famous Blarney Castle! Pshaw! 'Tis only a fraud—I mean as a ruin."

Such was the disgusted exclamation of Thorpley Vane, an English don from Oxford, to the local guide and cicerone, Jemmy Punch, as the two stood on the well-known little bridge with the circular opening and looked at the gray and grim old keep through the aperture.

"That's it, sir; you see it all there, sure enough," returned the guide a little apologetically. "'Tis bigger nor you'd imagine, though, sir; wait till you get nearer to it. Them trees that shut it in on all sides, they hide the half of it."

"I can see the whole of an ugly square tower; how then can the half be hidden?"

"There's the lodge-keeper's and the guide's quarters, sir, in undher the trees. Two quarters make a half, you know, sir."

The gentleman from England fixed his monocle firmly in his eye, and turning around looked at the guide steadfastly for a few seconds. Jemmy Punch bore the scrutiny with the calm *insouciance* of unsuspecting innocence.

"Your system of applied mathematics, my friend," at length said Mr. Vane, "appears a little strange to me, but I rather admire its ingenuity. Did you ever hear of the differential calculus?"

"Calculus, sir! An' what might be the manin' of that?"

"Calculus means a stone. The ancients used to count by stones, you ought to understand."

"Used they, sir? Well, I suppose they knew no betther. No, I never before h'ard of the differential calculus. The only 'calculus' I know that's worth talkin' about is that big one beyant there in the castle—the Blarney Shtone, as we're proud to call it. I make a few ha'pence by it now an' agin."

"The Blarney Stone—ah, yes, I've often heard about it. You say you derive some revenue from it; how does that arise?"

"You see, sir, that ould shtone has a great name for givin' people the gift of the gab. Some are so bould as to want to

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kiss it, an' I'm the only man about here that they care to thrust thimselves with whin they go to thry it."

"Ah, yes; I've heard about it. One has to be lowered from the battlements, I believe, in order to accomplish the feat."

"It's the feet that have to be held, sir, while the tongue is gettin' the accomplishment," answered Jemmy, with that fresh pastoral look again in his ruddy, guileless face.

"Bless me, how dense!" muttered Mr. Vane, *sotto voce.* "Inversion is the rule everywhere in this country, I believe," he added audibly.

"That's it, sir—that's the scientific name I've h'ard, for the way you kiss the Blarney Shtone. Would you wish to thry it, sir?"

"I do not think I need any addition to my stock of eloquence, at least for present uses; I prefer to note and observe things just now," replied the visitor. "The pleasure of being able to boast of the achievement would hardly compensate for the risk, in my opinion."

A peal of mocking laughter from below caused the speaker to thrust his head through the aperture in search of the impertinent interruption. The laugh was as gay as the song of a linnet, and yet it was exasperating.

"I believe that girl is laughing at me," he said, pulling in his head very suddenly. "Very ill-bred, but decidedly pretty."

"People may laugh in the fields, I suppose, without any offence. There's more ill-breedin' shown in passin' disparagin' remarks on people you don't know, I'm thinkin'."

A decided change had come over the face and manner of Jemmy Punch as he made this reply. There was anger in the heretofore innocent blue eye, and minatory strength in the musical brogue.

The stranger perceived that he had blundered somehow, and he hastened to retrieve the *faux pas.*

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I was not aware it was any friend of yours, and I thought it was at myself not you she was laughing. Good-day."

He moved off in the direction of the village of Blarney, and the guide, planting his back against the coping of the little bridge, folded his arms and looked after him with a doubtful expression. Whether to be angry or whether to be hilarious depended on a whim of the moment from below.

"O Jemmy! come here; make haste; here's a grand eel as long as your arm, but I'm not able to hould him." It was the

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same rich piccolo voice whose tones had so irritated the stranger which called.

Down the bank, three yards at each bound, plunged Jemmy Punch, like Theseus at the cry of Andromeda. The sea-monster would have fared as badly as the unlucky eel had it been there when Moya Connor cried for help on Jemmy Punch.

What a specimen of young manhood he was! A great broad-shouldered, fleet-limbed fellow, such as the old Fenii were composed of. Men who could hurl the massive stone through the air with the force of a catapult, and tread so lightly as not to break a twig. A handsome giant too, for all his rough dress; and a merry one, as we have seen.

The girl who was playing the angler was not much more than a child in years, yet she was in very truth as a full-blown rose. That delicate texture of early girlhood which seems so like the waxen beauty of the mellowing peach was fresh upon her cheek, although her small and shapely hand was decidedly brown and hard-looking, betokening wholesome outdoor toil. On her head was neither hat nor bonnet, but the glossy black hair which coiled about her neck was looped up with a morsel of red ribbon, in a way that suggested the latent coquettishness of even work-a-day rusticity.

"An' how did you manage to get away fishin' to-day, Moya?" queried the guide, as he extricated the now defunct eel from the hook and proceeded to rearrange the very primitive tackling upon the stout sally-rod which served the girl for her piscatorial pastime. "Sure I thought ye were all to be busy at the haymakin' to-day."

"We had to put it off till to-morrow. Dad had to go to Cork to get some ropes, for he found he was short when he went to look for 'em in the barn. So Owney here asked me to come fishin' along with him. Maybe 'tis lucky I did, for that eel might have dragged the poor child into the river."

Owney looked at his sister with a reproachful glance. A boy of eight years old to be thought liable to be overcome by a two-pound eel! It looked like an aspersion on his character.

"Tell the truth, Moya!" he retorted. "Didn't you say to meself when you saw me takin' down the line that you saw Terence Foley comin' over to the house an' that you'd get away, for you couldn't bear the sight of him?"

A smile leaped up into the blue eyes of Jemmy Punch, which had been fastened keenly upon the youngster's face as he told his artless tale.

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"More power to you, Owney, my bouchal!" he cried, patting the little fellow on the back with his great hand. "Always tell the truth—to me—but, mind, don't tell this to Terry Foley—unless you're axed."

"I don't want to tell anything to Terry Foley; he's an ould naygur that gets all the beggars' curses," replied the boy impetuously; and then he added, very meditatively, "I wonder what he do be comin' over to our house so often for? Nobody there talks to him much, but dad."

"Maybe he's comin' to smuggle you off to the fairies, Owney, an' put an ould *sheefrah** in your place," suggested Jemmy Punch. "Keep an eye on him, an' if he ever asks you to go anywhere along with him, set Nettle at him."

"Sorra a step I'll ever go with him," answered the urchin. "But I'd be afraid to set Nettle at him, for dad likes to have him comin' over, I know."

Having exhausted all the game in this part of the stream in the capture of the eel, the trio moved off to a bend lower down to see what further luck awaited the fishers.

Meantime the gentleman from Oxford pursued his journey toward the village. He was a stoutly-built, well-fed, fresh-complexioned man of about thirty years. His face bore that look of conscious superiority which a long heritage of good living and habits of command impart to certain types of what a distinguished authority styles an imperial race. His attire was that of the summer tourist, remarkable for something like audacity in pattern and absence of style in cut. In his right hand he bore a substantial walking-cane with a showy knob of silver; in his left he carried a bulgy grip-sack.

He looked like a brilliant apparition as he rounded the turn of the road beyond the bridge where the heavy border of trees along the sides of a demesne wall plunges the way into a dense shadow. So he thought he must appear to that gloomy-looking figure in black, with the military-looking cap and portentous bâton depending from shining leathern belt, which he saw coming leisurely toward him as he hastened along in the pleasant sunlight.

He did not calculate on producing any more than an impression; he was not prepared for such a result as an imperious challenge:

"Stand, in the Queen's name! Who are you? What are you doing here? What have you got in that sack?"

* A fairy changeling.

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Almost letting fall the sack in question along with the relaxed lower jaw, Mr. Vane drew up sharply and stood stock-still for a moment, speechless from amazement.

"Th—there must be some mistake—some confusion of persons," he stammered at length. "I'm not the person you take me for, Mr. Officer. I'm a tourist—an English gentleman—and this I take to be the Queen's highway."

"Come, come—none of your nonsense. I believe I know my duty. Answer my questions at once, or come along with me to the station-house."

Something metallic clinked as he spoke, lending the suggestion of a castanet accompaniment to his harsh syllables.

"Surely it is not possible that you think of putting handcuffs on me! This proceeding is entirely unwarranted. I think I am entitled to an explanation—"

"Will you give me your name and open the sack, before I make you my prisoner? Say yes or no at once; I've no time for humbuggin'."

"There, there's the sack and here's the key—and there's my card. But I must say I thought the public roads in Ireland were free to the English people."

"I'm acting according to law—and the law is made in England," returned the policeman sternly, as he ransacked the "grip" in search of treasonable documents, dynamite, and war *materiel.* "That'll do, now; you may pass on."

"Oh, thank you! But suppose I am stopped again by another officer, am I to be subjected to a similar examination?"

"You're liable to it as long as you go about in this suspicious way. I'd strongly advise you to get to your hotel as soon as you can and put on something that's not so noticeable —especially while you're carrying a hand-bag."

"I've been the victim of a gross outrage," said Mr. Thorpley Vane indignantly to his friend, Professor Zug, from Dettingen, with whom he had come over to spend a holiday at St. Anne's sanitarium—"a very great indignity, my dear professor. I have actually been stopped on the Queen's highway by a policeman, and searched."

"So too have I, mine vriend," replied the professor. "The police here are no better than they are in Berlin. Police are all slaves of monarchs; and all monarchs are despots; so are all governments. I would sweep them all away. I would put in their place the grand Socialism."

Mr. Thorpley Vane was a member of the undergraduates'

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philosophical society at Oxford. Often the debates at the society's meetings dealt with socialism, and even more violent revolutionary theses, with all the freedom of omniscient academic discussion. He was consequently quite an adept in debate.

Here was new ground for him. The opportunity of studying an agrarian system on its own ground, and the methods of a paternal government under which that system grew, at once struck him as an advantage not to be despised.

"The ethnic and anthropological conditions are most favorable," he said to Professor Zug. "In the action of great economic and political tests upon a crude and primitive society such as we find it here, we shall be enabled to watch the contact of the Present with the Past—the living with the dead, so to speak."

"That vill be vary interesting," replied the professor, with enthusiasm.

Not far from St. Anne's, on the road toward Macroom, stood the cottage wherein Moya Connor and her parents dwelt. Attached to the cottage was a farm—a snug one of a couple of hundred acres. In all the barony there was not so trim a cottage or a better kept farm than Bat Connor's. Twice he got the prize at the annual shows of the agricultural society for neatness and good farming.

Bat Connor was no less respected than he was envied by his neighbors. He was a superior man, not in point of education, but in self-respect. He was a rigid total abstainer, and a most exemplary Catholic.

A fine type of the stalwart Irishman, physically, was Bat Connor. He had served a few years in the army, and this had set up his physique. But it had also gained him a bullet in the cranium, which, being lodged in one of the most inaccessible bony processes, never could be extracted. But as long as he refrained from nervous excitement he suffered no inconvenience nor ran any risk from the imbedded souvenir of battle. Neither did it affect his countenance or his good spirits. His large, pleasant features ever wore a smile of content, and he was always ready with some racy joke or reminiscence of the army whenever the cue was gaiety.

But it was known that in addition to the bullet he had had a sun-stroke while serving in India. Hence there were three good reasons why Bat Connor should rigidly adhere to the temperance vow he had made away back in the forties, when

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the great Father Mathew was rousing the country by his apostolic labors.

The money with which Bat Connor had been enabled to purchase the good will of the farm from its former tenant, Neal Downey, on his emigration to the United States, had been made at the Australian gold-fields, in the office of the governmental inspector. The employés there were all military men of the retired list, and of good character.

Bat Connor had been twice married. Moya so much resembled her dead Irish mother that she was inexpressibly dear to him. And indeed his second wife, who was a Eurasian, half English, half Rajput, did not seem to be lacking in love for her somewhat wilful and roguish step-daughter. Moya's propensity for fun sometimes, however, went far enough to cause friction. Those who are not of a naturally gay or humorous temperament rarely appreciate to the full the value of this attribute in others.

She was a woman of moods, difficult to understand. Usually reticent, retiring, and of quiet ways, she at times was seized with fits of unaccountable depression, the reaction from which usually led to the extreme of a strange and irrepressible gaiety. Sometimes these little idiosyncrasies produced a passing cloud in the domestic realm for Bat Connor, but his own good spirits and cheerful ways soon made wife and daughter forget their little points of friction and turn with renewed zest to the routine of daily life in the house and about the farm.

Jemmy Punch was a great favorite with Bat Connor, and with Moya—well, it is said in Ireland that girls "take after" their fathers in many peculiarities. Bat Connor had a fund of anecdotes of the outside world, which the guide had never seen. But the guide had a wonderfully receptive memory, and a power of imagination capable of transforming a very bald fact into a very curly-headed sprite of romance; and those wonderful tales with which he often imposed upon the ingenuous visitors to the castle of MacCarthy More were for the most part spun out of his own fancy, on the mere strength of a suggestion found in Bat Connor's experiences.

With Mrs. Connor Jemmy Punch was not so great a favorite as with the others of the family and household. There was something too subtle in his humor for her intelligence. The vagueness of the Oriental mind predominated too much in her being to enable her to sympathize with the profound intricacies of Celtic wit. She had at first believed too implicitly the mar-

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vellous tales which he wove from the loom of his fancy, but, finding herself imposed upon, even though harmlessly, she entertained a feeling of distrust henceforward, and her manner toward the guide grew reserved and taciturn.

This circumstance did not prey much on Jemmy Punch's mind; as long as he was welcomed by the master of the house and by Moya he felt his ground secure. Other young men—farmers and cattle dealers—dropped in there frequently too, on business or on pleasure, and he was shrewd enough to perceive that he himself appeared to get a warmer welcome than any of them.

To one member of the household at least Jemmy Punch appeared to be a being somewhat akin to a demigod. The boy Owen, Moya's step-brother, seemed to live an enchanted life listening to Jemmy's wonderful stories. He was a creature of romance, and tales of the marvellous were his favorite mental food. Jemmy was his confidant in everything—his oracle as well as his mind's depository.

All the woods and fields and groves in and around Blarney Jemmy had peopled with an invisible host of spirits or immaterial beings, all of which were familiar to Owney. He knew the fairies of "the fort" who came out to dance inside the magic ring there, by moonlight, and he knew the banshee who wailed nightly on the topmost window in the tower of the castle, near the cresset—the banshee of the MacCarthy Mores. He knew the phooka who flew over the lakes and the glens at night, and he knew the leprechauns who plied the shoemaking trade under the harebells and the burdocks. He wondered at Moya laughing at these things when he told her about them—although she still kept asking him what else did Jemmy Punch tell him.

Although the guide was a born story-teller, overflowing with words when words were needed, his flow of speech was always kept well in control. He did not think it necessary to talk about everything he knew. Sundry things were happening there, of which he was well aware, and over which he was discreetly silent.

Of the nature of these things the abnormal activity of the police, as briefly indicated in the stoppage of Mr. Vane, may give some idea. Secret drilling was going on all over the country; revolutionary agents were going around; arms were being smuggled in from abroad. Under the quiet, smiling face of the country smouldered the fires of a political volcano.

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It would not suit Jemmy Punch's *rôle* to be a very prominent actor in this drama, but he knew all about it, and all those in the locality who were engaged in it. He was implicitly trusted by them all.

When Mr. Thorpley Vane proposed to visit Ireland, only a vague and very inadequate idea of what was below the surface prevailed in England. It was the policy of the Irish authorities to keep the outside world in ignorance of what they knew through their spies, so as to make a successful *coup* when the proper time came.

At Oxford Mr. Vane was a radical doctrinaire. His views on social economy were very advanced. He was, in fact, a revolutionist—in an academic sense. As for the religious question, he did not regard it as worthy of consideration. Religion was made up of superstition and cunning—the mass who were duped and the few who cozened them.

To enlighten the Irish people on those important matters he believed it to be his duty, after the experience he had had of the methods of government in the isle. A public lecture was the means he decided on for doing so. A building which had been used as a school-house was hired for the purpose, and the neighborhood was placarded with the important notification.

This step was a godsend to the "men of action." Sundry influential men whom they wished to gain over to their side were expected to attend this lecture. Here was an opportunity of gaining their sympathies not likely to occur again.

When the night for the lecture arrived the little building was packed, and the solitary policeman on duty was hustled out of the room. The lecturer had not proceeded very far with his socialistic views when a howl of rage arose from the audience, a rush was made for the platform, and he and Professor Zug, who acted as chairman, were swept away and compelled to retreat by the side door. Mr. Vane's wrath got the better of his discretion, and he was heard to mutter threats of vengeance on the authors of this outrage as he was ejected.

The chaos subsided soon after the little storm and a good many of the more timid of the audience had left. But while they were dropping out an orator of the advanced party had taken the platform and said some things that caused many to keep their seats. He was a fluent speaker and an earnest one. In burning words he pointed out the hopelessness of any redress of the country's wrongs from any appeal to the conscience of England, and the duty of wresting justice from her fears. His

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enthusiasm was irresistible. Men sprang to their feet and cheered him to the echo again and again.

But when the audience at length rose to depart they beheld outside a double row of policemen. Every man was stopped and scrutinized, and a score were detained and marched off as prisoners in handcuffs.

Terror was not the immediate effect of this *coup de main;* exasperation all the more intense from being pent up pervaded the whole country-side. Curses, not loud but deep, were invoked on the head of the authors of the surprise, chief among whom, it was generally believed, was Mr. Thorpley Vane.

So threatening were the looks and so fierce the mutterings which his appearance in public elicited that he thought it best to shorten his visit to the sanitarium. Both he and Professor Zug left the place hurriedly and unnoticed.

Of the men captured by the police half a dozen were detained for months under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. One of them died in prison; the remainder, after being subjected to rigorous hardships, were liberated for want of evidence to bring them to trial.

But Thorpley Vane could not tear himself away altogether from the place. The vision of Moya Connor haunted him. Even though she had laughed at him, the one glimpse he had had of her witching face had fixed it in his mind indelibly. It drew him as a magnet back to the place the next summer.

This time he went quietly to the sanitarium. He wore no remarkable garments, and he had allowed his beard to grow, so that few would recognize him.

His purpose was to see Moya Connor, if it were possible. He did see her, and in a totally unexpected way, as will appear.

Soon after his arrival the news spread through the village and all around that Moya Connor was missing from her home! Consternation paralyzed the little community. Never before had such a thing been known. And Moya was so idolized by all! A wild fear as to her fate drove many of the people almost frantic.

Nearly beside himself with torturing grief, Jemmy Punch stood at evening on the ramparts of Blarney Castle. His tear-dimmed, sunken eyes roamed restlessly over the broad expanse of country lighted up by the setting sun. They swept every winding thread of white road in the vain hope of discovering some suggestion of the form of Moya in the tiny specks moving over them which his keen eyes discerned as human figures

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A party of tourists had been going over the ruin, but Jemmy Punch's services were not, as usual, in requisition. He had in fact refused. Father Clayton, the parish priest, who came with the party, had asked him to take them in hand, but Jemmy only replied with a mournful head-shake. Father Clayton understood only too well the cause of his inertia, and he sympathized with him keenly. He approached him, as the others were descending the winding stair, and spoke to him cheeringly, but saying nothing of the subject which lay nearest both their hearts, only endeavoring to interest him in talk about a project for a new flax factory to be set up in the village.

Only a very languid interest—that of mere politeness—did the guide exhibit. Still Father Clayton persevered in the effort to raise his spirits and his curiosity.

"By the by, Jemmy," he said, "did you notice the man from Oxford among the recent arrivals at the sanitarium—the gentleman who made such an impression here with his lecture?"

"The black-hearted scoundrel! No, I didn't notice him, your riverence. And so he's here again?"

"Yes, but he has grown a beard, so that you would hardly recognize him."

"His beard won't be much use to him if some of the men he got put into jail lay their eyes on him. Florence Lynch's blood is on his head—and he'll answer for it."

There was something in the tone in which the guide spoke that alarmed Father Clayton. It was so unusual with him to be wrathful.

"James," he said, approaching him and taking his arm with affectionate solicitude, "you know how I love and esteem you as a man and a good Catholic. I never heard such sentiments from you before. You have shocked me. You are not yourself. You are in a mood most favorable to the tempter. I will pray for you—but that is not enough. Before I go from here you must promise me solemnly—pledge yourself before God—that you will do nothing to endanger this man's life. As your priest I insist on it. Now, say you will not."

The guide was obdurate. His mood was indeed one to arouse alarm. A full tide of passion was surging through his gigantic frame—swollen by the flood of pent-up grief at the disappearance of the girl of his heart.

Father Clayton found him dogged and unamenable to argument for a long time, but at last his powerful pleadings bore

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fruit. Before he left the guide he had got him to give the pledge he required—on the crucifix—that he would neither directly nor indirectly be the cause of any violent proceeding against Thorpley Vane.

A gay party came over from the sanitarium next day to go over the ruin. Their jests and merriment as they climbed the spiral stone stairs and peeped into vaulted chambers and ghostly prison-pens seemed to make the old place frown severely. Jemmy Punch was at his old station, on the top of the tower, near the cresset turret, gloomily watching the merry party as they bustled about from place to place prying into nooks and crannies and exchanging irreverent comments.

Mr. Vane was of the party—the most prominent figure in it. He did not affect to recognize the guide, nor the guide him.

The question of kissing the Blarney Stone came up, and as usual evoked general mirth. Several of the ladies said banteringly that none of the gentlemen would kiss the stone, through fear of the operation.

The guide looked on grimly, his arms folded across his broad chest, and his lips pressed hard one against the other. He felt a touch at his elbow. Little Owney was standing beside him with a look of horror on his face. "O Jemmy!" he said, in a voice quivering with suppressed sobs, "how I wish you'd come down to the house. I'm afraid father and mother are goin' mad."

"Goin' mad! What d'ye mane, Owney? Sure, I don't wonder at their goin' mad from grief. There's no one that wouldn't go mad for Moya Connor."

"Oh, 'tisn't that at all, Jemmy—though maybe 'twas that that set 'em on. 'Tis drink."

"Drink! Are you in your sinses, Owney? Drink! Sure, both your father an' mother are teetotallers, an' never touch drink."

"They aren't now, Jemmy," sobbed the boy. "Dad broke the pledge when Moya went away, an' now he's like a wild man. An' mother is drinkin' too; an' they're fightin'—drinkin' an' fightin' day an' night—all about Moya. Oh, Jemmy, I'm so much afraid. To hear 'em cursin'—'tis awful. Only I think I'd be wrong to lave 'em alone, I'd run away too, as Moya did."

"Moya! how do you know Moya went away? Tell me, Owney, for the love of heaven!" cried the man fiercely, as he clutched the little fellow by the arm.

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"She—she went away with that man there," sobbed the little fellow, pointing to the Englishman, "because father and mother had a fight about her. Oh, Jemmy, they're drinkin' whiskey night an' day now, an' I'm afeard—oh, I'm afeard they'll kill aich other an' burn the house about us all."

Went away with that man there? Moya Connor go away with this coxcomb Englishman! Jemmy couldn't believe it. He hoarsely conjured Owney to tell him the truth—whether or not he was laboring under some terrible mistake. But, no; the boy stuck to his story. What a sea of passions surged through the man's breast! What a mirror of that tempestuous agony grew the darkening face!

"Guide, will you please assist me? I wish to be enabled to kiss the Blarney Stone."

It was the voice of Thorpley Vane which startled Jemmy Punch from his horrible ecstasy. The guide glared at him in a dazed sort of way, and then made answer mechanically:

"Of coorse, sir; take off your coat, if you plaze."

The others gathered around, jesting and full of glee—for they did not dream they could get Vane to undertake the bit of bravado.

They advanced to the battlements and in a few moments the dispositions were made for the ordeal. The giant form of the guide bent over the wall, the other clinging to his arms with every sinew strained to its extremity of tension.

"Let go," shouted the guide when the proper hold had been gained upon the Englishman's feet. "One, two, three—now!"

A voice called up from the depths beneath. Jemmy Punch looked in the direction whence the sound came.

On an eminence near the castle stood Father Clayton, his form well outlined against the sky. In his hand he held aloft the crucifix upon which he had sworn the guide to do no violence toward Vane.

"Remember!" he called up from that depth, where he trembled with the awful fear of a crime about to be enacted in his very presence. The words sounded faintly but quite distinctly:

"Remember, Christ is looking on. If you deny him now, he will deny you hereafter. Beware!"

There was no name spoken, and any one who heard the words save him for whose ear they were intended might not understand their meaning. But Jemmy Punch understood.

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His face was very pale as he drew the Englishman back through the aperture in the battlements.

"You may thank an angel," he said, with hard-set face, as he planted him on his feet again inside, "that I did not drop you to the rock below. But I'll hould you here till I've handed you over to the law. Owney, run down to the barrack and tell Sergeant Conlan to send up two of his men, for I've a prisoner here that knows something about Moya Connor."

Shrieks and uproar from the picnic party greeted this startling speech and action, but Jemmy Punch held his prisoner fast until the police came. Then Owney repeated his story, and Mr. Thorpley Vane was borne off to the lock-up to answer the accusation.

Meanwhile Jemmy Punch went over to the house of the Connors, incredulous still of what Owney had told him. It was only too true. Stretched on the bed in an inside room lay Bat Connor, helplessly drunk. All around the place were the sickening evidences of deep carousal. A hamper full of liquor-bottles stood in a corner. Several half-empty bottles stood on a table; others, broken, lay about the floor.

On the sofa in the once neat, but now slovenly, little sitting-room was seated Mrs. Connor. Her eyes were rolling wildly, a stupid look was in her face; she gibbered incoherently and laughed horribly when she saw Jemmy Punch, and then attempted to fling her arms around his neck in maudlin sorrow as she muttered the name of Moya. In rising to do so she lost her balance and fell in a bundle on the floor.

Shocked and grieved beyond all power of utterance, the guide made such dispositions of the two unhappy inebriates as he could, locked the door lest any of the neighbors should find them in that shameful state, and went off in search of a doctor. He would not call in the medical man who resided in the village, so as to avoid scandal, but went off to Cork by the train for a stranger.

As they approached the village of Blarney a dull crimson glow became visible. A knot of people gathered on the steps of the railway station were found speaking in awe-stricken tones.

"What's the matter, boys?" queried Jemmy Punch anxiously.

"Bat Connor's house is burned down, an' he an' his wife were suffocated before they could be got out, God have mercy on their souls!" answered the foremost, crossing himself solemnly.

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How the conflagration was kindled never transpired, but the origin of the catastrophe was traced clearly enough. Jealousy was its mainspring. A travelling pedlar having brought a pack to the door one day, Bat Connor determined to buy his wife and daughter each a handsome shawl from him. That which he chose for and gave Moya was, in his wife's eyes, richer than hers. Then the long pent-up demon burst his bonds, and the woman poured forth a passionate flood of invective on both husband and step-daughter. Moya's pride was so stung by her bitter words that she resolved to leave the house for good. She had an aunt residing in Bristol, and to her she determined to go. Not knowing how to get there, and seeing Thorpley Vane, whom she knew to be English, she screwed up her courage to ask him how she would proceed. He volunteered to accompany her to the office of the Bristol packet in Cork, and promised to keep her secret. But when the tragedy had aroused the attention of the country, he deemed himself justified in telling what he knew.

In his grief and anger, knowing not what had become of his child, Bat Connor turned to drink, and drank so much at home that the evil example spread. His wife could not resist the temptation when it was presented to her lips. It was the only way she knew to drown the voice of conscience. The most that could be hoped for by those who listened to the sad story, and knew the blameless lives of the Connors down to that point, was that the destruction which followed on their broken vows was the result of accident. But in their home in the New World neither Jemmy nor Moya nor Owney ever revert to the story.

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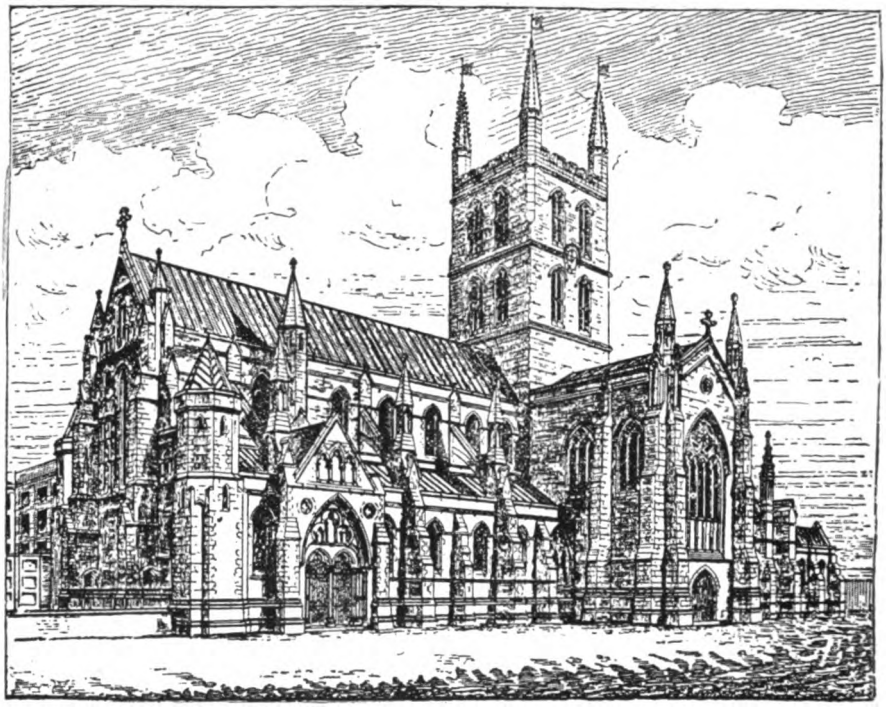

THE NEW NAVE OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

JOHN HARVARD'S PARISH CHURCH.

BY JESSE ALBERT LOCKE.

WANDERING about London in a leisurely way the American visitor is sure to come, now and again, upon some interesting spot unknown to him before, a lucky find upon which to congratulate himself. No small part of the pleasure of such a discovery is the prospect of being able to exhibit to other admiring eyes the beauties of one's treasure-trove. A satisfaction of this sort awaits one who undertakes to tell to American readers something of the story of St. Saviour's, Southwark, a bit of antiquity in the very heart of London, apparently unknown to the average tourist but quaint and rare in its charm.

In these days of much travelling and of hastening to distant ends of the earth to escape the beaten tracks and the places hackneyed by frequent description, many a spot of no ordinary interest—worthy perhaps of being made a place of

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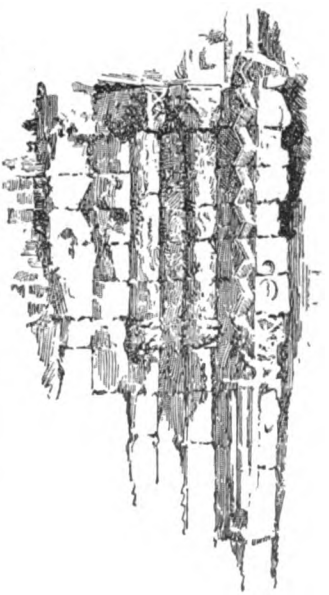
pilgrimage—may be passed by though it lie within a stone's throw of the highway. Such a place is this fine old mediæval church (or cathedral, as it is soon to be) of St. Saviour's. If you scan its visitors' book for the three summer months, when tourists most abound, you will almost be able to count upon your fingers the names of the Americans recorded there. Of the 13,000 or 14,000 annual visitors to Stratford-on-Avon by far the larger proportion, it is said, are Americans, and the same might be true of St. Saviour's if our fellow-countrymen only knew how well worthy of a visit it is. If the time in London is limited and some sights must be omitted, why, Madame Tussaud's can be pretty nearly duplicated in New York, but there is nothing on this side of the water to take the place of the architectural attractions or the literary and historical associations which single out this church especially, even in a land full of ancient temples.

London does not abound in really ancient churches. So many were destroyed in the great fire that comparatively few remain. But the finest mediæval building in the whole metropolis (next after Westminster Abbey) is St. Saviour's, Southwark. It lies on the south or Surrey side of the Thames—in the Borough, as that suburb is called. But being just by the end of London Bridge and within sight of St. Paul's, it scarcely seems to be outside that most ancient part of London still known as the city.



A BIT OF AN OLD NORMAN DOORWAY (A. D. 1106).

A ROMANTIC FOUNDATION.

For a thousand years and more legend and history and literature have known it. It was formerly called St. Mary Overy, and an old prior describes its origin thus: "East from the Bishop of Winchester's House standeth a fair church called St. Mary-over-the-Rie (Overy), that is, over the water (rie meaning river). This church, or some other in place thereof, was (of old time long before the Conquest) a House of Sisters founded by a maiden named Mary, unto the which House of Sisters she left the oversight and profits of a cross-ferry over the Thames, there kept before that any bridge was builded."

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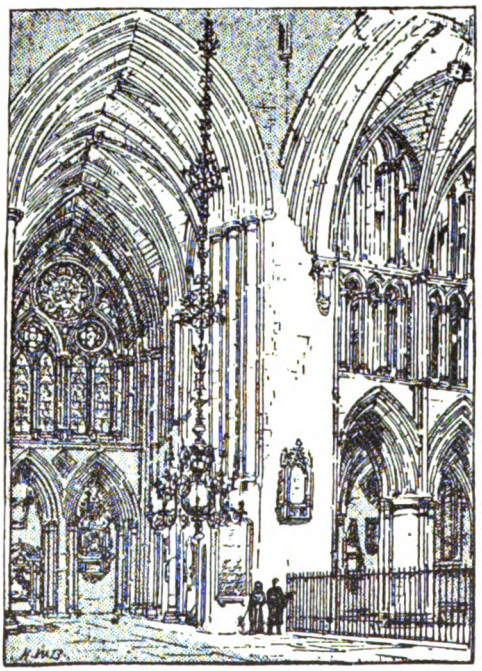
This Mistress Mary (according to an old account still preserved in the British Museum) had a somewhat romantic history. Her miserly old father owned this ferry. One day he thought to secure a little economy by feigning death. Surely the whole household would fast for him at least one day. But hearing, to his surprise, sounds of feasting and merriment below, he rushed down the stairway in his winding sheet. A guest, taking him for a veritable ghost, rushed upon him with an oar and hurled upon his head a fatal blow. Mary had a lover of whom her father had not approved. This lover, hearing of the old miser's death, started at once for London, but, falling from his horse in his haste, was killed.



THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

In 862 A. D. St. Swithin turned this House of Sisters into a college of priests, and hence this church has been styled a "Collegiate Church" ever since. St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, and the church has had many benefactors among the successive bishops of Winchester, whose house was hard by. The present building was begun by Bishop Giffard, who, with the aid of two Norman knights, built the nave in 1106. The church is cruciform, and, like most ancient churches in England, tells some of its own history in the different styles of architecture of its various parts. The nave was originally Norman, but was altered into Early English when Bishop de la Roche built the Early English Choir and Lady Chapel in 1207. The transepts (one of them erected at the cost of Cardinal Beaufort) are in the Decorated style, while the upper part of the great square tower belongs to that latest development of Gothic, the Perpendicular. This tower holds a beautiful peal of bells cast in 1424.

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VANDALISM OF THE REFORMATION.

St. Saviour's has, of course, shared the vicissitudes of the religious revolutions in England. In 1540 it was seized by Henry VIII., the Augustinian monks to whom it had belonged were dispersed, their monastery was destroyed, and the church became the property of the crown. The king leased it to the parishioners at a rental of £50 a year, and the name was changed from St. Marie Overie to St. Saviour. In 1614 it was purchased of the crown for £800. It is destined in the near future to be raised to the dignity of being the cathedral for a new diocese of the Established Church south of the Thames. The beautiful old nave fell into decay, and in 1838 its ruins were pulled down and a shabby substitute in the incongruous Renaissance style took its place. This new nave was an excellent example of how not to do it in church-building, and for-

EARLY ENGLISH ARCADING (A. D. 1207).

tunately it has in its turn been demolished, and is now replaced by another designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield, in perfect harmony with the beautiful Early English of the Lady Chapel and the Choir.

One enters St. Saviour's usually at one of the arms of the cross which its ground-plan makes—*i. e.*, at the door of the south transept. The roar and rumble of London life die away

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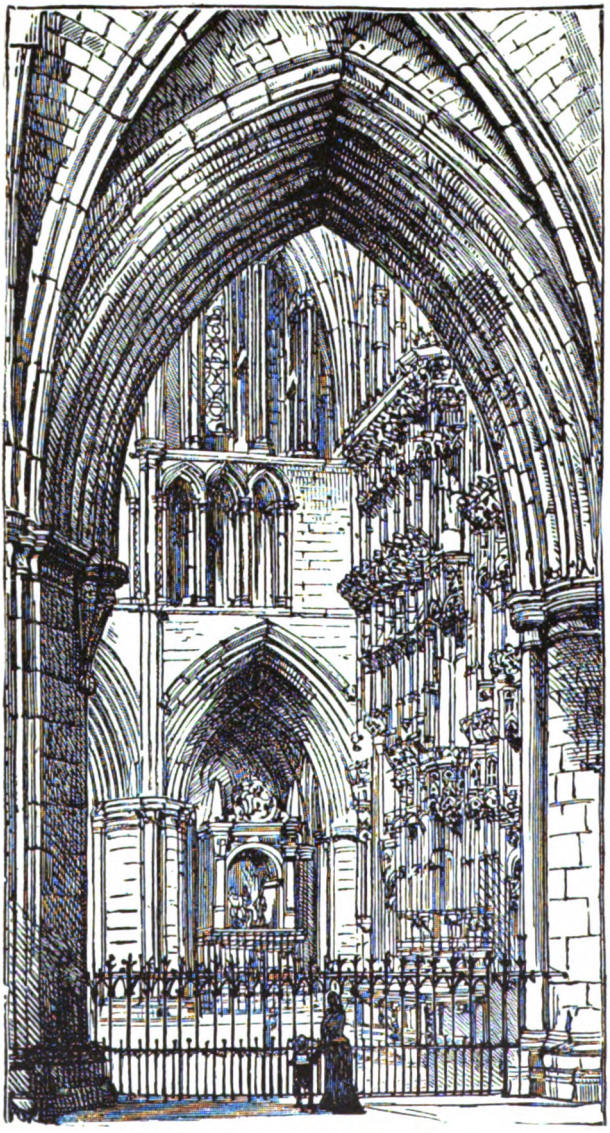
with the closing of the door. One has stepped into the quiet stillness of earlier centuries; almost into a sense of physical companionship with many of those whose names have long been found on the yellowing page of printed history, but to whom these very stones were once as familiar friends. As the eye travels from point to point drinking in the simple dignity, the upreaching gracefulness, the rich beauty of column and arch, of clerestory and traceried window, and the restful perspective of long-drawn aisle, a link with home suggests itself. This was the parish church of the ancestors of our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. And when they crossed the ocean to a new home in a new world they must have carried with them affectionate memories of this place—remote hereditary springs, perhaps, of that deep beauty-sense in the soul of the great New England essayist. An inscription on a tablet to the memory of William Emerson,



A GLIMPSE OF THE ALTAR SCREEN.

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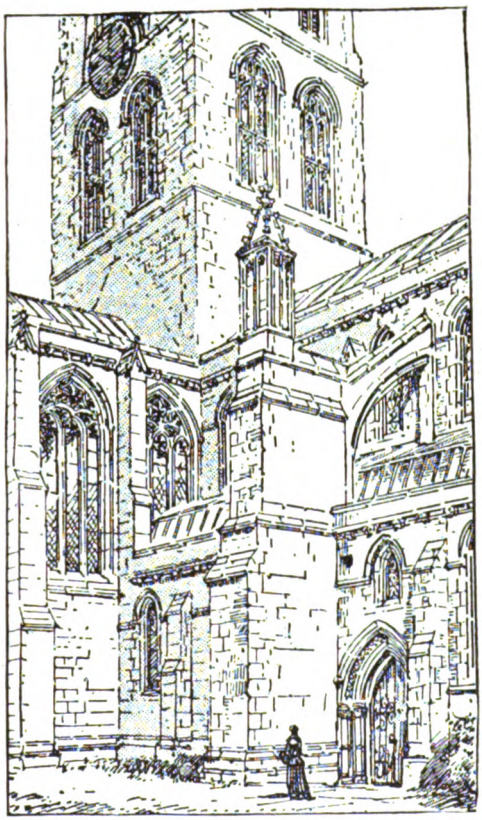
aged 92, tells us that "He lived and died an honest man." His grandson, Thomas Emerson, gave a large sum of money in 1620, the income of which still benefits the parish poor.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH POETRY.

Near the door in the south transept is a remarkable monument, the tomb of the first English poet, John Gower. It is a fine example of Perpendicular Gothic. A full-length recumbent figure of the poet, with meekly folded hands, rests under a canopy of exquisite carved work, pinnacles and tracery. His head is cushioned on three large volumes—his chief poetical works—viz., the *Vox Clamantis* (written in Latin), the *Speculum Meditantis*—in French, but now lost—and the *Confessio Amantis* (Confession of a Lover), in English. The latter is well known. His efforts to improve the manners and morals of his times by means of these works won for him the title of "Moral Gower," given to him by his pupil Chaucer. Gower was not one of those poets who live, unrecognized and unknown, picturesquely starving to death in a garret. He was a man of property who contributed generously to the repair of St. Saviour's, and also built at his own expense one of the chapels in the nave, that of St. John the Baptist. He made a matrimonial alliance when he was over seventy, and he spent his last years quietly in a house which was almost under the shadow of the church to which he was so much attached.



THE ANGLE OF THE SOUTH TRANSEPT AND THE CHOIR.

An American finds much to remind him of the immutability

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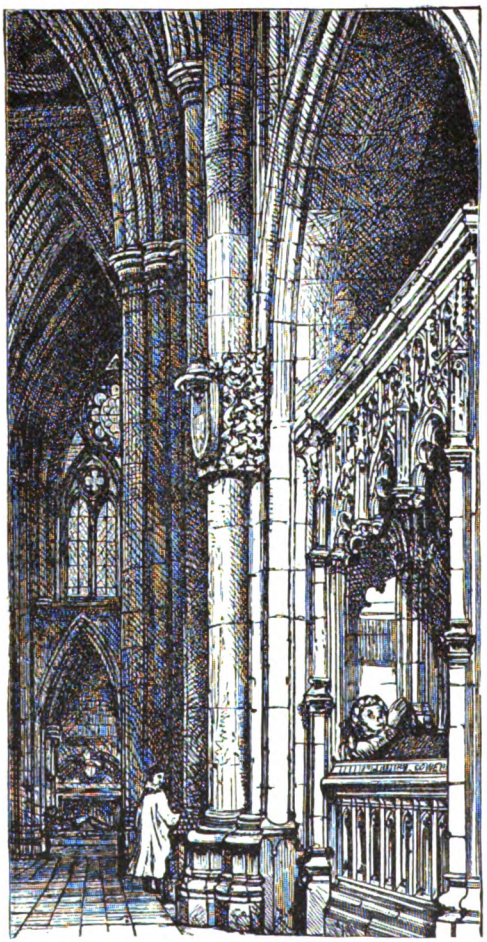
of things in England. Sometimes it seems to be a simple inertia which allows abuses or absurdly incongruous customs and institutions to remain lest, apparently, the removal of any part might cause the whole venerable structure of state and society to come tumbling about the ears. When the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, *e. g.*, brought French Protestant refugees into England, a number of Huguenot weavers settled in Canterbury. An endowment was provided at that time for a chaplain who was to read the Church of England service in French, and to-day—though there is not a French-speaking Protestant in Canterbury—a chaplain still holds this post and reads the French service regularly in a chapel in the crypt.



TOMB OF GOWER, THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

JOHN HARVARD'S BIRTHPLACE.

But an example of wiser conservatism, for which we of later generations cannot be too thankful, is that scrupulous care in the preservation of old records which has secured such completeness to the parish registers. On the pages of the parish register of St. Saviour's is an entry for November 29, 1607, which may still be seen by the curious visitor. It records the baptism of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University. He was born in one of a row of houses which formerly stood just opposite the Lady Chapel on the path to London Bridge.

The establishment of the Protestant religion in England was

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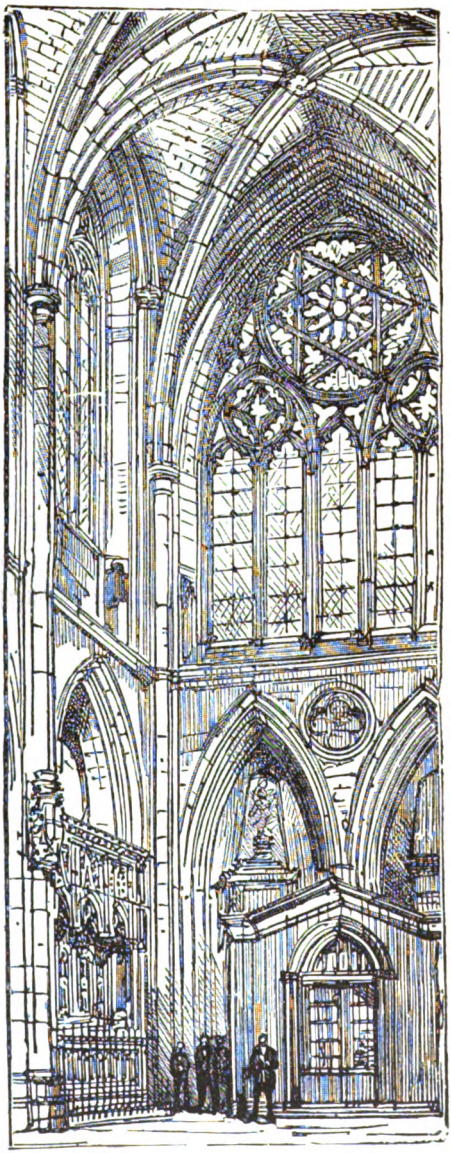
not accomplished without deeds of violence, which are now universally deplored. In the excessive zeal to remove every semblance of the Catholic faith, the altars were thrown down, statues and other carved work mutilated or utterly destroyed, and scarcely an atom was left in all England of that beautiful painted glass which had furnished even humble village churches with treasures of art. Further ravages were made by subsequent neglect, and the bad taste of later hands which undertook repairs. But now an intelligent and artistic restoration is going on over the whole country and the ancient churches are being given back their mediæval glory. This work has been begun at St. Saviour's, and a proposition has been made and received with great favor that the Alumni of Harvard fill with stained glass the fine great traceried windows of the south transept—now destitute of color—in memory of their generous founder. This project will probably be carried out in the near future.



PROPOSED HARVARD WINDOW.

A BROTHER OF SHAKESPEARE.

The architectural beauty of the Early English Choir, with its vaulted roof, has hardly begun to engage the attention before one's steps are arrested by the name of SHAKESPEARE carved upon a stone in the floor. Under that stone lie the remains of Edmond Shakespeare, brother of the greatest of dramatists. Edmond was an actor, and was buried here in 1607. The poet

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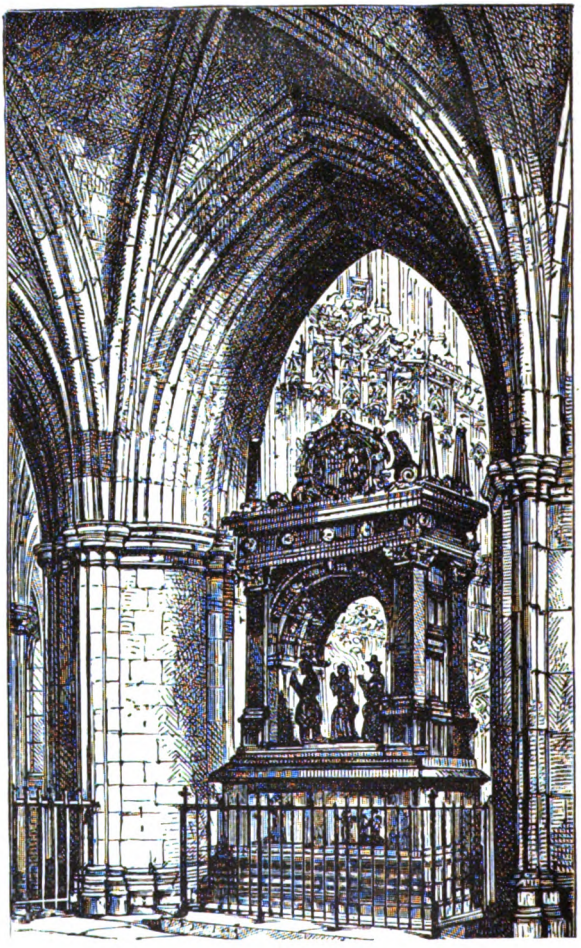
himself lived for years in this parish, and here he wrote many of his plays. His theatre, the Globe, was near the church on a site now occupied by a large brewery. Not long after Edmond was buried in St. Saviour's William Shakespeare returned to his native village of Stratford, where he spent the few remaining years of his life.

John Fletcher (1625) and Philip Massinger (1639), the drama-



TOMB OF ALDERMAN HUMBLE.

tists, are both buried here. So also is Lawrence Fletcher, who was a joint lessee of the Globe Theatre with William Shakespeare. At the end of the Choir is a magnificent stone altar screen erected by Bishop Fox in 1620. All the statues were removed from its canopied niches and destroyed at the time of

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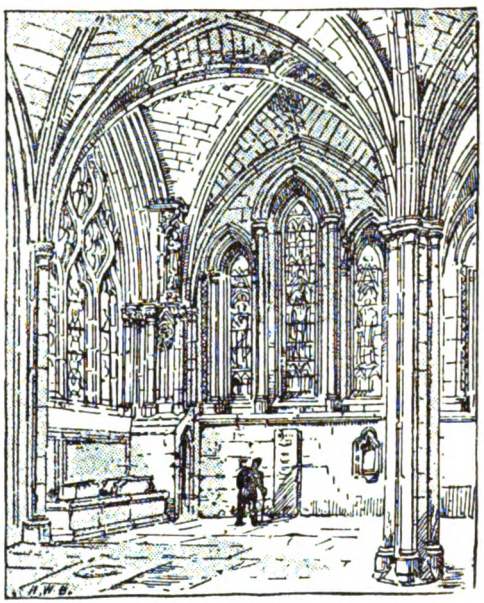
the Reformation, but they are to be replaced in the course of the present restoration of the church.

One of the fruits of our national enterprise and inventive genius is the great patent medicine business—a business which has assumed enormous proportions in these days. We are accustomed to look upon its devices and advertising schemes as quite modern inventions. Many of them are so clever as to seem almost strokes of genius. But let the modern advertiser of his pill or nostrum be not too much puffed up. Let him visit St. Saviour's and find there the grave of his prototype, Lockyer—quite a worthy patron saint for the trade. Indeed he surpassed most of his modern brethren; for, besides anticipating their novel methods of advertising, he combined with the sale of his wares the open-air preaching of religion. Thus he offered good to both soul and body; the one free, the other for a modest compensation. Lockyer has a monument in the north transept. He is represented by a recumbent figure in white marble, with a flowing wig and a most sentimental expression of countenance. The inscription on the tomb runs thus:



A CORNER OF THE LADY CHAPEL

Here Lockyer lies interr'd; enough, his name
Speaks one hath few competitors in fame.
A Name soe Great, soe Generall 'tmay scorne
Inscriptions which doe vulgar tombs adorne.
A diminution 'tis to write in verse,
His eulogies w'h most men's mouth's rehearse.
His virtues & his PILL are soe well known
That envy can't confine them under stone.
But they'l survive his dust and not expire
Till all things else at th' universall fire.

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This verse is lost, his PILLS Embalm him safe
To future times without an Epitaph.
Deceased April 26th, A. D. 1672. Aged 72.

There are more reasons than its quaint spelling why this verse should not be lost. Lockyer, as an old history of Surrey tells us, used to ride about with his Merry Andrew, each on a piebald horse, selling the renowned Pill. He certainly was an artist who knew how to get "local color" into his works, for in his advertisement he says that his pills are "extracted from the rays of the sun," and that the remedy was "an antidote against the mischief of fogs." Could there be better bait for the gullible Londoner? He also tells the public that his preparation "increases Beauty and makes old Age comely." He adds the following advice: "They that be well and deserve to be so, let them take the pills once a week."

But the epitaph-hunter will find many other nuggets of pure gold besides the touching tribute to Lockyer and his Pill. Let him look for the mural brass inscribed as follows:

SVSANNA BARFORD,
DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 20TH OF AVGVST, 1652,
AGED 10 YEARS 13 WEEKES.
THE NON-SVCH OF THE WORLD FOR PIETY AND VIRTVE
IN SOE TENDER YEARS.
AND DEATH AND ENVYE BOTH MVST SAY 'TWAS FITT
HER MEMORY SHOVLD THUS IN BRASSE BEE WRITT.

HERE LYES INTERR'D WITHIN THIS BED OF DVST
A VIRGIN PVRE, NOT STAIN'D WITH CARNALL LVST:
SVCH GRACE THE KING OF KINGS BESTOW'D VPON HER
THAT NOW SHE LIVES WITH HIM A MAID OF HONOVR.
HER STAGE WAS SHORT, HER THREAD WAS QVICKLY SPVN,
DRAWNE OVT, AND CVT, GOTT HEAV'N, HER WORK WAS DONE.
THIS WORLD TO HER WAS BVT A TRAGED PLAY,
SHE CAME AND SAW'T, DISLIK'T, AND PASS'D AWAY.

Excellent to preserve for use in a moving funeral peroration are the lines which (translated from the Latin) run thus: "These be the incinerated remains of Richard Benefield, Associate of Gray's Inn. To them, after they were thoroughly purified by the frankincense of his piety, the nard of his probity, the amber of his faithfulness, and the oil of his charity, his relatives, friends, the poor, every one in fact, have added the sweet-scented myrrh of their commendation and the fresh balsam of their tears."

A little tablet on the wall bears the name of Abraham Newland. He was in the service of the Bank of England for nearly a half century and finally rose to be chief cashier. He wrote this epitaph to be placed upon his tomb, but his land-

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lady, to whom the lonely old bachelor left his large fortune, was considerate enough to disregard his wishes in that respect:

"Beneath this stone old Abraham lies:
Nobody laughs and nobody cries:
Where he is gone and how he fares,
No one knows and no one cares."

There are many other curious and interesting epitaphs for which there is no space left here.

Among the many notable tombs is that of Alderman Humble.

BISHOP ANDREWES.

It is a large canopied structure in the Renaissance style. Three kneeling statuettes under the canopy represent the worthy alderman and his two wives, while around the base in relief are his children kneeling in a row and duly graduated in size from the oldest down to the youngest. On one side are these lines:

"Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,

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Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut—and so is done!

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies."

Not far from this tomb is an interesting effigy of a crusader, clad in chain-armor with a helmet on his head and a lion at his feet. It is an interesting example of thirteenth-century carving in oak.

Many broken bits of pottery, coins, urns, and other remains of the Roman occupation of Great Britain have been dug up near St. Saviour's, and the floor of one part of the south aisle is laid with tiles found in the adjoining churchyard—tiles which, doubtless, were once the pavement of some Roman villa.

The Lady Chapel, which has been left until the last, almost deserves a volume in itself. Many writers on architecture have grown enthusiastic over its symmetry, its rare beauty and its perfection of detail, which make it one of the best and purest specimens of Early English to be found anywhere.

It has its historical associations too. Here the well-known Bishop Andrewes is buried. On the other side of the chapel a window, "presented by grateful Protestants" as the inscription tells us, commemorates the fact that, when a turn-about in the play came in Queen Mary's reign, Archdeacon Philpot was here condemned to the stake. He is represented in the window with a stern expression of countenance and with these words issuing from his lips to his judges: "Your sacrament of the Mass is no sacrament at all, neither is Christ in any wise in it." Doubtless the sturdy archdeacon took his fate philosophically, for he declared in the course of his trial that a woman called "Joan of Kent," whom he had sent to the stake as a heretic a few years before, "was indeed well worthy to be burned."

It would be impossible to exhaust the attractions of this ancient church in an article of such a length as the present. Enough has, perhaps, been said to convince the reader that on his next visit to London a pilgrimage to St. Saviour's, Southwark, will be time well spent.

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FOR THE PARTY, FOR THE STATE, OR FOR THE NATION.

CONFESS that I apprehend much less for democratic society from the boldness than from the mediocrity of desires." So wrote De Tocqueville sixty years ago. Although it was the remark of an aristocrat, noting what to him was a painful void everywhere apparent in a vast Republic, there was much shrewdness in it. It is certainly a drawback to daring minds that there is so little opportunity for even a tentative Cæsarism here. The *chevaux-de-frise* of provisions with which the Constitution bristles, the ever-vigilant spirit of democracy, the abhorrence of servility and obsequiousness, the repugnance to patronage—every traditional instinct and sentiment of the American race, in brief, forbids the notion of a return to monarchical and aristocratic rule. The parting of the ways begun at Lexington was a parting once and for ever. No sane man who is able to judge of events and opinions and human tendencies can ever dream of the possibility of a monarchical resuscitation on the soil of the United States.

Before any one attempts the consideration of what De Tocqueville's dictum means, he must have clearly made up his mind as to what really constitutes greatness in the state and in the individual. This is the most elementary essential to a solution of the great problem which this reflection raises. What is the *rôle* of the United States of America? Is it the *rôle* of the Destroyer, or that of the Achiever? The country has answered that question for itself long ago. America is the land of peace no less than that of liberty. The child of war, she is yet the eldest daughter of peace. Her conquests are in the field of civilization and human progress. If she has drawn the sword, it was that her path might be freed from obstacles to the working out of a calm and ennobling destiny. She aspires to lead the human race, but not in the paths of Sesostris and Tamerlane.

To minds constituted like De Tocqueville's this plane of ambition is not the most attractive. To the France of his day war had brought so many dazzling triumphs, with the substantial advantages that Frenchmen never overlook, that a military

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career and the surroundings of a court seemed to all daring minds the only material objects worth pursuing. Everything peaceful and commercial was commonplace and humdrum. Yet the peculiar constitution of public life in this country offers facilities for the gratification of illegitimate ambition, if the individual be found daring enough to indulge it. A man may not hope to become a sovereign or found a dynasty, but he may avail himself of political conditions and the weakness and corruptibility of human nature to enjoy all the advantages of a sovereign and absolute dictatorship. This has been done again and again, not merely in the district or the town, but throughout a large territory. Ambitious and unscrupulous men have from time to time arisen who, by debauching the public service, have temporarily made themselves the virtual lawgivers and dictators in both urban and rural affairs. But in the end the retribution came, memorable and stern enough. Public opinion is often sluggish and thick-skinned, but those who deem it dead, or even cataleptic in affairs of long-continued fraud and unconstitutionality, are usually convinced of their error in good time.

Admirable as our Constitution is in its main features and provisions, it affords far too many loopholes for both the ambitious political trickster and the grasping private speculator. In the relations of the urban populations to the rural, in those of the electorate to the representatives, and in the facilities for unlawful commercial combination in the form of trusts and syndicates, lie the greatest danger to the public welfare.

To the people of any country, it matters but very little, practically, whether those who contrive to neutralize their will and plunder them of their resources be called sovereign or commonwealth. But from a sentimental point of view, there is a vast difference between the tyranny and enslavement of a despot who enriches his country by his conquests, and that of a sordid political trickster who seeks nothing but his own aggrandizement and that of his partisans. The nation may be proud of the one, with all his faults; for the other there can be no feeling but contempt.

In the proposed scheme for the enlargement of New York City a constitutional experiment of the most crucial kind seems likely to be essayed. We seem destined to behold one party in the State, under the management of one individual, boldly attempting to arrange the whole machinery of the State so that that particular party and that particular individual may be

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masters of the situation in all things even when they have outlived their fortuitous popularity. Two principles of the most vital importance to the American commonwealth are struck at in the measure called The Greater New York Bill. One of these is the principle of local self-government, and the other the principle of party government according to the rule of the majority for the time being. These things are of the essence of the Constitution.

The boldness of this design is the only thing that compels one's admiration. New York State and City are justly regarded as the most important members of the great American Republic. In commercial status, in material progress, in intellectual force, they are typical of modern civilization. They are the very flower of the free American nation; and yet it is upon this city, this state, and this people that the experiment of setting up a bogus king called a boss, and fastening an irremovable party yoke upon the neck of the public, is about to be tried. Simplicity and grandeur do not unite better in an old Doric temple than in this ingenuous but audacious design.

For many years the City of New York has had an unenviable notoriety before the world. Again and again has it been held up to the scorn and execration of mankind as the focus of all forms of corruption, civic rottenness, and licensed infamy. It richly deserved all the opprobrium which it got in this moral pillory—not in itself, but in its sins. Like many a poor penitent of mediæval times, it bore its white sheet and lighted candle in public as the punishment of a participated sin in which some one who got off scot-free and unsuspected was the chief offender. Practically speaking, the city had no more control over its own life than it had over the irresponsible tide. Its fortunes were always the shuttlecock of political parties, and the fact that the game was played away up at Albany removed the players from the influence of that wonderful deterrent of evil-doing, public opinion. Had Imperial Rome, in the heyday of her greatness, suffered herself to be ruled by the periwinkle port of Ostia, the absurdity could hardly have been greater. It was the absence of municipal energy and vitality which this anomalous position of things naturally caused that enabled the mannikin Cæsars vulgarly known as the bosses to strut and fret their hour upon the stage. These strange fungi in the garden of liberty could flourish in no other atmosphere. Our political system has been drawn upon such lines that in its very generosity evils that the most odious tyranny would never dream of getting the public to tolerate are rendered not

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only possible but almost ineradicable. To remove the roots and tentacles of the boss system from New York has now become a task equal to the whole of the labors of Hercules.

Two designs were at work in the drafting of the Greater New York Bill. First it was thought to secure permanent power for one party, for an indefinite period, over all the administration of the immense territory embraced in the ambit of the bill. The ground had been diligently prepared for this bold undertaking, by means of various minor legislative enactments dealing with sundry public offices, judicial and departmental. The placing of the governmental power in the hands of a commission, not elective but rogatory, and vesting the choice of this commission in the hands of the governor of the State, was the bold idea. Were it proposed to place the city of Warsaw, in a state of insurrection, under a similar pretence of local rule, the proposition would be denounced as Muscovite despotism. But to have it coolly contemplated and propounded in the metropolitan State where the statue of Liberty stands sentinel at the gate is the marvel which a long familiarity with political effrontery, testing the power of public endurance, has deprived of the power to awaken our astonishment.

The military system of Frederick the Great is the model followed in the carrying out of the remainder of the design. A fighting machine which should act with clock-work precision, subordinating the man to the duty in every emergency, might have its counterpart in the world of politics, by the adoption of careful methods. Intellect, sitting serene and isolated in its tent, could direct all the operations, as did Von Möltke the movements in a great campaign. A Greater New York opened up to the eyes of a ravening army of office-seekers a loyal body of representatives with whom state interests and party interests were identical, a governor whose impartiality, although a strict party man, was respectably maintained—what more could any monarch desire? Undisputed sway, absolute obedience, the intoxication of supremacy—every element which gives a glamour to a crown and a sceptre, in a word, was in the prospect. Happily there is some public spirit left in the good men of either political party, and at the eleventh hour it woke up to the danger and made a successful struggle for the principle of local control in the drafting of the Bill. It was conceded by the conspirators that the nine representative men of the commission to administer Greater New York while its final disposition was being hammered out in the Legislature, should be at least men representing the localities affected, not outsiders.

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This concession is not sufficient. Already the dangerous principle of self-election or nomination had been carried far enough. The gentlemen from New York City and Brooklyn who had been most prominent in the arduous work of consolidation have a position under the scheme by courtesy. It is the people of the localities whose fortunes are at stake who have the right to say who shall represent their interests and who shall be accountable to them for the mode in which they discharge their function. This country is democratic America, and not autocratic Russia.

"The Americans," remarked De Tocqueville, "have not the slightest notion of peculiar privileges granted to cities, families, or persons." Having asserted the principle that the supreme power ought to and does emanate from the people, they leave the cities, families, and individuals to take care of their own rights as best they may. There could, therefore, be no more unfavorable soil for the development of the salutary principle of home rule for cities, and few better for the cultivation of individual ambitions at the expense of the community. The only change which has taken place in the conditions here, since the shrewd Frenchman wrote the observation, is that the sphere of ambition in cities has been immensely enlarged. So far from having privileges, they are usually at the mercy of the outside State, and made regularly to pay toll and tribute for the right of being allowed to exist. What more striking example of their vassalage and helplessness could be given than that of the Raines Licensing Bill? Were the State of New York peopled by a Turkish population, with a Moslem government, and the city inhabited by dogs of Giaour infidels, the relations intern and extern could not be more antagonistic, so far as practical results are concerned. The city is regarded as the natural prey of the State at large.

Whilst the prosperity of a country largely depends upon her agriculture, as well as the resources of the soil in general, the important part played by the great cities in the national development is too often underrated. In our case this is especially true. Our cities have mostly grown up hap-hazard, and the want of a system of trained citizenship in their administration is the penalty of their precocious growth. Of late years it has dawned upon us that we stand in need of civic training if we would have our cities properly administered. The pernicious system of district boss and ward politician has been so long fastened upon the bigger cities, especially New York, that many had begun to despair of ever being able to shake it off.

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We of course had investigations and recriminations and rearrangement of the pieces on the board, but after each had made its nine days' wonder, things settled down into the well-worn venerable ruts as before. There was no public spirit with any staying power in it. The heterogeneousness of New York's population is, no doubt, the cause of this woful lack. It is not a residential city except for a shifting population; its mercantile and official nabobs live out of town; its busiest streets are deserted after night-fall. What its working population have been taught in its public schools is not very ennobling as a training for good citizenship. That getting of money is the great duty of life is the lesson which everything around them teaches. The politicians do not preach it—they practise it; the commercial classes are engaged in an everlasting effort to realize it. Political spoils and commercial gains—these are the main constituents of the atmosphere amid which the voters of New York have been raised. It has not entered into the minds of the mass of city voters that purity in city politics is an essential part of patriotism. Party ties were usually paramount over every other consideration. Yet there is nothing extraordinary in this fact. No higher morality exists in the mass of voters in, say, England, or the countries of Northern Europe, whose people are not swayed by the fiery impulsiveness of the Celtic blood. And it must be acknowledged that the men and the leaders who deem civic spoils fair game, and civic morality a hypocritical pretence, have always stood up for the Union as an inviolable principle and would shed the last drop of their blood for the Stars and Stripes. This may sound paradoxical, but it has been proved to be true.

If we are ever to have a high standard in the public service in cities, we shall have to surmount a difficulty which, under existing conditions, appears almost insuperable. The public services need to be lifted out of politics, from top to bottom. It is only by maintaining this rule that older countries have secured efficiency, and that absence of demoralization in periods of political upheaval which is indispensable for the public welfare. The civil work of the public administration should be carried on in an atmosphere of judicial calm, for this is essential to the working of the machinery of our every-day life. On the enforcement of those laws which are necessary for the social well-being of great cities especially, no political fluctuations should be suffered to have the slightest effect. Without such regulations we should have chaos; and such regulations are useless to prevent it unless they are made active agencies

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in our daily life. We have seen how, by an honest attempt to give effect to the Sunday Liquor Laws, the city of New York has retrieved its reputation as a law-abiding capital. Although a Republican in politics, the new chief Commissioner of Police was a neutral as regards his enforcement of the law and his management of the police force. There is no reason why his example should not be imitated in every other department of the city's administration—save that of inveterate custom. Mr. Roosevelt has given us the most valuable object-lesson we ever had in the feasibility of separating the partisan from the citizen. He has proved that the law can be made supreme despite the most powerful combinations of privileged law-breakers, and that it is possible to secure the decency and sobriety of the ideal American Sunday in even the largest community.

But society is not in a healthy state when individuals have to be pointed to as examples in the conscientious discharge of high public duty. Sound morality requires that principles, not individuals, be looked to for a pure civic life. It is only the stern compulsion of a real condition which justifies the citation of such examples. In other countries, where the public service is carried on upon less democratic and more business-like methods, the responsible head of a great department is not subjected to the fierce glare of publicity in all his administrative acts, nor is he supposed, nor would he be permitted, to come before the public and explain or defend his policy and his work. The wheels of public life run noiselessly in well-worn grooves, and if anything go wrong with the machinery the engineer is called upon to explain the wherefore to the responsible minister. But here everything is done *coram publico*, and the popular vote—not infrequently the voice of passion—decides ethical questions of the highest moment to the interests of great municipalities.

It having been demonstrated, then, that salutary laws *can* be enforced in the largest of American cities, the question to be considered is, can anything be devised whereby enough men of honesty, ability, and courage to carry out the laws may be always assured? It is for this reason the legislation pending in the New York Legislature demands the most earnest attention and vigilance on the part of all who desire the best in public life, whether in state or city. As originally proposed, there was but too much ground for apprehension of danger in the two measures which affect the city. When powers were sought by which the Police Board was to be controlled, as in the old evil days, from outside, and the beneficial results of a single-minded

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rule swept away by one stroke of the pen, it was time to awake to the gravity of the peril. This was undoubtedly what was aimed at in the proposed commission of nine gubernatorial nominees. It remains to be seen whether the danger has been overcome by the restriction of the governor's power to nominate to residents of the localities affected. It is only by the action of a healthy public opinion in the interval between now and the period fixed for reporting the charter for Greater New York to the Legislature that we can escape the danger. The maxim that we should all act on, in laying the foundations of municipal government for the new great city, ought to be, briefly—the best laws, made by the best men, and the best obedience to them when made.

Nor should any party in power ever think that because they have for the time being the opportunity in their hands to abuse the trust confided to them they may safely exercise it by providing for the perpetuation of their own rule by tricky means. The power to commit evil does not secure against the liability of punishment for evil. In no country is this moral brought home more impressively than here, where the unjust judge and the corrupt official are often swiftly hurried off to the Tarpeian Rock of public disgrace by the overwhelming shout of the ballot-boxes. It is no less necessary for a party to be animated by a high motive than for an individual of the party to form a high ideal of his public duty. The day is far distant, we fear, when such a state of mind will prevail in political life. But is this any reason why we should abandon the effort to bring it near? Every better instinct of our moral nature cries out emphatically No! We can only hope for ultimate success by learning nobly to bear failure, even though it be again and again repeated.

We must not forget, when discharging the apparently simple duties of good citizenship honestly, that we effect more than a single good. In striking at abuses in the city we also aim a blow at the still deadlier system of machine rule or "boss" rule. That system, if allowed to triumph here, means the virtual subversion of free republican institutions, and the setting up of uncrowned and conscienceless despots. Our elastic State constitutions and free-and-easy methods constantly invite ambitious pretenders of this kind, even though some be kept on exhibition at Sing Sing as a warning and example. In working for a good citizenship we work for a noble statehood and for the glory of the nation.

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SUPERSENSITIVE CONSTITUTIONALISM.

BY REV. THOMAS McMILLAN.

BIGOTRY'S army has sent its Uhlans up almost to our very gates. They are heard from at Troy the new, where as in old Troy it might have been whispered in alarm *Proximus ardet Ucalegon*. But the danger is happily past; a little douche of cold water, in the shape of common sense, has disposed of the trouble, at least for the present.

There is not sufficient public school accommodation in West Troy. It is not openly alleged that the Jesuit order is responsible for the deficiency, but people have their own views on the matter. The Board of Education has been called upon to deal with the question of school accommodation and school teachers. In the new building close by the Church of St. Bridget there were spacious, well-lighted rooms, and after due negotiations these rooms were secured for the service of the State. A number of ladies were employed as teachers, and among these happened to be six who are sisters belonging to the convent. Though the school was opened according to the rules of the Board of Education, and has been conducted, ever since, strictly in accordance with these rules, the watch-dogs of the Constitution have been giving tongue. In the fact that the rooms were leased from the trustees of a Roman Catholic Church they detected a dangerous playing with fire; in the stipulation by the trustees that they provide heat for the rooms they discerned a clumsy device for the introduction of Roman Catholic dogma under the guise of steam; and a crowning treason to the laws of the State was palpable in the fact that the six sisters employed with the other teachers presumed to wear the habit of their religious order.

Action, it was imperatively felt, was necessary, if the public weal was to be preserved from an insidious foe, and a quartette of patriotic men threw themselves into the breach, determined to prevent the introduction of Roman Catholic steam into the public-school system at all hazards. They drew up an appeal to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, setting forth at great length their reasons for concluding that a dangerous con-

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spiracy was being developed in West Troy, and praying that action be taken to nip it in the bud.

An answer to this challenge has been drawn up by Mr. James F. Tracey, the counsel for the Board of Education. It is a categorical denial of the inferences on which the indictment rests, and a full vindication of the steps taken by the board as a constitutional proceeding. The statement is strengthened by an appendix containing letters of approbation from the following delegates to the Constitutional Convention at which the amendment under which the appellants claim to act was passed: Louis Marshall, Edward Lauterbach, John T. McDonough, Milo M. Acker, John A. Barhite, Frederick Fraser, A. B. Steele, Judges Barnard and Morgan J. O'Brien. The judicial and legal status of most of these gentlemen lends the opinion they endorse a strength and value which bigotry will not find it easy to shake.

The main bases upon which the objectors founded their appeal are thus recited: "That an ancient tablet designating the building in which these leased rooms are situated as a 'parochial school' had not been removed from over the doorway; that the lease gives to the board exclusive control of the school-rooms during school hours only; that the six teachers in the school who are 'sisters' are commonly dressed as such, and wear the garb of their order, and that prior to the creation of this board and (as charged in one of the affidavits filed by the appellants) during the first month of its existence, though without its sanction, children who were Catholics were in the habit of coming to the school without any order from the commissioners, but voluntarily, either on their own motion or at the instance of their church authorities, for the purpose of receiving religious instruction before school hours."

Various other matters are set forth at great length in the appeal, but they are of a very loose and rambling nature. For instance, it is alleged, *inter alia*, "that certain newspapers and individuals, who are not named, have recently spoken of the school as 'a parochial school'; that in the year 1885, ten years before this board came into existence, a Roman Catholic pastor of a church at West Troy published a pamphlet which indicated (to the understanding of the appellants) that it was his expectation, in the event of the taking of this property for use as a public school, that he would retain some influence or control over its management; that the village assessors did not assess this property, thereby indicating either that they considered it as church property or that they had regard to its

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actual use as a public school, for the fact is consistent with either supposition. No fact was adduced to show that this pastor or any other person unconnected with the lawful management exerted any influence in the school."

Mr. Tracey begins his reply for the Education Board by noting that it is a bi-partisan body, equally divided as to religion and politics, and that the resolutions under which the school was authorized were passed unanimously. Then he goes on to take up and answer the objections categorically. To point first he maintains that "the lease and the contracts must be sustained unless so illegal as to be void." This answer he justifies by a specific quotation of the statute and a legal argument showing how its provisions have been rigidly observed in the transaction. To point second he urges that "This school as organized, established, and maintained is lawful, because so recognized by the Legislature." The legal grounds for this answer then follow. To point third he answers that "the law on the subject of religion in the public schools is now embodied in the Constitution of this State." It was at the late Constitutional Convention that this law was laid down, and the clause which most clearly delimits it is embodied in this clause:

"Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination or inspection, of any school or institution of learning *wholly or in part under the control or direction* of any religious denomination, or in which *any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.*"

"This," says Mr. Tracey, "is now the defined and declared policy of our law as to the restrictions upon education on account of religion. It is not a partial or tentative enactment, but is the complete enunciation of the popular will. Everything within the lines of this prohibition must be rigorously excluded; nothing outside of these lines can be excluded on the ground of public policy. When the people have thus solemnly spoken, it is not competent for any authority to say 'Their utterance is too feeble—or too strong. We may improve upon it.'

"This view of the completeness and effectiveness of the constitutional declaration of public policy upon a subject heretofore untouched upon, is in harmony with every principle of constitutional construction. Any other doctrine would defeat the popular will. Even if there had been prior statutes or

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decisions on this subject, they would be swept away by the enactment of this article."

Point fourth, regarding the alleged informality of the lease, the teachers' contracts, and the pretence that the school is under the control of any religious denomination, is treated at much length by Mr. Tracey. Interest most concentrates itself upon the question as to religious garb. He says:

"By reference to the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, it will appear that the question of the religious garb in the schools was expressly considered by the convention at large as well as in committee, and that an amendment designed to expressly forbid it was rejected.

"A garb cannot by any reasonable construction of language be considered as *the teaching of a doctrine or tenet.* On the contrary, it is the best possible preventive against such teaching, for it proclaims at once the opinions of the wearer, thus putting on guard all those who differ from them. It is in the unsuspected teaching of the unproclaimed partisan or zealot that danger lurks. It is idle to say that the dress must carry its influence. No teacher can be cut off from the influence of his personality, his character, his reputation. All these proclaim and commend his personal views, religious, social, or political, as unmistakably as any costume worn by him could, and far more effectively, but they are not forbidden, nor can they be. The law says only that he shall not use them for the purpose of teaching a doctrine or tenet. The mere religious garb proclaims no doctrine. It is not connected with any church function, but is worn every day in all places.

"In many schools throughout this State there are clerical teachers whose garb avows their calling, and who are among the most efficient of our instructors, especially in the rural districts. Will the Superintendent of Public Instruction, by prohibiting any distinctively denominational garb in the schools, compel the discharge of all these teachers now in the service of the State? Is the clerical garb, distinctive of Christian ministers, obnoxious to attack by every non-Christian inhabitant, be he Hebrew, or free-thinker, or a follower of Buddha?

"In the other great co-ordinate branch of the Educational Department of this State, the highest official, the Chancellor of the University, is a well-known clergyman, habitually wearing a clerical garb. One of the Regents is a Roman Catholic priest, habited in the collar and cloth characteristic of the clergy of that denomination. A third, one of the most learned, efficient,

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and progressive members of the board, and its Vice-Chancellor, is a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who is not only uniformly addressed by his ecclesiastical title as bishop, but whose clerical costume peculiar to his office and his denomination alone, and none other, proclaims to all men, to every teacher with whom he is brought in contact, to every scholar in each school that he may enter, his religious rank, principles, and profession."

To point fifth, which deals with the question of religious garb by another method of attack, he argues that a rule debarring teachers from wearing a religious garb would be unconstitutional; and to point sixth and last he declares, and sustains by argument, that "the interpretation of the Constitution by the Legislature of the State is in accord with the doctrine of this brief, and should be adhered to."

Mr. Tracey's brief says in conclusion: "The lease and teachers' contracts complained of in this matter were within the power granted by the Legislature to the Board of Education of the West Troy School District. They have been recognized or authorized by the Legislature. They are not in violation of the public policy of this State, as now declared in its Constitution. To set them aside would deprive the other parties to the contracts of their rights, would wrest from the teachers their means of livelihood, and would, therefore, in itself be a violation of the guarantees of the Constitution. Such a decision in this matter must reach all similar cases and all other sects, and prove to be unconstitutional and void."

The decision of the case is still pending. As it involves the interpretation of the new Constitution, the final verdict can be given only by competent legal authority. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction will need the aid of his most learned advisers before giving his answer to points in dispute.

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A SMALL volume called *Tan-Ho*,* by S. T. Crook, is amongst the latest Catholic publications. There are men (and we believe women, too) who undertake for wagers to travel around the world without any capital, just to show that the feat may be accomplished. This book seems to be written to prove that the same thing may be done without any brains. It is so silly that to read even one chapter of it is a sort of literary martyrdom.

Perhaps the most singular figure in the '48 movement in Ireland was James Fintan Lalor. Of him it may be truthfully said that he stamped his individual impress deeply upon two political movements in that country, and it may not be going too far to say that that impress will yet be felt all over the civilized world in the troubled domain of social economy. For any one who takes the trouble to read the published works of this extraordinary intellect must see at once that it was he who gave the idea of the absolute right of the whole people of a country to the soil, as since developed by Mr. Henry George in his famous *Progress and Poverty*. The *fons et origo* of this idea was a dark and fateful one. It had its rise in the dismal famine in Ireland in 1847—an awful portent, truly!

It is only very recently that a brother of James Fintan Lalor's passed away, and few who knew Richard Lalor, who was a very unobtrusive member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, would imagine that nearly half a century had elapsed since his celebrated brother was laid in the grave. Yet long as the seed was about taking root, Richard Lalor had the consolation of seeing at last it was bearing some fruit. Its principle has been so far acknowledged by the British government that the tenant is now recognized to have a partnership in the soil with the landlord. This is surely a great step in advance; and everything points to something far more astonishing in the future.

* *Tan-Ho: A Tale of Travel and Adventure.* By S. T. Crook. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates.

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We are indebted to Mr. T. G. O'Donaghue, of Dublin, for the publication of a brief memoir of James Fintan Lalor, together with his letters to *The Nation* and *The Irish Felon.* Mr. John O'Leary, who was an associate of his in the '48 movement, writes an introduction to these papers.*

As Mr. O'Leary was never in accord with the land struggle in Ireland, so far as we can recollect, it is not a little generous of him now to help the public to some knowledge of the great part which Lalor had in pushing that practical idea to the front. The brief memoir of Lalor furnished by the publisher gives us a better idea of the man, physically and intellectually, than anything else in the book. We should say, from what we learn in the whole volume, that James Fintan Lalor was a sort of Irish Cathelineau, without the Breton's fierce religious enthusiasm, but with all his high-strung devotion to a cause which he held to be sacred. He had never been heard of until the split between the Repeal Association and the Young Ireland party, when the horrors of the famine drew many a retiring man into the vortex of extreme politics. Lalor then wrote several letters to the *Nation* which immediately riveted public attention by their fervid earnestness and their relentless logic. He went at once to the root of things. He declared that the title of the landlords of Ireland to the soil was fraudulent, inasmuch as it was founded on conquest and maintained against the will of the people, and with the sole object of plundering the people. He laid at their doors the deaths of the famine victims, inasmuch as they had seized on the produce of the corn harvest for their rents and left the people only the potato crop, whose failure was universal. He advised a general refusal to pay rent, and called for a national convention to decide upon the best means of taking up the whole soil of the country for the benefit of the entire population. It was not for Ireland alone that he claimed this right. The soil everywhere, he maintained, was general property, and could not be held exclusively by the few to the detriment of the many. These, in brief, were the theories he propounded and the advice he gave; and he showed that he was profoundly in earnest by the public part he took in the abortive insurrection of 1848. He was arrested and thrown into prison, but being in delicate health, was released, only to die after a few days' restoration to liberty.

There is no doubt that Lalor's extreme views were forced

* *The Writings of James Fintan Lalor.* With an Introduction, embodying Personal Recollections, by John O'Leary; and a brief Memoir. Dublin: T. G. O'Donaghue, Aston's-quay; Peabody, Mass.: Francis Nugent.

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on him by the desperate nature of the catastrophe which overtook his country, but neither can there be any denial of the truth of his indictment of the system of Irish landlordism and the foreign rule which maintains it. The record of the Turk in Armenia is not one whit blacker. To understand the time of which he writes it is necessary to read the writings of Lalor. We are glad Mr. O'Leary has given the outside world an opportunity of doing so.

The volume in which they are published is the first of a series called "The Shamrock Library." Other works of a representative Irish character are promised by the publisher.

Between matrimony and a convent is the choice which novelists frequently treat as the Bridge of Sighs whenever a Catholic lady is the fictitious heroine placed in the dilemma. Even with Catholic writers who sympathize with the nobler motive the theme is often treated in such a way as to leave the impression that there is some dreadful sorrow to be wept over when the spiritual bridehood is chosen rather than the earthly one. Women are especially fond of expatiating upon this theme. It possesses temptations in dramatic effect which they are powerless to resist when they suffer from poverty of imagination in the business of novel writing. The newest book on this theme is one called *The Circus-Rider's Daughter*.* One has not to read very far without discovering that it does not need the brand "made in Germany" to indicate its origin. The ingenuousness of the work is its wonderful feature. It may safely be said that, like Bunthorne's poem, there is not a word in it to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty, but neither is there much to show that the mind of an adult had guided the pen of the writer. The childlike and bland simplicity of Ah Sin is diplomatic refinement beside the Arcadian *naïveté* of the marionettes who represent human life in this nursery-governess novel. Whether this impression be due to the author or the translator we have no present means of determining. Throughout the whole work there is such an odd mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous, and such a want of fitness between emotion and phraseology, as to make the reader uncertain of the spirit in which its situations ought to be accepted.

The cast-iron social system of Germany, with its stuck-up and often stupid nobility and its subservient *bourgeoisie*, furnishes the motive for the work. A scion of the junker class

* *The Circus-Rider's Daughter*. By F. v. Brackel. Translated by Mary A. Mitchell. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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falls in love with a young lady whose father happens to own a circus. This is the cause of trouble. The infatuated young noble has a mother who has more than a double dose of family pride and a forty-mule power of obstinacy and stupidity. The young lady's father, who is a French nobleman by birth but a circus-man by accident, has determined to bring up his daughter as a lady of good social standing, and not as a member of the circus profession, although she herself had decided leanings for an equestrian career. He has even promised her mother, who was an Irish lady, on her death-bed, that he would keep the girl out of the atmosphere of the ring. Despite these precautions, however, she and Count Degenthal (whose Christian name is Curt, while hers is Nora) contrive to meet and fall violently in love. The countess-mother is not more opposed to what she considers a *mésalliance* than the equestrian father, but after sundry passages at arms an understanding is arrived at that a period of two years is to be given the enamored pair to test the quality of their attachment by keeping apart, with the agreement that if they still love at the end of that period they may be united. Meantime a villain suddenly appears on the scene, through whose machinations, entirely unaccountable and unexplained, the circus-owner thinks he is brought to the verge of ruin, and that nothing can save him but the appearance of his daughter in public as a circus-rider. The fond parent suddenly becomes the furious, unreasoning, selfish tyrant, insisting upon his daughter doing what he had been so scrupulously careful about her not doing previously, and on her refusal attempts to take his own life. She, however, saves him from death and promises to obey him, although she knows her decision means the loss of her noble lover. She becomes an equestrienne; her lover marries his cousin; and when the equestrienne's father dies she retires into a convent, whose superior knows her and her history, and becomes a great instrument for good. This, briefly, is the groundwork of the story; and in good hands the social and psychological elements arising from it ought to make an effective work. As it is, the performance is a patchwork. The gravest situations abound in puerilities, the action of the chief characters is often abrupt, unexpected, and inconsistent, the dialogue pointless, and the description feeble. There is an utter absence of that delicate firmness in the delineation of individuals, and that power of revealing mental and spiritual traits which the true novelist must possess in order to gain our interest. Neither is there that attention to technique which is

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needed to give life to the author's work and lift it above the appearance of a gauze transparency. Its merit is the negative one of freedom from evil suggestion.

A group of tales and sketches called *An Isle in the Water*,* by Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson), purports to give pictures of the life of the peasantry on Achill Island, on the west coast of Ireland. The stories are very unequal in merit and varied in character. As literary work they are good; as pictures of the Irish peasantry of the seaboard on the mainland they might pass, but for those of the islands they are not very faithful. On the islands of Achill and Arran the peasantry differ a good deal from those of the mainland. They are more self-reliant, more hardy, and while not more devout, their devotion is intensified by their ofttimes terrible isolation. As for morality, these people are the acme of it. Connaught stands at the head of the list in this regard, in a most exemplary country, and the islands are the very pearl of Connaught. Only one serious crime of any kind has been recorded of Achill—and that lately—for well-nigh half a century. Yet although Mrs. Hinkson gives full credit to the people for their high ideals, she leaves the distinct impression, by the themes she has selected for a few of her stories, that the exceptions to the pure rule of life on Achill are or were more numerous than one would expect. No doubt she treats the subject sympathetically, but it is not the less true that she displays a feminine knack of choosing themes that had much better be left alone. One of these stories, indeed, shocks beyond a good many things we have found it necessary to condemn—the case of a mother proclaiming her own shame and her daughter's illegitimacy for the vile purpose merely of preventing her child's happiness in her choice of a husband. The story is against all the experience of nature, and could not be true except of a lunatic. The plea of dramatic exigency is no excuse for unnatural straining of this kind.

It is not long since a woful disaster occurred off Achill. Through a fierce tempest the ferry-boat was conveying to the mainland a large number of poor peasantry, boys and girls, who were on their way to Scotland to earn money for their parents wherewith to pay the rent, when the boat capsized and about thirty or forty were drowned. At the inquest held on some of the hapless victims it came out how exemplary was the life

* *An Isle in the Water*. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson). New York: Macmillan & Co.; London: Adam & Charles Black.

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always led by these humble toilers, and with what stainless souls they were suddenly summoned to the judgment seat. And the worth and nobility of the poor Arran people is all the more vividly illustrated in the fact that their abode has for many years been the scene of the most determined efforts on the part of a sordid souper agency to win them from their ancient faith by the bribes of money, food, and raiment. This attempt on the part of what are called the Irish Church Missions has been an utter failure.

If Mrs. Hinkson had turned her versatile pen to the depiction of some of the incidents which have marked the soupers' campaign since their settlement in Achill in the famine years, she would have legitimate subject for satire and sympathy. But probably this would not find so ready a market as the subjects under notice.

Two excellent little gift-books for children have just been published by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. They bear the respective titles of *The Lost Christmas Tree* and *Amy's Music Box*.* But each contains a good many stories besides the title ones, all told in a pleasant, simple way, easily read and easily understood. Yet their simplicity does not prevent them from being downright good stories, full of live interest and the sort of things which children love to read about. Therefore they ought to get a warm welcome from all the friends of our Catholic young people.

I.—THEOLOGY AND THE END OF BEING.†

The last decade has been prolific in Text Books of Philosophy and Theology. It is not easy to see the utility of continually bringing out new works of this kind unless the preceding ones have been found defective, and the latter ones are so much better that they are likely to be found satisfactory and to supersede their predecessors. We are not aware that this is the case, and if nothing more is done except to multiply text-books, excellent in themselves but substantially alike, what has been gained?

So far as the cursory examination which is all we have been able to give to the work before us can warrant a judgment, we

* *The Lost Christmas Tree, Amy's Music Box.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

† *Institutiones Theologicæ in Usum Scholarum.* Auctore G. Bernardo Tepe, S.J. 3 vols. Paris: Lethielleux, 10 Rue Casette.

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consider it to be worthy to rank with the best of its kind. We do not as yet see that it is better, that it has original and peculiar merit, or advances the science of Theology.

As a specimen of the whole work, we have examined with some little care the author's manner of treating the Supernatural Order and the questions depending on it. This department of theology is of vital importance. The perverted, exaggerated supernaturalism of one class of heretics, and the exaggerated naturalism of another class, cannot be successfully refuted without the clearest apprehension and explanation of the real relation between the two orders. Father Tepe states his doctrine with great distinctness and defends it with solid arguments. His fundamental principle is that the elevation of rational beings to a destination terminating in the beatific vision is above all nature which has been or possibly could be created. As a corollary from this, there is no exigency or desire in any created nature for anything beyond the perfection and felicity of the state of pure nature.

Original sin is the privation of supernatural grace, and its penalty privation of supernatural beatitude. It does not, consequently, involve any privation or negation of any good within the exigency and capacity of pure nature.

Such theology as this makes the rational defence of Catholic dogma easy. Our author is therefore worthy of praise and thanks for having made an exposition of it so explicit, clear, and conclusive.

2.—EVOLUTION AND DOGMA.*

Dr. Zahm has collected lectures delivered at the Summer-Schools of Madison and Plattsburgh and the Winter-School of New Orleans, which with some additions and improvements he has published in a neat, well-printed volume, together with several chapters of new matter.

This volume treats of three closely allied topics: the first embracing a history of the evolutionary theory; the second, a discussion of the arguments for and against said theory; the third, the relations between evolution and Christian dogma.

This and the other works of Dr. Zahm place him on a level of equality with the Abbé Saint Projet and our best writers in Apologetics. The modern advocates of materialism, monism,

* *Evolution and Dogma.* By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Ph.D., C.S.C., Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame, author of "Sound and Music," "Bible, Science and Faith," "Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists," etc. Chicago: D. H. McClurg.

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pantheism, and agnosticism shelter themselves behind the popular theory of evolution in their attacks on religion. They call their infidel assumptions science, and present to Christians the alternative of renouncing faith or abjuring reason and science. Hence Apologetics must undertake as one of its special tasks the defence of Christianity on this side.

Evolution, in a general sense, means transition from the homogeneous and indeterminate state to the heterogeneous and determinate, by a series of differentiations and integrations. The theory called by the name of the nebular hypothesis is the theory of the primary evolution of the worlds in space from the original, chaotic fire-mist. In this most general sense, evolution is a very old and a very widely accepted doctrine. It does not appear to have anything to do with faith, until it becomes developed into specific forms and surrounded by correlated theories, in cosmogony, biology, and anthropology, so that questions arise in which faith and science are mutually interested. In questions of this kind, it is of the greatest importance to obtain a clear understanding and make a just and reasonable exposition of the relations which connect these two great avenues to knowledge with each other, and to decide controversies which may arise between theologians and scientists. In the discussions which have arisen, certain theologians have been very distrustful of what they have regarded as undue and dangerous concessions to scientific theories—on the part of Christian apologists. There are disputes about the boundary lines dividing the domains of Catholic doctrine from the open territory of free opinion. One of these disputes has arisen within the last twenty-five years respecting the theory of evolution, *i. e.*, more precisely, the theory of transformism. When Dr. Mivart published his work, *The Genesis of Species*, it was vehemently attacked, and strenuous though unsuccessful efforts were made to have it put on the Index. At the present time, it is quite generally admitted that the theory is compatible with orthodoxy. More than this, it is advocated as a probable theory by a number of Catholic writers, and at the Catholic Scientific Congress it appeared to find more favor than the opposite doctrine.

Dr. Zahm has made a very clear and fair statement of the case, with the arguments *pro* and *con*. He personally adheres to the side favoring the theory. Nevertheless, it seems to us that he has presented the arguments on the other side without any adequate refutation. At the utmost, what M. Dupont said

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at the Congress of Brussels is the correct account of the present state of the case:

"L'hypothèse suppléant d'ailleurs a l'insufficance des faits, la nouvelle école a donné à la doctrine de Darwin une portée universelle. On a nommè cette doctrine: l'èvolution. C'est encore une hypothèse et rien de plus."

So far as general biology is concerned, the hypothesis of transformism may be regarded as within the free domain of opinion and discussion. But when it is brought into anthropology, the case is changed. The hypothesis of a purely animal origin and descent of man is plainly and diametrically contrary to rational philosophy and the Christian Faith. It may be here remarked that the anti-Christian and atheistical forms of the theory of evolution have been refuted by Dr. Mivart with an ability and conclusiveness of reasoning never surpassed and seldom equalled by our best Catholic writers. He has distinctly and explicitly maintained the Catholic doctrine of the immediate creation of the rational soul of man. He does, however, propose as a probable hypothesis the Simian origin of the human body. It is a very serious question whether the immediate creation of the body as well as the soul of the first man is *de fide*. Father Tepe, S.J., one of the latest and ablest authors of a Systematic Theology, says: "*Videtur esse de fide*," and many, though not all, theologians agree with him. Among those who disagree, the name which has the highest authority is that of Cardinal Gonzalez. His Eminence, as quoted by Dr. Zahm, (p. 361) writes:

"As the question stands at present, we have no right to reprobate or reject, as contrary to Christian faith, or as contrary to revealed truth, the hypothesis of Mivart. I should not permit myself to censure the opinion of the English theologian so long as it is respected, or at least tolerated, by the church, the sole judge competent to fix and qualify theologico-dogmatic propositions, and decide regarding their compatibility or incompatibility with Holy Scripture."

It is certain that up to the present time the Holy See has abstained from pronouncing any judgment on this question. It may therefore be discussed as a question in biology, and also in the interpretation of Scripture. This is all that Dr. Zahm has claimed, and his chief object throughout his entire work has been to protect the minds of Catholics from bewilderment and perplexity in respect to the Faith.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Catholic Winter-School began at New Orleans, La., under the most favorable conditions. On Sunday, February 16, at the cathedral, the opening exercises took place, in the form of one of the most imposing religious observances ever seen in the South. A procession, in which all the church dignitaries present took part, marched from the residence of Archbishop Janssens to the church. The Louisiana Field Artillery served as an escort.

On arriving at the cathedral the artillery formed a double line in the centre aisle, extending from the altar rail to the door. Through this defile the ecclesiastics moved to the chancel. The cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity by a large and distinguished congregation. Among those present were: Governor M. J. Foster; Mayor Fitzpatrick; Judges Pardee, Parlange, King, and Moise; Nicanor Lopez Chacon, Spanish Consul, and his chancellor, both of whom appeared in full diplomatic uniform; Miguel de Zamora, Mexican Consul; Colonel Lamar C. Quintero, Consul-General of Costa Rica; Major Ramsey, U. S. A.; Judge Ferguson, and many others.

The Solemn Pontifical Mass, by Cardinal Satolli, began at 11:15 A. M., at which hour a salute of three guns was fired by a detachment of the artillery. The guns were on the levee, at some distance from the cathedral. Cardinal Gibbons preached a sermon on Faith, Hope, and Charity, the three virtues, he said, which are the Alpha and Omega of Christianity. He invoked God's blessing on the Catholic Winter-School, which has been inaugurated under the learned and wise and prudent Archbishop of New Orleans, that it may conduce to a better knowledge of Christ's revelations, and inspire a stronger spirit of patriotism and love of country, and foster a spirit of good will and harmony for the greater glory of God, that the admonitions given to the Apostle of the Gentiles might be fulfilled and that love and faith in God might be increased.

At the conclusion of the Mass Archbishop Janssens made a brief address, thanking the distinguished churchmen, the State and city officials and laymen who had lent lustre to the magnificent ceremony, and the Louisiana Field Artillery for their services.

At the Elevation of the Mass a salute of three guns was fired from the levee by the artillery. The same salute was repeated at the close of the Mass.

Cardinals Satolli and Gibbons were tendered a reception at the home of the eminent New Orleans lawyer, Judge Thomas J. Semmes. More than five hundred invited guests shook hands with them. The parlor was fittingly decorated in the cardinal color of crimson, and the mantel-piece bore the colors of the cardinal and bishop, crimson and purple, in a beautiful array of poppies and sweet violets. Notable among the prominent churchmen present, in addition to the two cardinals, were Archbishop Janssens; Father Mullaney, of Syracuse, N. Y., the projector of the Catholic Winter-School; Father Nugent, its chief promoter; Father Sempel, S.J., Superior of the Society of Jesus; Archbishop Elder; Bishops Heslin, of Natchez; McCloskey, of Louisville; Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Meeschart, of Indian Territory; and Van der Vyver, of Richmond.

The management of the Catholic Winter-School is under the direction of the

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Most Rev. Francis Janssens, D.D., Honorary President; the Board of Directors of the Society of the Holy Spirit, Frank McGloin, President; A. J. Doizé, Secretary; George W. Young, Treasurer; J. D. Coleman, Thomas G. Rapier. *Auxiliary Board:* Very Rev. F. V. Nugent, C.M., Very Rev. J. H. Blenk, S.M., Rev. E. J. Fallon, Rev. J. F. Lambert; I. H. Stauffer, Chairman; Professor Alcée Fortier, Vice-Chairman; A. H. Flemming, Secretary; W. G. Vincent, John T. Gibbons, J. W. Bostick, J. J. McLoughlin, John W. Fairfax, Charles A. Fricke, Hugh McCloskey, H. G. Morgan, J. P. Baldwin, A. R. Brousseau, Paul Capdevielle, Benjamin Crump, Otto Thoman, A. G. Winterhalder, W. P. Burke, J. N. Roussel, F. J. Puig, B. W. Bowling.

The Catholic Winter-School, in session in Tulane Hall, devoted its programme of the evening of February 22 to the celebration of Washington's Birthday. At eight o'clock the seats on the lower floor of the hall were filled, and the people began going into the gallery. It was an intellectual audience rarely seen gathered from all the professions of life, with a lively sprinkle here and there of the Catholic clergy. The attendance marked the climax in the door receipts of the Winter-School, and was a deserving honor paid his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who was the centre of the evening's programme. The good old-fashioned kind of American patriotism ran high, and again and again during the evening the entire audience broke into rounds of applause that would do honor to a Fourth of July meeting. The opening musical selection was Hail Columbia, and the audience joined in the chorus.

Cardinal Gibbons was greeted with tremendous applause. When it subsided Cardinal Gibbons began his address, from which some brief extracts are here given:

The object of the Winter-School, as I understand it, is to diffuse the light of Christian knowledge and the warmth of Christian charity among the people of New Orleans. The purpose is to bring together representative men of the clergy and laity that they may discuss in a friendly and familiar manner some of the leading religious, moral, social, scientific, and economic questions of the day. Its purpose, in a word, is to make us better Christians and better citizens. And what day could be more appropriately selected for the inauguration of these exercises consecrated to religion and patriotism than this day when we commemorate the birth of our immortal Washington, the Father of his Country?

The inaugural address of Washington to both Houses of Congress is pervaded by profound religious sentiments. He recognizes with humble gratitude the hand of Providence in the formation of the government, and he fervently invokes the unfailing benediction of Heaven on the nation and its rulers.

There is one fact which is overlooked or rarely mentioned, and that is, the conspicuous part that was taken by learned laymen in defence of the Christian religion in the primitive days of the church. I might mention among others Justin Martyr; St. Prosper, Arnobius; Lactantius, called the Christian Cicero; Origen and Jerome. Some of these learned men had written eloquent apologies before they were raised to the priesthood. The others remained laymen all their lives. In later years, Sir Thomas More, in England; Montalembert, Châteaubriand and the Count de Maistre, in France, and Brownson, in the United States, have abundantly shown how well the Christian religion may be vindicated by the pen of laymen.

Thank God, there are not a few laymen in our country to-day—nay, there are some this moment within this very hall, whom I could name if I did not fear to

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offend their modesty—who are aiding the cause of religion and humanity by their voice and by their pen. Some forty-five years ago in this city I listened to an excellent lecture from a distinguished Catholic layman. His subject, I think, was the Relation of the Catholic Church to Civil and Religious Liberty. I remember how my young heart thrilled with emotion on listening to his eloquent vindication. I refer to Thomas J. Semmes, of this city.

The merchant in the early church was a travelling missioner. Together with his wares he brought a knowledge of Christ to the houses which he entered. The soldier preached Christ in the camp; the captive slave preached him in the mines. The believing wife made known the Gospel to her unbelieving husband, and the believing husband to his unbelieving wife; and thus as all nature silently proclaims the existence and glory of God, so did all Christians unite in proclaiming the name of the Saviour of the world.

Permit me now, gentlemen, to draw one or two practical reflections from what I have said. If the Apostles, with all their piety, zeal, and grace, could not have accomplished what they did without the aid of the primitive Christians, how can we ministers of the Gospel, who cannot lay claim to their piety or zeal or grace —how can we hope to spread the light of the Gospel without the co-operation of the laity? The aim of the Winter-School is to break down any artificial and unnatural barriers that would separate the sanctuary from the nave, to bring the clergy and the people into closer and more harmonious relations, so that they may work together in the cause of religion and humanity. Wherever this co-operation is found the church is sure to flourish.

And why should not the clergy and people co-operate? Are we not children of the same God, brothers and sisters of the same Christ, sons and daughters of the same mother? There are diversities of grace, but the same spirit; there are diversities of ministrations, but the same Lord; there are diversities of operations, but the same God who worketh all in all. We are all in the same bark of Peter, tossed by the same storms of adversity, steering toward the same eternal shores, and prospective citizens of the same celestial kingdom. We all have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all. How are you to co-operate? By the open and manly profession of your faith; by being always ready to satisfy every one that asketh you, a reason of that hope that is in you. While you will accord to those who differ from you the right of expressing and maintaining their religious opinions, you must claim the same privilege for yourselves. You ask nothing more—you will be content with nothing less. And surely if there is anything of which you ought to feel justly proud it is this, that you are members of the religion of Christ. The proudest title of the Roman was to be called a Roman citizen, a title which St. Paul claimed and vindicated when he was threatened with the ignominious punishment of scourging.

When the Apostle declared that he was a Roman citizen, the tribune replied to him, saying: "I am also a Roman citizen. I purchased the title with a large sum." And I, responded Paul, am a Roman citizen by reason of my birth. This is my birthright. There are some foreigners in the land who would wish to oppress us like Paul, though we were born to citizenship, and though many of our fathers exercised the same honorable title before us. The highest civic title that we can claim is to be called an American citizen. Our Republic has already entered on the second century of her existence, and though but a child in years in comparison with other nations, she is a giant in strength. She is strong in the number, the intelligence, and the patriotism of her people. Our Republic covers a

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vast territory, extending from ocean to ocean, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and bids fair to enlarge her domain by peaceful and legitimate means. Our Republic is conspicuous for the wisdom of her statesmen and the valor of her soldiers.

If the Apostles enjoined on the Christians of their time the duty of honoring the civil magistrates, and of obeying the laws of the empire, though these laws often inflicted pain and penalties on the Christians themselves, with what alacrity should we not observe the laws of our country, in the framing of which we have a share, and which are enacted for our own peace, security, and temporal happiness!

The Right Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., took a very active part in the session of the Winter-School, not only by preaching but also by giving a course of lectures. His opinion on the educational movement which becomes manifest in summer and winter meetings was thus reported:

We live in a great and wonderful age, and in the midst of the transformations of many kinds that are taking place in the civilized world neither the uneducated nor the irreligious mind can be of help. Large and tolerant views are necessary; but not less so are the enthusiasm, the earnestness, the charity of Christian faith. Those who would be leaders in the great movement upon which we have entered must know and believe; must understand the age, must sympathize with whatever is true and beneficent in its aspirations; must hail with thankfulness whatever help science and art and culture can bring; but they must know and feel, also, that man is of the race of God, and that his real and true life is the unseen, infinite, and eternal world of thought and love, into which the actual world of the senses must be brought in ever-increasing harmony. Never before have questions so vast, so complex, so fraught with the promise of good, so pregnant with meaning, presented themselves; the whole nation is awakened; there is quickening of intellectual thought everywhere; thousands are able to discuss any subject with plausibility; as a great observer says, "To be simply keen-witted and versatile is to be of the crowd." We need men whose intellectual view embraces the history of the race; who are familiar with all literature, who have been close students of all social movements, who are acquainted with the development of philosophic thought, who are not blinded by physical miracles and industrial wonders, but who know how to appreciate all truth, all beauty, all goodness, and who join to this wide culture the motive which Christian faith inspires; in a word, the great educational problem is how to bring philosophy and religion to the aid of science and the will, so that the better self shall prevail, and each generation introduce its successor to a higher plane of life. These problems are engaging the profoundest attention of teachers and educators; never before has knowledge been so widely diffused; never before have such efforts been put forward; and in these great educational movements the Catholic Church cannot afford to be a follower; she must lead. It is the purpose of our Catholic University to make her hold this leadership.

We must keep pace with the onward movement of mind, for knowledge is increasing even more rapidly than population and wealth. The Catholic Church must stand in the front ranks of those who know. Her cry must be, "Let knowledge grow; let truth prevail." The investigator, the thinker, the man of genius, and the man of culture must know that to seek to attain truth is to seek to know God; that science and philosophy and morality need religion as much as thought and action require emotion: and that beyond the utmost reach of the human mind

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lies God, and the boundless worlds of mystery where the soul must believe and adore what it can but dimly discern.

A very remarkable address, based on the experience of a busy life, was given at the Winter-School by Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool. His philanthropic work enabled him to give some good reasons why the Catholic Church believes so strongly in the benefits of early training. Thirty years ago he was appointed Catholic chaplain in the Liverpool prisons. He was early led to inquire what led the waifs of the city into crime. He met a young man of twenty-one, who had been twice transported, whom he asked this question. The man answered that it was neglected childhood. "Father Nugent," he added, "you waste your time on us old ones; it's the kids y' ought to keep straight. Keep them from crime till they're sixteen, and then they won't go wrong." Monsignor Nugent pointed out the vast numbers of children under sixteen who lived in the streets of English cities. In London there were over 100,000, and in Liverpool, in 1868, 28,772 who were living in that atmosphere of crime. He did not believe them inherently vicious, but insisted that the absence of parental love and care, the grinding demands of poverty, and the constant sight of prosperous crime and starving virtue, were the principal means of their corruption. He said that among these street gamins were many possessing talent and genius. He spoke of boys whom he had rescued from the incipiency of a criminal career. He described a girl who at eighteen was believed to be incurably vicious. She then could not read or write. He educated and reformed her, sent her to Canada, and she is now a happy and honored member of the community, a nurse in the hospitals. He had found that in caring for the waifs an industrial room, where trades were taught the boys, was an excellent thing. He had been for some years successfully conducting one in Liverpool, in which daily over two hundred boys received instruction.

The lectures on Social Problems by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., were largely attended at the Winter-School.

He said that the labor question is a modern, concrete expression, used to represent the demands which the employed may make of employers. It belongs entirely to the present system of industry, and is to be understood only from a full consideration of industrial conditions. In the middle of this century it simply stood for the demand for less hours or more pay. To-day it stands for all the elements involved in the industrial system. It is a short term for the evolution of industrial forces, and includes a wide range of sociological studies. The question embraces both economics and ethics, and must be discussed on a broad and comprehensive basis. The labor question and social science are to-day nearly synonymous terms. The broadened intelligence of the wage-earners has enlarged their demands to such an extent as to affect the whole body politic. Under the feudal system the physical wants of the laborer were cared for by the feudal lord; under the present wage system he is left to care for himself.

The labor question, as such, has nothing to do with anarchy, or with socialism, although these take on many of the phases of the labor question, and in the minds of some there is a general confusion of ideas connecting the one with the other. The working-men of the United States have no occasion to be anarchists or socialists, although were all their demands conceded our form of government would be placed on a socialistic basis. The conflict between those who have and those who wish to have is irrepressible; yet it is agreed that if the two could work in harmony the result would vastly increase the general welfare. The interests of

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labor and capital are identical, and to secure the highest results both should work in harmony. To effect a satisfactory adjustment of differences, that is the great problem of this age. It taxes the best minds of every nation of Europe and America. Every one wants the suicidal war that rages to end. Seventy-two per cent. of the strikes and lockouts are due to differences about the rate of wages. Apart from this all other causes of trouble may be grouped under three general classes: (*a*) Differences as to future contracts. (*b*) Disagreements as to existing contracts. (*c*) Disputes on some matter of sentiment.

It was shown that the principle of supply and demand that governs the modern industrial world is false and unjust. Wages should not be based on the bread-and-water theory, but should be such as to enable the wage-earner to maintain himself and his family in "frugal comfort." The laborer is not a piece of machinery, nor is he a mere animal; he is an intelligent being with God-given faculties that must be respected. Statistics were cited to show the difficulty of living under the low rates of wages certain classes of working-men receive.

The position of the church on labor organizations was set forth. Working-men should guard against designing, unscrupulous agitators. The wicked counsels of selfish leaders have brought great misery to working-men. Unjust and tyrannical measures must not be adopted even to right labor's wrongs. Wage-earners should have the fullest liberty to organize for self-help and protection.

As long as the present wage-system prevails the most effective method of settling labor disputes is conciliation and conference. If this fails, arbitration. Strikes are no remedy. All the worst enemies of law and order are not in the tents of the strikers. Father Sheedy said, with some warmth, that "the high-handed outrages that have been perpetrated by some of the men who find shelter in the entrenched camp of corporate monopoly are more detrimental to the public peace and welfare than all the threats of the extreme socialists and all the crazy performances in the name of anarchy. It is the business of the state to assert its authority and to bring both sets of disturbers into subordination."

The condition of working-women and girls was next dwelt upon. Until quite recently no thought was given to this large and deserving class of wage-earners. Their physical and moral condition was endangered. He characterized the sweating system as the worst form of industrial slavery, whose cruelties and oppressions make those of chattel slavery seem merciful in comparison. We blush for our civilization when confronted with the horrors of this monstrous system. The work done in the sweating dens is mostly confined to women and children. It is the cheaper grade of needle-work, and is carried on under the worst sanitary surroundings.

The lecturer concluded by saying that the highest type of civilization is not that which produces the greatest men or the largest number of inventions or the greatest wealth, but that which secures the true elevation of the greatest number; that which protects the weak; that which provides for the well-being and comfort of the people as a whole. It is part of the mission of the church to teach rich and poor, capitalist and wage-earner, employer and employed, the eternal principles of right and justice. When the modern industrial world accepts her teaching, then we shall be nearer a solution of the labor problem than we are at present.

* * *

Among the distinguished lecturers who appeared at New Orleans we find many names familiar to the patrons of the Summer-Schools at Lake Champlain, N. Y., and at Madison, Wis. We are also well aware that nearly all the lectures

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approved for the Catholic Summer-Schools have been eagerly sought for in many localities. The managers whose untiring efforts brought success to the Winter-School will not hesitate to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Summer-Schools; they have made, in fact, an extension of the same work to a new place. Within a short time there may be a very unexpected development on this line of extending the influence of our leading thinkers over a wide area of territory. Wherever there is an intellectual centre the exponent of true culture, and of sound learning in art, literature, history, or science, should find an appreciative audience. The intelligent citizens will soon realize the advantages of taking the initiative to provide intellectual attractions in places having great natural attractions as summer or winter resorts.

* * *

A movement was begun last year to secure "Annual Literary Festivals" at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The official circular contained this announcement: "Saratoga tenders her citizens and summer guests a month of morning talks upon timely themes by able and popular speakers." Admission to these lectures was secured by complimentary tickets distributed by the village pastors, the proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses, and members of the Young Men's Christian Association. Prominent attention was given to American Historical Societies rendering high service to the Republic by the rescue of its records from oblivion and decay. The avowed object of this new movement was "to prove that good society and abundant capital will flow at once in old-time tide to Saratoga—the national spa—now that its permanent purpose is assured, to maintain whatever things are honest, lovely, and of good report." As thoroughly in accord with this aim for the advancement of Saratoga Springs to prominence as a cosmopolitan pleasure resort of beneficial entertainment, excluding everything injurious, a list of signatures was obtained representing a wide range of intellectual pursuits and the leading cities of New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and South Carolina.

* * *

In *English Literature*, for High Schools, Academies, and Colleges, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, edited by Brother Noah, the members of Catholic Reading Circles will find a volume of more than usual utility. THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February mentions specifically that Brother Noah has succeeded in giving a presentation of English literature from a basis which, in its directness and originality, gives the volume more than ordinary claims upon the intelligent, systematic student of the history of our tongue. Foremost among its many characteristics this *English Literature* presents a course of mental drill that must produce excellent results. Not only does the author suggest what to read as a development of the text, but in many cases the special object to be attained in the reading of certain authors is mentioned. Thus, if Shakspere is under discussion, "Suggested Readings" tell the student what book to consult for the historical basis of the great play-wright's creations, or what easily obtained volume may best be read to appreciate the writer's character studies, his sources of information, previous writings from which borrowings are made, etc. Still another excellent feature, Brother Noah cites certain text-books, not difficult to procure, that also make valuable suggestions as to what works this particular author has found of service in reaching his own appreciations. Thus, for instance, in Cleveland's two volumes there is a wealth of reference to magazine articles from the ablest critics who have made special studies of certain authors. In every case, the stu-

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dent will find that these suggested readings are not only mentioned, but, as previously remarked, the particular lesson sought to be conveyed, or the special value of the suggested work, is mentioned. In this way any student who has some one point of view upon which he desires reliable and ready direction and information finds his wish catered to by the line of thought brought to light in the Brother's list of authors.

A little companion volume, fittingly named *Suggestions*, accompanies the *English Literature*, answering many of the "between-the-lines" points made by the author in his comprehensive reviews. In this little volume of less than one hundred pages the essential features of most of the Suggested Readings are given from the original text. Thus, if a dozen or more works are cited in Suggested Readings, the teacher who has not the time, nor perhaps the volumes ready to hand, finds the whole matter within reach in this handy companion volume. While pupils are not supposed to have this little book at their command as freely as in the case of teachers, there is no reason why, if pressed for time or unable easily to procure some of the suggested volumes in the local libraries, they may, at little expense, procure this willing helper to make light the intelligent preparation of each day's lesson, or the development of any particular theme in a well-digested original composition. In this last feature the suggestions of the learned editor cannot be too earnestly recommended to earnest students.

We would like to urge Brother Noah to prepare a volume on American Literature. Thus far we have been unable to find in the books dealing with that subject fair consideration of our Catholic writers. The Columbian Reading Union has on two occasions sent a protest to a prominent publishing house, which sent forth a list of nineteenth-century authors with the name of Cardinal Newman omitted, and among celebrated American authors gave no mention of Brownson or Brother Azarias.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Jewish Scriptures. By Amos Kidder Fiske. *A Lady of Quality.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING CO., New York:
The Religions of the World. By Rev. James L. Meagher.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Catholic Child's Letter-Writer. Compiled by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Third edition.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:
The Office of Holy Week. From the Italian of Abbé Alexander Mazzinelli.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Following of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:
Moral Evolution. By George Harris, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary.

CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, San Francisco:
The Religion of a Traveller. By Cardinal Manning.

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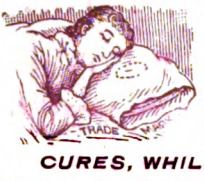

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HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL SEMBRATOWICZ,
Archbishop of Lemberg.
The new Ruthenian Cardinal.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE NEW RUTHENIAN CARDINAL.

BY B. J. CLINCH.

THE Sovereign Pontiff at the last consistory created a large number of cardinals, and among these special interest attaches to Monseigneur Sembratowicz, the Archbishop of Lemberg, in Austrian Poland. Though of course a Catholic in the fullest sense, Monseigneur Sembratowicz is not a Latin but a Ruthenian prelate, and Primate of the Ruthenian Rite, which once included the whole Russian people in its fold. Lemberg enjoys the distinction of having no less than three archbishops of different rites, but all united in Catholic faith and exercising their functions in harmonious independence within the same metes and bounds. In raising the Ruthenian primate to the highest dignity of the church below his own, Leo XIII. continues the policy adopted at the beginning of his reign of making the College of Cardinals a representative body for the whole church of every land and every rite. He has already bestowed the same rank on Monseigneur Hassoun, the Patriarch of the United Armenians and their brave defender against the persecution of the Turkish government. Though there was a Ruthenian cardinal some fifty years ago, we have to go back over four centuries to find

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two non-Latin members of the Sacred College created by the same pontiff. At the reunion of the Greeks of Constantinople in the Council of Florence the eminent theologian and scholar Bessarion, as representative of the Greeks, and the Bulgarian Isidor, the Metropolitan of Moscow and Kieff, were made cardinals of the Roman Church. In bestowing the same dignity on Monseigneur Sembratowicz and Monseigneur Hassoun Leo XIII. renews the tradition of the union of Christendom of the Florentine Council, and seeks to give a distinctly representative character to the Great Council of the church.

SMALL PROPORTION OF NON-LATIN CATHOLICS.

To grasp the significance of these acts of the Sovereign Pontiff we must recall the history of the church as well as the present state of the Eastern Christians now separated from her pale. The actual number of Catholics belonging to other rites than the Latin and not using that language in the divine offices is less than that of many comparatively small Catholic countries, such as Belgium. The United Armenians, the Maronites, the Chaldeans, the Copts, the Greek Melchites, and the Syrians, all have distinctive liturgies and rites and are governed by patriarchs—a dignity of higher rank than archbishop or primate, yet together they do not number a million of individuals. The Ruthenians of Austria are, perhaps, double that number, and those of Russian Poland, who once numbered eight millions, are now forcibly separated from all communication with the Sovereign Pontiff as absolutely as were the fifty thousand Catholics of Japan during the last two centuries. But though small in actual numbers, each of these churches, with their separate languages, customs, and traditions, is closely connected with larger bodies of Christians separated from Catholic unity in the past by national jealousies and political intrigues, rather than by questions of belief or morals. An Armenian nation of several millions, scattered through Turkey, Russia, Persia, and Austria, follows the same forms of worship and uses the same church language as the two hundred thousand who own the authority of the pope. The whole Greek race, equally numerous and divided as to its heads as much as in its political allegiance, holds a similar relation to the Greek Melchites. The Syrians and Maronites are closely connected by language and origin with the great Arabian race, which fills so large a space in both Asia and Africa, and which is the mainstay of Mohammedanism in both. The Chaldeans, though but the

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shadow of a name which once filled the earth, are scattered from Malabar to the frontiers of China. The few thousand United Copts of Egypt retain the liturgy of St. Mark, which in a slightly altered form and debased by barbarism is followed by the whole population of Abyssinia, the one purely African race which can be called Christian. The rite and church language of the Ruthenian Uniats are used, though under a schismatical government, by seventy millions of subjects of the Russian czar.

EARLY PREPONDERANCE OF THE EAST IN THE CHURCH.

Each of the various rites is thus at once an evidence to the present day of the unbroken connection of the Catholic Church with early Christianity, and a link of possible reunion with millions now separated from her communion. In numbers, in wealth, and in intellectual development their followers form a comparatively insignificant portion of the great Catholic body; but it was not always so. In the early days of Christianity, while Rome was still the temporal mistress of the world, the Catholics of the East formed as large a part of the church as those of the West, and they gave her even more than their proportion of saints and scholars. St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom, Origen and St. Athanasius, St. Gregory and St. Cyril, are among the foremost names in the history of Catholicity. The Creed of Nicæa and the Creed of Athanasius were both first drawn up in the Greek language even in the days of Rome's supreme dominion over East and West. Four centuries later a Greek monk, Theodore, sent by the Roman pontiff as a missionary to England, organized its hierarchy as it remained till the days of Elizabeth. Cyril and Methodius, two other Greek missionaries in the ninth century, won over the pagans of the present Austria to Christianity. That the Christian peoples of Western Europe have since grown to such dimensions while those of the eastern half of the Roman Empire have dwindled to material insignificance under the blight of Byzantine schism and Mohammedan conquest does not imply that the latter may not yet be called to play a great part in the Christian development of the world. In the mind, alike Christian and statesmanlike, of the reigning Pontiff, the cause of the church will be better served by reviving the former spirit of the Eastern Christians than by attempting to remodel their rites on the same plan as the church in the western world. Unity in things essential, as faith and morals, with freedom in things accidental, as national languages and rites, is the

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policy of the church as laid down most clearly by its present head. The help extended to the struggling communities of the Eastern churches and the protection given to their national usages are parts of this policy, and it is in accordance with it that the Ruthenian primate now is a member of the College of Cardinals.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

To understand the difference between a "rite" and a "national church," or the powers of a "patriarch" and those of an archbishop or "primate" in the Catholic Church to-day, it is necessary to go back to the foundation of Christianity. The political condition of the world at the birth of our Saviour was widely different from what it is at present. In the modern world a common civilization, which may be called European or Christian, is shared by numerous nations differing in language, in laws, and in religion, and wholly independent of one another in their government. At the birth of Christianity the whole civilized world, as we now apply the term, was welded into the body of the Roman state. The races outside the Roman boundaries in Europe or Africa were like our own Indian tribes a few years ago or the Zulu warriors of Cetewayo. Persia and India on the east were as foreign to the subjects of Rome in language and manners as the Chinese to ourselves. Within the Roman dominions, which encircled the Mediterranean from Cadiz to the Euphrates, and from the Rhine and Danube to the African deserts, there was only one nation and one supreme law. Gaul and Spain and North Africa were all merged in the nationality of Rome, obeyed her laws and spoke her language. In the eastern half of the empire, however, though Roman arms and Roman laws were supreme, Greek language and manners still continued to prevail, and in an inferior position the languages of old Egypt and Western Asia also held their ground. Thus, if not nations, there were well marked nationalities—Greek, Jewish, and Egyptian—within the eastern part of the old Roman world when the Apostles began their preaching on the first Whit-Sunday.

It is a special glory of Christianity that, while unchanging in the doctrines it teaches, and the moral law it enforces, it adapts its forms and its discipline to the conditions and dispositions of the various races of man. Thus, while the church imposes the use of prayer and public worship, of the sacraments and of penance on every human being, she changes at need the form of each to suit local peculiarities of Christian

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populations. The difference in customs and language between Jew and Gentile was provided for by separate systems of discipline from the very beginning, and those systems were the first "rites" of the Catholic Church. The Aramaic language was used in public worship by the Jewish converts, and the Greek by the first Christians drawn from the Gentile world. As the church extended westward the Latin language was similarly adopted wherever it was spoken, and in Egypt the native Coptic, which held its place as the national tongue all through the period of Roman domination. With the use of different languages various religious practices were closely associated.

SAMENESS IN DOCTRINE UNDER VARYING CONDITIONS.

Public fasts were a part of Catholic practice everywhere from the beginning, but the fast of a Syrian or an Egyptian, accustomed to vegetable food, was a very different thing from the fast of a Greek or an Italian. Forms, too, of worship which were familiar to Eastern practice might seem strange and tedious in other lands. On the other hand, the Eastern churches permitted married men to receive the priesthood, while in the Western countries the obligation of celibacy on priests was required. To secure harmony in the church's administration the various rites were defined in the fourth century by the Council of Constantinople. The pope was not only recognized as supreme head of the whole church, but also as special patriarch of the Latin-speaking portion of the Roman Empire. The Archbishop of Constantinople, which since Constantine had become a second capital, was declared patriarch of the Grecian lands, while the patriarchs already existing in Alexandria and Antioch were confirmed in their jurisdiction over the Syrian and Egyptian populations respectively, whether using Greek or other languages. It was an age of administrative classification in the Roman world, and the church felt its influence as well as the political world. In her classification, however, as became a spiritual power, the divisions were made rather by races and language than by geographical boundaries or extent of territory. The number of the former was greater in the eastern than in the western half of the Roman Empire, hence, too, the greater number of rites in the former. As Christianity extended beyond the Roman boundaries in the East or in the West this difference had a marked effect on the organization of the church. The Armenians, the Abyssinians, and the southern Slavonians were converted by missionaries from the Eastern Empire, and

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they each received a distinctive liturgy and rite, to which, in the case of the first, the dignity of a patriarch as head of the national church was subsequently added. In the West the various Celtic and Germanic nations received the language of Rome as their church language, and while retaining their national usages and government in political affairs they showed no desire for special rites in the things of divine worship. There were, indeed, no well-defined nationalities in Western Europe for many centuries after the downfall of the Western Empire. Kingdoms and dynasties of every race, Frank, Gothic, Burgundian, Saxon, and Norman states, were formed and broken up in rapid succession, while the languages and laws of each were in almost an equal state of change. The best service the church could give to the half-formed nations was to maintain her uniformity both in doctrine and external discipline on a common standard, and so the Latin language and discipline prevailed through Western Europe. In the East the rise of Mohammedanism in the seventh century not only arrested the extension of Christianity, but exterminated it in many lands where it had already been established, as in Egypt and North Africa. The Eastern Christians, isolated by Mohammedan conquest from their co-religionists, identified their distinctive rites all the more closely both with their nationality and their faith itself. The possession of a national church and patriarch was regarded as a remnant of national freedom even in political subjugation. Accordingly the number of patriarchates was considerably multiplied as the condition of the Christians grew worse under Saracen and Turkish rule.

SLAVONIC LITERATURE BEGINS WITH THE LITURGY.

The Ruthenian rite, the primate of which has just been raised to the College of Roman Cardinals, is the youngest distinctive national rite, but it also embraces the largest number of followers, both in communion with the Roman See and in schism. It was established in Bulgaria and Moravia, among still pagan Slave tribes, by the Greek missioners, Sts. Cyril and Methodius, in the ninth century. Its founders reduced the old Slavonian tongue to writing, and composed a liturgy in that language which was solemnly approved by Pope Nicholas. As was to be expected, its discipline is modelled on that of the Greek rather than the Latin portion of the church, and celibacy is not required of its priests if married previous to ordination.

Catholicity and the Latin rite had already been established

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in Germany when St. Cyril formed the Ruthenian rite, and Christianity was introduced among the Slaves of Eastern Europe in the ninth century both from the North and from the South. Latin missioners converted the Poles and Bohemians, while Ruthenian and Greek priests established Christianity and the Ruthenian discipline among the Russians, whose territory at that time was scarcely a tenth of its present extent in Europe. Russia of the ninth century had its capital at Kieff, on the Dnieper, on the frontier of Poland, as it was in the last century. The whole of Northern Russia, including the site of Moscow, was inhabited by Finnish or Tartar tribes, while the Russian Slaves occupied the steppes along the Dnieper and Dniester, as a nation ruled by Scandinavian princes. Though the Ruthenians, or Russians, had a distinct liturgy and church language of their own, they had no patriarch, but were regarded as belonging to the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople. From him, and not directly from Rome, they received their bishops, and especially their metropolitan, the Archbishop of Kieff, who was the head of the church in Russia. In those days communication was difficult between Russia and Rome, while the course of the Dnieper to the Black Sea gave easy access to Constantinople, and it was natural, with its patriarch in due subordination to the Holy See, that he should regulate the episcopate of Russia as by the ordinary discipline of the church he regulated that of the subjects of the Byzantine Empire. Russia to-day might be, and in all human likelihood would be, a Catholic nation, had not the ambition of Cerularius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, induced him to separate from Catholic unity in 1053 and reject all communion with the Holy See, which had sanctioned his own appointment. The Russian Church took no active part in the schism, but, as it continued to receive bishops from the schismatical capital of the East, it gradually lost direct relations with the centre of Catholic unity. The Russian bishops, while acknowledging their dependence on Constantinople, frequently refused to receive metropolitans sent by the Byzantine patriarch. They accepted the canonization of St. Nicholas made by Pope Urban II. after Cerularius had separated himself from all communion with Rome, and St. Nicholas is to-day really the popular, almost the national, saint among the Russian people, even though schismatic. The religious condition of the Russian people during the eleventh and twelfth centuries was peculiar. They had accepted the Christian religion in 988, through the influence of Vladimir, the Grand Duke of Kieff,

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but its acceptance had been rather a national decision than a process of individual conversion. The work of instruction in the doctrines and practices of the faith followed instead of preceding its formal acceptance in Russia. It was a slow and difficult task among an illiterate race, surrounded in great part by neighbors still pagan. The Poles and Hungarians, the only Christian nations with whom they had any intercourse, except with the Eastern Empire, were themselves recently converted, and they had received their teachers and practices from the Latin Catholic Church in Germany. It was not strange that differences of discipline and church language, though easily understood by well-instructed men, should bewilder the ignorant Russians, especially when complicated by questions of subtle metaphysical distinctions in definitions of points of faith such as the Greek patriarch used to justify his separation from the Roman See. Tsargrad, or Constantinople, was to them the centre of the civilized world, while Rome was but vaguely known as a great name. When thrown into close relations with the Latin Catholics of Poland the Russian princes found no difficulty in regarding themselves as equally Catholic; when they were engaged with the envoys of the Greek court they were equally ready to acknowledge themselves subjects of the patriarch. It was a condition most unsatisfactory in itself, and it was fatal to development in intellectual and Christian life; but it could not be fairly asserted that Russia was then schismatic.

TARTAR IDEAS IN RELIGION.

The conquest of Kieff, by the generals of Genghis Khan, the Mongol ruler of half Asia, in 1224 arrested for two centuries almost all progress among the Russian people. Their national unity was destroyed and a number of petty princes, absolute serfs of the Mongol khans, and appointed by the latter, became their masters. All communication with Catholic Europe was cut off by the Tartar domination, and while Christianity was still retained by the people, the clergy, and especially the metropolitans, came to recognize their princes as supreme alike in church and state. One of the principalities under the Tartar Empire, that of Souzdal, a Russian colony founded among the Finnish population that occupied the country where Moscow now stands, in the twelfth century gradually grew to power by the energy and unscrupulousness of its princes. It extended its dominions, and under the title of Grand Duchy of Muscovy was the origin of the present Russian Empire. Kieff and its

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territory, the original Russia, was conquered from the Tartars in the fourteenth century by the Lithuanians of the North, who themselves had just become Christian. By the marriage, in 1390, of Jagello, the Duke of Lithuania, with Hedwig, Queen of Poland, the two countries with the Russian provinces lately won from Tartar rule, Ukraine, Podolia, and Volhynia, were united into the Polish state. The new Poland was entirely Christian, but its people were divided between the Latin rite and the Ruthenian.

THE GREAT ABORTIVE COUNCIL.

The final effort made by the Holy See to end the disastrous Greek schism proved unexpectedly the turning point for Russia against Catholic unity. Pope Eugene II., in 1439, called together the second Council of Florence for the noble purpose of uniting Christendom against the Turkish invaders who were threatening the destruction of the Greek Empire. The prelates of both Latin and Greek churches assembled for a last time in common council. The latter formally renounced the petty word-quibbles which for four centuries had served as an apology for schism, and recognized the unity of the Christian Church under the supremacy of the successor of Peter. The Metropolitan of Moscow, Isidor, accepted the acts of the council as head of the Ruthenian Church, and for a brief space the Christian world seemed restored to harmonious union.

Unfortunately it was only for a very brief time. On the return of the Greek prelates to Constantinople from the council a violent agitation was raised by a part of the nobles and clergy against any communion with the hated Latins. National jealousy became the acknowledged reason for rejecting unity in the Christian religion. The Patriarch and the Emperor of Constantinople endeavored in vain to allay the popular passions, but in a brief time Mohammed II., with two hundred thousand Turkish troops, was at the gates of the imperial city. Constantinople was taken by assault and has since remained the capital of the Mohammedan world. Its last Christian ruler died bravely on its ramparts as a Catholic. The Greeks who had refused communion with the Christians of the West received a schismatic patriarch from the blood-stained sultan, and the union of Christendom was sundered again.

BEGINNING OF THE RUSSIAN SCHISM.

The reception of the union in Russia was different but equally unfavorable. The Grand Duke of Moscow, Vasili II., after some

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hesitation, decided against any union with the Latin Church. He was already the practical head of the church in his own dominions, and he felt no desire to sacrifice the power that position gave him for motives of a purely religious kind. Vasili drove the Metropolitan Isidor from Moscow and established a new metropolitan in that city as head of the Russian Church. Schism was thus, for the first time, formally proclaimed in Russia; and under the despotism of the czars it still holds seventy millions of Christians in separation from the Universal Church.

Vasili, however, was not lord of all the Russian people. The Ruthenians of Kieff and in the Polish provinces were independent of his power, but even on them the course of the Muscovite grand duke and the Greek Church exercised a powerful influence. After a few years the greater part of the Ruthenians rejected the authority of the Holy See again. The efforts made by different popes to bring back to unity the Russian and Ruthenian Catholics were unsuccessful for more than a century. Ivan the Terrible, a sort of crazy predecessor of Peter the Great, and remarkable alike for his cruelties and his love of theological disputation, offered at one time during the sixteenth century to recognize the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See, but his offers were based on political expediency and never carried into effect. Shortly afterwards, however, a movement for reunion commenced in the Ruthenian Church under Polish rule. The Patriarch of Constantinople, Jeremias, had bought his appointment from the Turkish vizier, and to raise funds to pay he visited Russia and Poland. The Russian czar, Feodor, took advantage of the occasion. He offered Jeremias a large sum if he would erect Moscow into a patriarchate wholly independent of Constantinople, and Jeremias readily consented. Kieff had formerly been the metropolitan see of the whole Ruthenian rite, and the establishment of this new dignity caused a lively feeling of indignation among the Ruthenians outside the dominions of the czar. This feeling was intensified when the Greek patriarch refused to consecrate the newly elected metropolitan of Kieff unless the latter would pay him a sum of fourteen thousand florins. It reached the highest point when the Sultan of Turkey, by a firman issued while Jeremias was still in Kieff, removed him by his own despotic will from his patriarchal office and gave a new head to the Greek Christian Church in the person of Metrophanes. This event brought about a synod of the hitherto schismatical Ruthenian bishops at Brzest in 1590, to decide between the claims of the two

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patriarchs to their spiritual obedience. The anomaly of a Christian Church receiving its spiritual guides from the will of a Mohammedan ruler was so striking that the assembled bishops rejected both patriarchs and turned their attention to a reunion with the Catholic Church. The question was debated as it never had been before among the whole body of Ruthenians outside the Russian dominions, where the will of the czar was the only law of conscience. The laity as well as the clergy took part in the agitation, as all felt that the existing condition of affairs in their church was intolerable. Some imagined that a general reformation of the schooling and character of the schismatic clergy would suffice to secure this church from the dangers which surrounded its existence. Others felt that union with the centre of Christianity was a necessity, and the majority of the bishops so decided. The primate, Rahoza, who had been the subject of the extortions of the Greek patriarch, convoked a national synod at Brzest in 1595. All the bishops except one there pronounced for union with the Catholic Church in the same terms as had been adopted a hundred and fifty years before at the Council of Florence. Clement VIII., the reigning pope, solemnly ratified the act of union; and gave the Ruthenian primate the right to chose, confirm, and consecrate all other bishops of that rite. The confirmation of the primate was reserved alone to the Sovereign Pontiff. The pontiff on this occasion expressed his hope that through the Ruthenians the whole East would in the future return to Catholic unity.

POLAND ADHERES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The reunion of the Ruthenians outside Russia with the Catholic Church was not accomplished without a long struggle, even after the Council of Brzest. Several of the great nobles and the Cossack free companies of the Ukraine pronounced fiercely against any union with Rome. For many years a bitter strife was kept up by the schismatics, who organized a church of their own by the permission of the Polish government. The Archbishop of Polotsk, St. Josaphat, was the great means of establishing the union firmly among the majority of the Ruthenians. He was murdered by some fanatical schismatics in Witebsk, in 1630; but after his death the great body of the nation accepted the Catholic faith without reserve, though the Cossacks of the Ukraine and a small minority of the towns-people of eastern Poland continued obstinate in this schism under the patronage of Russian intrigues.

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During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the two divisions of the Ruthenian Christians, Catholic and schismatic, continued to exist side by side in Poland. In Russia conformity with the schism was strictly enforced, and there were no Uniats. The form of government of the Russian Church was remodelled by Peter the Great, who replaced the schismatical Patriarch of Moscow by a mixed commission of ecclesiastics and laymen, appointed and removed at will by the czar. This body is known as the Holy Synod, and forms the highest ecclesiastical authority in the present Russian Church. A rigid adherence to old customs and complete obedience to the czar are the supreme law of the schismatic Russian Church. Even preaching is not allowed to its priests without police permission, and the number of times that the people may approach the sacraments is strictly fixed by law. Among the Catholic Ruthenians the ordinary practices of piety, such as the Rosary, improved methods of teaching Christian doctrine and the celebration of several daily Masses in each church, were freely introduced, though the Sovereign Pontiffs were strict in requiring the preservation of the ancient Ruthenian rites in all essentials. A wide difference thus grew up between the Uniats and the Russian schismatics in religious observances in the course of two centuries.

THE GREAT CATHERINE'S WAY.

The partition of Poland in the last century, which gave the greater part of its territory to the Russian government, was followed by an attack on the religion of its Uniat population. Catherine II., in the treaties which followed each successive seizure of Polish territory, pledged herself to the fullest toleration for the Catholic religion among her new subjects, but scarcely was the first of these signed, in 1773, when twelve hundred parishes of Ruthenian Catholics were forcibly enrolled among the members of the state church. The first partition of Poland had been preceded by a Cossack dragonnade which rivalled the deeds of the Turks in Armenia during last year. It was followed by a roving commission of schismatic priests with military escorts, which made a circuit of the Catholic Ruthenian parishes and required their priests to accept the supremacy of the czarina in religion as a part of their allegiance to the new government. In case of refusal the priests were exiled, and the envoys drew up petitions in the name of the people for incorporation with the schismatic church. The

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government at St. Petersburg at once accepted these pretended petitions, and from that moment it was regarded as treason for any member of the incorporated parish to profess himself a Catholic. Within three years no less than four thousand parishes in Volhynia, Podolia, and Lithuania were thus separated from all communion with the Catholic Church, and at the death of Catherine, in 1796, less than a million and a half of Ruthenian Catholics out of a population of nearly eight millions were recognized by the Russian government as entitled to the name.

The movement to force the Ruthenians into schism was interrupted on the death of Catherine. Paul, her son, and Alexander I. were naturally tolerant, and they permitted their Catholic subjects the free exercise of their religion. When Nicholas succeeded to the Russian throne he resumed the policy of Catherine, but under different forms. Catherine had banished the bishops; Nicholas undertook to corrupt them. A Lithuanian priest, Siemasko, acted a part similar to that of Cranmer in English history. When already an apostate, he had himself appointed a Catholic archbishop only to be able to betray the charge entrusted to him by the Holy Father. While still a simple priest he was sent to St. Petersburg by his metropolitan as a diocesan delegate to the Catholic College. He there addressed a secret memorial to the emperor, suggesting a plan for forcing the Ruthenian Catholics, still recognized as such, into the state church.

SIBERIA OR APOSTASY.

Nicholas received the plan favorably, and to carry it out he recommended Siemasko to the Holy See as coadjutor to the Ruthenian Archbishop of Wilna. The candidate had no hesitation about taking the solemn oath of fidelity to the Holy See and the Catholic Church, while actually working with all his power for the abolition of Catholicity. The metropolitan was very old, and during nine years the supreme control of the Ruthenian Church was placed in the hands of a pretended Catholic, pledged secretly to effect its ruin. A series of measures were adopted by Siemasko in the name of enforcing Catholic discipline to make the usages of the Uniats the same with those of the schismatics and to cut off all communion with the Latin Catholics. The leading posts in the Church, including the two other dioceses, were given to secret adherents of the schism, and when the Primate Buhlak died, in 1839, Siemasko, with his

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two suffragans, lost no time in presenting a petition to the Russian government for the enrollment of the Ruthenian Catholics of Lithuania in a body in the state church. The request was at once granted in spite of the pledges so often given of full freedom of conscience for the Ruthenian Catholics. The priests who refused to betray their faith were treated as rebels against their ecclesiastical head, though Siemasko by his public apostasy had forfeited all right to the obedience of Catholics. The punishments inflicted for adherence to the faith under these circumstances were terrible, and it commenced for the clergy some five years before the apostasy of Siemasko. In 1835 several priests were banished for refusing to adopt the schismatic missals introduced by Siemasko as a nominal Catholic. After the apostasy of the recreant archbishop not less than a hundred and six priests and monks were sent to Siberia, and nine hundred and thirty died in prison or banishment, out of a total of less than three thousand Catholic priests and monks in the three dioceses of Lithuania. The laity, deprived of priests and all external profession of their faith, suffered scarcely less. In many places the whole population refused to admit the priests sent by the apostate archbishop. We can give only one or two examples. The five villages of the parish of Dudakomtz refused admission to their church to the schismatic priests and guarded it day and night for several weeks in 1841. The governor of the province, Engelhard, came in person with a military force and sentenced five of the principal men to three hundred lashes of the knout. Two died under the lash, another was sent to prison in a schismatic monastery. The population, forced to open their church to the schismatic priests, continued to refrain from any attendance up to 1854, when an order appeared for the exile of the whole people to Siberia if they refused to accept the state religion. In Porozoff, another village, the open resistance continued till 1862; and elsewhere the same attachment to the Catholic faith continued to show itself in spite of all the penalties of the law. What is still the disposition of these Ruthenian Catholics after two generations of enforced separation from the body of the church we have no means of knowing. In Russian law they are all schismatics, but only the Almighty knows whether in Lithuania, as in Japan, the faith still survives in the inner life of the sorely-tried Uniats.

One diocese—that of Chelm, in western Poland—was the only Ruthenian diocese permitted still to exist in the Russian

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Empire after the apostasy of Siemasko, and it was suppressed in 1874 by the autocratic will of the new czar, Alexander II. The persecutions which followed this last measure have continued to our own day. In Austrian Poland alone the Ruthenian Catholic Church has been spared out of a population which but for the despotism of Russia would now amount to nearly fifteen millions of Catholics. In raising the head of the Austrian Uniats to the cardinalate, Leo XIII. at once testifies his sympathy with their past and his wish to maintain their national rite on a footing of perfect equality with that of the rest of the church. The honor bestowed on the Archbishop of Lemberg is shared by every Ruthenian Catholic, and we may hope that its effect will be felt even by those now condemned in appearance to wear the name of the schismatic church of the czar.

MOUNTAINS.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

YE transfixed billows reared to regal Rest—
Vast Nature's symbols of the works of Art!
Despite your majesty, ye manifest
Earth's effort to assuage her tortured heart!

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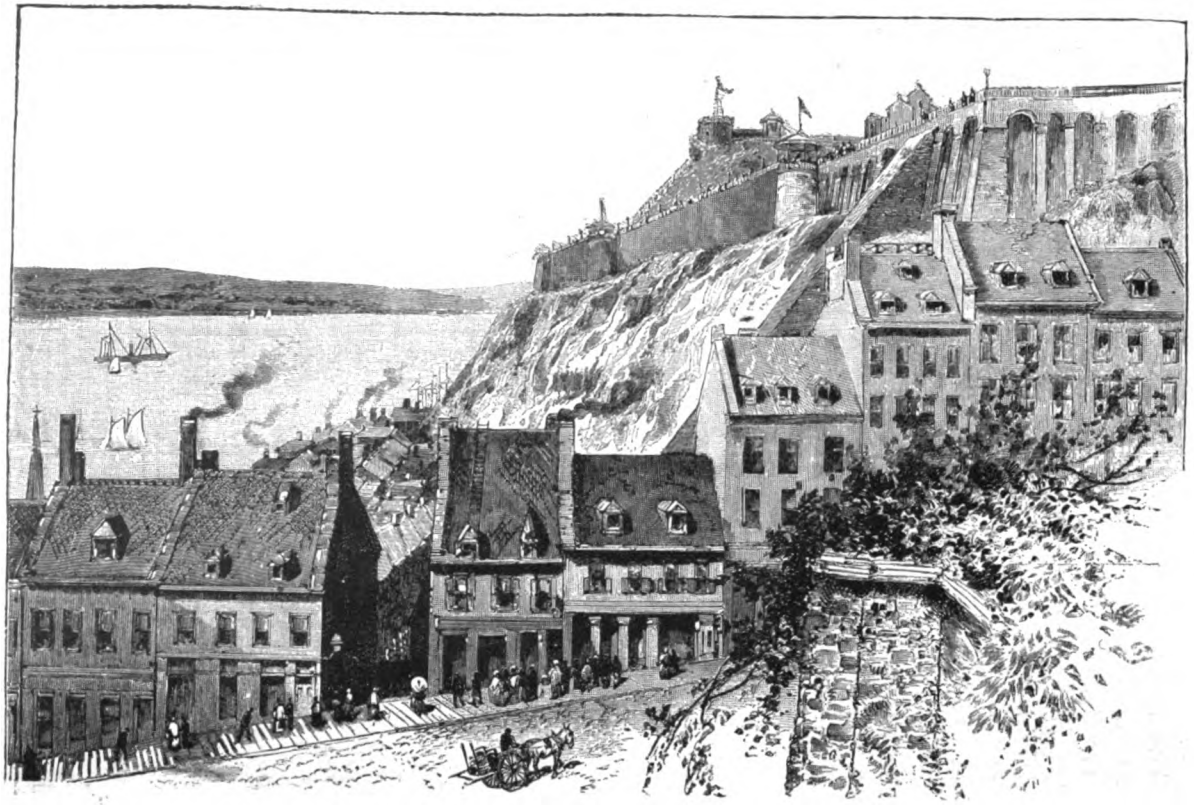

"THE CITY OF QUEBEC IS NOT A MODERN CITY."

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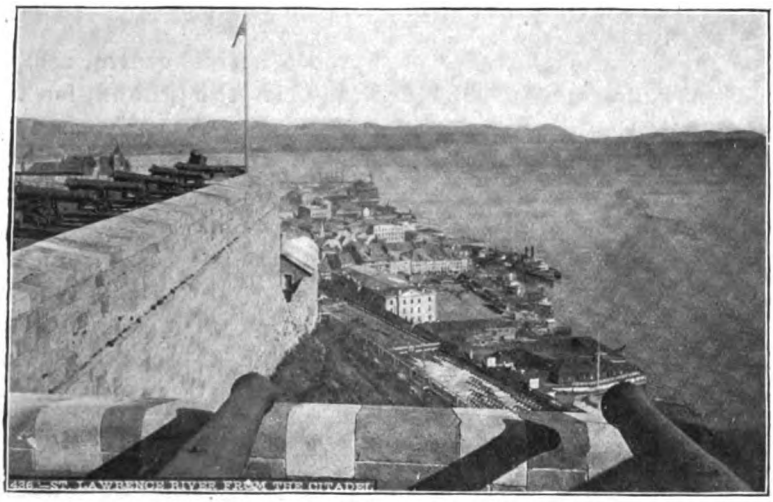

THE WALLED CITY OF THE NORTH.

BY REV. B. J. REILLY.

"An eagle city on her heights austere,
Taker of tribute from the chainless flood,
She watches wave above her in the clear
The whiteness of her banner purged with blood.

"Near her grim citadel the blinding sheen
Of her cathedral spire triumphant soars,
Rocked by the Angelus, whose peal serene
Beats over Beaupré and the Lévis shores."

—*Les Anciens Canadiens.*

THERE are two cities which I have seen in North America that still have about them the old-time flavor of Europe. One stands on a hill-top and its yellow houses bake in perennial sunshine. A beautiful bay rises and falls at its feet; tall palm-trees encircle it, and high, forbidding mountains loom up behind it. It takes its name from one of the Apostles, and is called Santiago de Cuba.

The other city is built on a promontory; the broad St. Lawrence River rushes by its walls and battlements, fertile green fields surround it in summer, but for the greater part of the year it lies asleep in a pall of snow.

A Norman sailor, we are told, coming down the St. Lawrence, and seeing a rugged pile looming over the river, exclaimed "Quel bec!" (What a promontory!), and thus gave a name to the "Walled City of the North."

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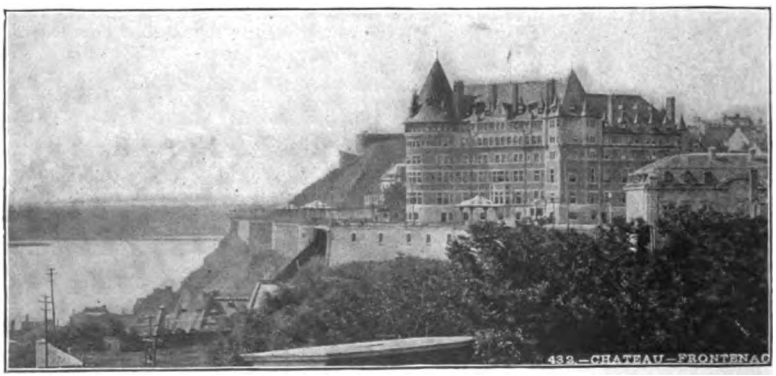
For many years Quebec was a most active centre, and, as every school-boy knows, it served as a battle-ground for the French and English in the New World. As early as 1535 Jacques Cartier pitched his winter quarters on the shore of the St. Charles River, which meets the St. Lawrence below the present city. On the third of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain founded Quebec, and it remained in the possession of the French until Montcalm, letting his valor get the better of his discretion, left the impregnable city to do battle with General Wolfe on the historic plains of Abraham. Quebec had withstood four sieges previous to this one, and possibly if General Montcalm had remained behind the walls of the city, Canada would not have passed into the possession of the kingdom on which the sun sometimes rises, but never sets.

The City of Quebec to-day is not a modern city either in appearance or in character. The rush of the trolley or the clang of the cable-car disturbs not its even tenor. One would not be surprised if at night he were awakened by the cry of a watchman announcing "3 o'clock and a raw and gusty morning." Quaintness and age cling to this delightful town. The French Canadians preserve the courtly manners of old times, and it would not seem amiss to find of a summer's morning courtiers and chevaliers, seigneurs, barons, and their ladies, dressed in gold and lace, walking the terrace in front of the



Château Frontenac. This aroma of past days—of the time when Louis Quatorze, Le Grand Monarque, took the morning air in the gardens of Versailles—which still clings to Quebec makes it one of the most interesting of the "show cities" which the traveller is privileged to visit.

The author of the novel *Le Chien d'Or* has written an

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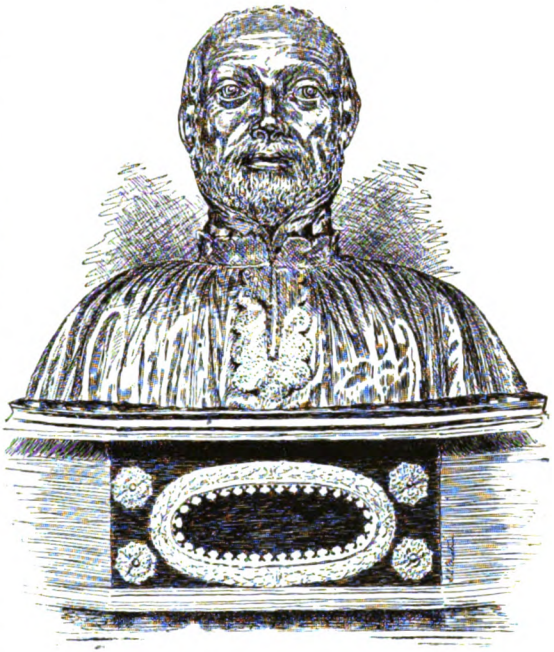
interesting passage on the great hall of the Castle of St. Louis, which admirably groups together those who had a hand in the making of New France. It runs thus:

"Over the governor's seat hung a gorgeous escutcheon of the royal arms, decked with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies, the emblems of French sovereignty in the colony. Among the portraits on the walls, besides those of the late Louis XIV. and present King Louis XV., which hung on each side of the throne, might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organized the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic, a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the mother-land—the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany, and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac, was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called, by reason of her surpassing loveliness, 'the divine.' Vaudreuil too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois, who nourished its young strength until it was able to resist not only the powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English colonies. There also were seen the sharp, intellectual face of Laval, its first bishop, who organized the church and education in the colony, and of Talon, the wisest of intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well-being of all the king's subjects in New France.



SILVER BUST OF FATHER BRÉBEUF IN NOTRE DAME CONVENT.

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And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France, the pale, calm, intellectual features of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, the first superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec, who in obedience to heavenly visions . . . left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France."

For scenic beauty Quebec is remarkable, and many pens have painted its charms in warm words of praise. To step out on a fine summer's morning on the deck of the Montreal boat as it touches at Point Lévis, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, and to see for the first time this American Gibraltar, this double city, one portion lying nestled by the river-

IN THE HOSPITAL HÔTEL DIEU.

side, and the other portion standing boldly out on the hill-top, with the sun glinting on its fortifications, its basilica, and the Château Frontenac, is a sight never to be forgotten.

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The surrounding country, also, is picturesque. The two rivers meeting below the walls of the city, the villages scattered along the St. Lawrence, the water tumbling over Montmorency Falls, the pretty Isle of Orleans splitting the river, make a

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

panorama which would well repay one, even if there were no other way to reach the upper town than by mounting Breakneck Stairs.

But it is to a Catholic especially that Quebec and its vicinity is interesting. It was in the early days of American colonization a centre of great missionary work. Relics and reminders of the heroes who carried the Catholic religion to this northern country are still to be seen in Quebec. At the Hôtel Dieu the sisters have piously kept the head of Father John de Brébeuf, the Jesuit martyr. The Laval University, over which the venerable Cardinal Taschereau still presides; the basilica, and the other churches and historic chapels; the Ursuline Church founded in 1639, in which Montcalm is buried, and the famous shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, are a few of the objects which will interest Catholic visitors.

One cannot but be edified by the important part religion plays in the daily life of the people. It surrounds them like

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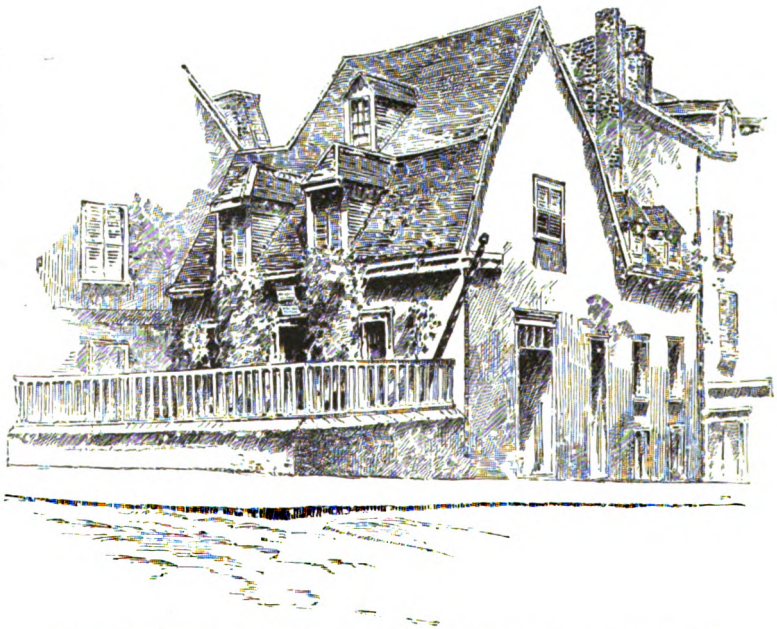
the air they breathe. The crosses visible on the many churches, convents, hospitals, and other institutions; the "Calvarys" by the roadside, the grottoes in the gardens of private families, the little chapels for the feast of Corpus Christi, the sandaled monk trudging along to his monastery, the tolling of the church bell, now ringing the Angelus and again announcing a baptism or a death; the close union and love between the priests and the people, give the place an air of Catholicity which does one good. It is not now as it was in the early days of the author of that charming story, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, when at the ringing of the Angelus bell all noise in the city ceased and every one prayed; but there is still enough public manifestation of religion to edify and charm a Catholic visitor coming from a non-Catholic country, unless he be one of those Catholics who believe in continually shaving down his religion so as not to shock others who have been brought up in a cold and naked faith.

I witnessed one morning, when sailing from Montreal to



HOUSE OF SURGEON ARNOIX, WHERE MONTCALM WAS CARRIED TO DIE.

Quebec, a strange effect of this evidence of religion. There was a party of Protestants sitting on the deck of the steamer watching the scenery along the banks of the river. Every little while a new village would swim into their ken, and the

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first thing visible would be the spire of a church. Though it was earlier than seven o'clock of a week-day, the churches were open and people could be seen wending their way along the road to hear Mass.

45.—INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA (Quebec.)

A young lady in the party watched this oft-recurring scene for some time, and then suddenly exclaimed in impatient wonder: "Oh my! the first and last thing with the people of this country seems to be their religion." She was overpowered by it. No doubt her idea of religion was the occasional reading of a chapter or two of the Bible, and a quiet Sunday afternoon. That it should be a part of her daily life probably never occurred to her.

And just here it may be apropos to say a word about non-Catholic visitors to Catholic countries. A great many from the United States go to Quebec every summer to see the city and take the trip down the Saguenay River to Chicoutimi. Everywhere the churches are open all the day, so that Catholics can drop in to say their prayers. Old men and women scarcely able to hobble along are drawn to these churches by the magnetism of Him who dwells within. Little children stop their play to enter and say a prayer to la bonne Sainte Anne. A quiet French Canadian seminarian dressed in his cassock, a boy

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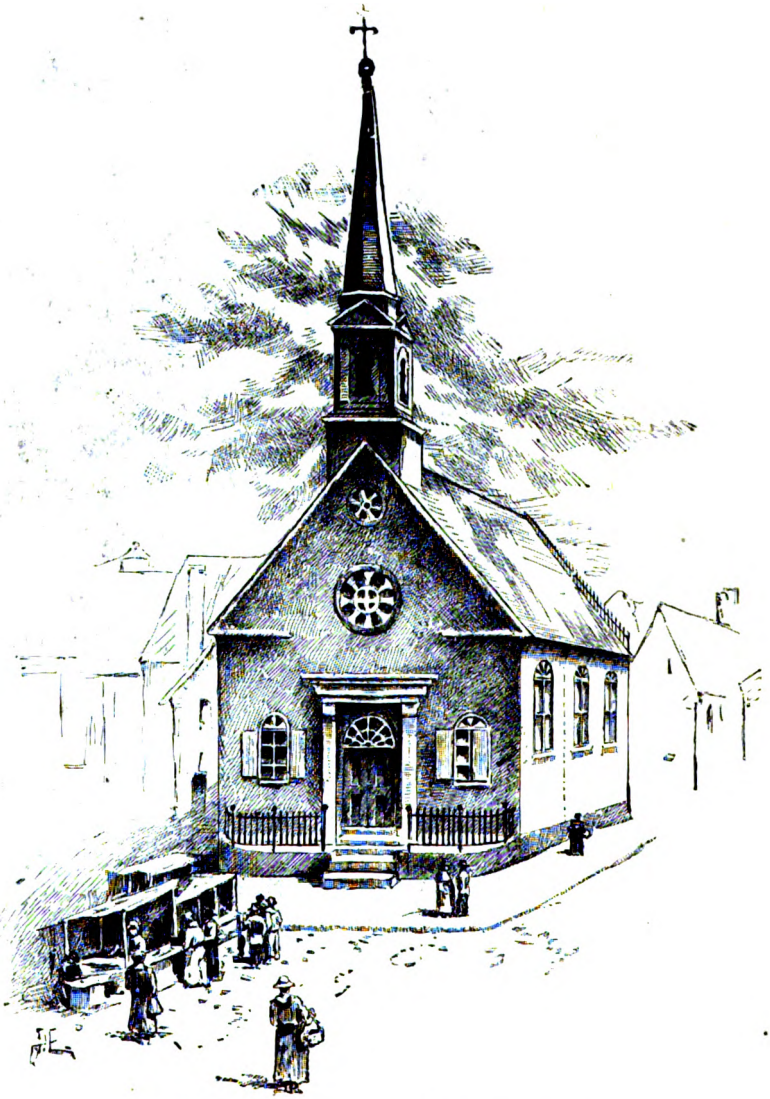
wearing the uniform of his college, some young women, a business man, a few nuns—people of all kinds may be seen almost any hour of the day telling their beads and praying



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

before one of the altars. It is strange, considering the great respect these people have for their churches, that some non-Catholic visitors are forgetful even of the ordinary rules of etiquette. They ought to remember the anecdote that is told

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of the famous Nonconformist minister, Dr. Spurgeon. Seeing two young men sitting in the gallery of his church during

BREAKNECK STAIRS, QUEBEC.

service with their hats on, he interrupted his sermon to say that once when he visited a Jewish synagogue he immediately took off his hat, but on discovering that all the men wore their

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hats he put his on again. After relating this anecdote he turned to the young men in the gallery, and asked quietly, "Will you Jewish young men please remove your hats, as is the custom in this church?" The hats came off. Dr. Spurgeon's little joke is worth remembering.

Most of the people of Quebec, as every one knows, are French Canadians. There is a fair sprinkling of Irish Catholics in the city and its suburbs.

The life led by the people of New France is simple and good. Henry Loomis Nelson, in *Harper's Magazine*, has written thus of the country of Jean-Baptiste: "In the quiet village, where the good curé's word is law, there is likely to be very little brawling and less drinking, for the French Canadians are neither quarrelsome nor intemperate. There may be a tavern, or perhaps two taverns, where not only guests are received but where liquor is sold, but the curé sees to it that they are closed very early in the evening. Long before midnight the streets of the place are deserted, and a late wanderer need have no fear of drunken hoodlums. A well-governed French Canadian village, where the curé is thoroughly respected because of his wisdom and piety, affords a decided contrast to many rural communities in English Canada and on our own side of the border."

Not the least interesting of those whom one meets in the provinces of Quebec are the old French curés. There seems to be no end of them, and they are as delightful as the Abbé Constantin. Some are fat, with a circle of white hair around their tonsured heads; others are thin, and these have an abundance of long white hair. They are kindly and courtly to a degree seldom seen in this age-end. At the sight of one of them out walking you instantly recall Austin Dobson's description in "The Curé's Progress," which I find impossible not to quote:

"You see him pass by the little 'Grand Place,'
And the tiny 'Hôtel-de-Ville';
He smiles as he goes to the fleuriste Rose
And the pompier Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the Marché cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call,
And his compliments pays to the 'belle Thérèse'
As she knits in her dusky stall.

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There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a pain d'épice.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter Lou;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a 'Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!'

But a grander way for the Sous-Préfet,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne,
And a mock 'off-hat' to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the sacristan.

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face;
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case."

The old curé with his "mock off-hat to the Notary's cat" has a sense of humor which surprises one to find in so old a man. I recall an instance of this humor which may be worth recording.

On the hill-top just behind the rectory of a parish near Quebec the summer camp of her majesty's soldiers had been pitched. One day a minister of the Church of England came, in company with his wife, to visit the encampment. By a mistake they entered the grounds of the rectory, and the old curé met them. After bidding them "Bon jour" and telling them he was their "serviteur," he noticed that the gentleman wore a deep Roman collar.

Now, the old curé had seen priests from the "States" dressed just like this, and so he asked the stranger if he were a Catholic priest. "Yes, sir," the minister answered, "but I am not a Roman Catholic priest. I am a priest of the Church of England, and I am on my way to the encampment." The old curé saw the humor of the situation, and shaking his head, as if in sorrow, murmured "a priest of the Church of England"; then in a solemn way he said: "Monsieur, I beg your pardon, but my duty compels me to tell you that you are on the wrong road." The minister, taking the words seriously, resented them, saying that he was not seeking advice in religious matters, but merely trying to find the encampment. The old curé appeared not to

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notice his anger, and grew more stupid and slow. "Yes, you are on the wrong way," he went on soliloquizing, "and it falls to the lot of an old man like me to set you right. You wish to reach the camp, but you are now on your way to my kitchen." Then, looking up as if from a reverie, he added, "Follow me, monsieur, and I will show you the way that you should walk." The anger dropped from the minister's face, and no doubt he blamed himself for misunderstanding the slow old curé. But Monsieur le Curé walked in his garden, with his breviary under his arm, and laughed softly to himself.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE ARE FRENCH CANADIANS.

From Quebec to Chicoutimi, a trip which most visitors to Quebec make, gives one a chance to see this rugged country, and the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, both by sunlight and moonlight. Murray Bay is a famous summer resort for English Canadians. Groups of them await the arrival of the boat. The young men are very English, and the young women, in Tam O'Shanter hats and heavy frieze capes, seem to have about them the odor of the Scotch heather. When the boat draws away they wave their handkerchiefs, and, instead of "Good-night, ladies," they sing:

"Bon soir, mes amis, bon soir;
Bon soir, mes amis, bon soir;
Bon soir, mes amis;
Bon soir, mes amis;
Bon soir—au revoir."

The sail up the Saguenay, "the river of death," well repays one. "This river comes from Cathay, for in that place a strong current runs, and a terrible tide rises." Such was the old belief in regard to this wonderful river.

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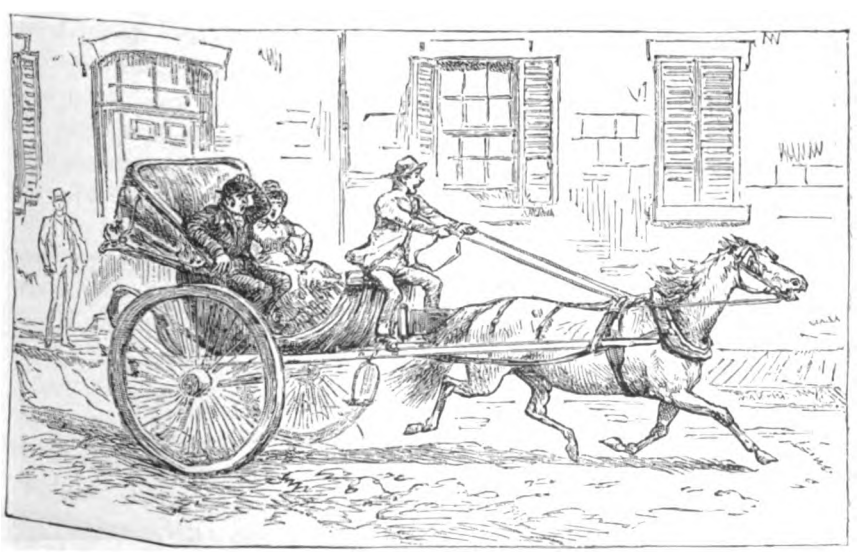
The village of Tadousac, the scene of the wonderful labors of the Jesuits and Recollets; Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, the brow of which is crowned with a large statue of the Blessed Virgin; and Chicoutimi village, at the head of the river, are places of interest, both for the peculiar ruggedness and sublimity of the scenery, and because these spots were the theatre of heroic Catholic deeds years ago:

"When to the sound of pious song,
Borne by the echoes far along,
The mountains with the rounded crest
Stretching afar from east to west,
By Breton priests with whiten'd hair
The sacrifice was offered there,
Whilst, 'mid these scenes so wild and new,
Knelt Cartier and his hardy crew."

It is not an altogether up-to-date country, this land of Jean-Baptiste, but it is beautiful; its people are good and kindly; and if it smells not enough of the market-place to please us moderns, that defect should not be counted too much against it.



THE CALÈCHE.

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A TALE OF ANDALUSIA.

BY K. VON M.

PART I.

THE thirteenth century is young, and here in Spain is full of life. Andalusia looks fair by the light of the spring sun, and Cordova, its chief boast, proudly wears the laurels of prosperity. But it is not vulgar commerce that has added that dignified poise to her carriage; the Europeans are beginning to listen to the soft Moorish accents. Their battles long past, resting in fancied security on Spanish soil, the Moslems have settled themselves to the conquest of letters, and the names of Averroës, Al Farabi, Avempace, and their disciples sound from this southern land with a new attraction on the jaded ears of Europe.

On this spring day, as the city basks in the high-noon sun, its Moorish walls and feathery towers smiling complacently on the passing Spaniard, a crowd of scholars come lazily down the hill—Moors, all of them, Cordova's youth, though a warmer sun than Spain's has painted their smooth, dark brows. "Philosophy, deep serious mistress," apostrophizes one of them, "Alezenna makes us court thee. His lectures are as clear as our Guadalquivir." The speaker was a favorite among the lads, and natural was their choice. The youth was somewhat more than twenty, tall and of a slender build, his dark skin and delicately-carved features betokening the true Moor.

"Surely Aristotle has a splendid exponent in our master, think you not, Azraela?" and he flung his arm teasingly round a lad several years his younger, whose clouded countenance showed that in this eulogy he did not share.

"Alezenna may be great, but he is not to my taste."

"You mean you have no appetite for philosophy, Azraela," said a third; "the poetic, the romantic suits your soul better. Some lucky rhymer singing of our conquests here in Spain would charm you more than all the philosophy in our schools."

Now Ziribi spoke again: "But you should be doubly attached to Alezenna. It is his fame that brings even those Christians whom you long to subdue to our gates."

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"That is it," answered Azraela, "and from him I hoped would go the influence that would conquer the spirit of the Christians, and bring them to Allah."

"He at least leads them from the teachings of their own creed, and so prepares them, perhaps, for the eloquence of some second prophet," said Ziribi.

The two had wandered from the rest, and now paused in front of the beautiful mosque. Through the open portals could be seen the thousand jasper and porphyry columns, magnificent in their varied colorings. Looking on that expression of his Mohammedanism, Azraela answered: "Would that I could be that prophet! Our fathers have taken the best part of this fair land and made it ours; it now remains for us to teach the conquered Spaniards our Koran. Ours is the harder task; their faith is stronger than their arms."

"Well, see you not that the schools will bring your desire nearer to you? Philosophy is the cry of the age, and at Paris the teaching of Aristotle is under ban, but the edict is of no avail; the youth, infatuated, come to us for the forbidden fruit. Seville and our own Cordova are filled with them. What their authorities have condemned we will use as our instrument of conquest. With the philosophy of Aristotle as our lever we will move all Europe."

"Yes, Ziribi, and how I long to be another Mohammed to lead captive the civilization of to-day"; and the boy's whole expression was as proud as even the realization of that hope could make it.

"Azraela, when that ambition fills your soul I may as well take my leave. The Koran is safe if there breathe many like you. I will fly to the woods and think over my problems for to-morrow, instead of dreaming by the mosque of bloody battles between the Crescent and the Cross, with thyself on a fleet Arabian, coursing hither and thither, with sword unknown to sheath, the bravest man in all the mad scene"; and with a ringing laugh at his friend's expense, Ziribi left him.

Let us follow the older lad as he strolls toward the river and across the great stone bridge with which the Moors had spanned the stream. How prosperous and changed the city was from the old Corduba the Romans had founded there thirteen centuries ago!

Ziribi paused by one of the ponderous arches and meditated on the two great ancient races. Roman hands had built the city; but the Romans were a memory now, while Greek mind,

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alive and active, formed and ruled its very thought. Ziribi crossed and wandered up the hill on the other side of the river, pondering on his studies; but now and again his conversation with Azraela would turn his thoughts in a different channel. He too called Allah his god, and Mohammed his prophet; but despite his Moorish environment his conscience painted a nobler ideal of good than any the Koran could present. Deeply attached to the traditions of his race, yet no longer in harmony with its conception of spirituality, Ziribi had turned with all the ardor of his nature to the new philosophy which his own Moors were spreading over the world. In the interest of his thoughts he utterly forgot the distance he had placed between the city and himself, until at length he reached a wood. The waning sunlight slanting through the branches of the trees bespoke departing day, but the beauty of nature in that mellow glow allured Ziribi into the shadows of the forest. Well within its depths, a sound strikes on his ear like the voice of the breeze, yet more human. Ziribi paused. "'Tis but the wind"; and wrapping his haique more closely around him, he continues.

Again he hears the sound, now in notes more tender than even the gentle wind of spring could sing to awake the budding blossoms. He listens, and now distinctly recognizes the wild, sweet tones of a viol. Ziribi's music-loving soul was stirred, and he hastily pushes through the trees to find who is filling the sombre forest with melody. Nearer and nearer sound the notes until, suddenly coming upon an open space, he finds himself face to face with their author. The musician casts a welcoming glance at the stranger, but to break that melody at its height would be an unnecessary sacrilege, for Ziribi's attitude shows that he has no intention of leaving. His first emotion of surprise changes to deep interest as he scrutinizes the man before him.

Most surely a monk—and Ziribi's life had brought him none too near the hated race of priests. He notices the white habit and coarse, dark cloak, suited admirably to the countenance above it. He observes the broad, intellectual forehead, the thin, fine brown hair, the large nose—a face with every feature well developed, but otherwise spare, almost emaciated. Entire devotion to one love had stamped its character on these human features until it made of them a testimony to the perfect goodness and truth of the object of that love. Ziribi dimly sees this in the kindly smile, he hears it in the purity of the

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music, and when the glorious strains cease, and, laying down his instrument, the monk says "Amen," he feels it in the deep conviction of the voice.

"Did my music startle you in the midst of these woods?" said the monk, as he beckoned the Moor to a seat on the mossy rock before him. Ziribi knew not why, but he followed the suggestion.

"Indeed I was surprised to find the forest held such a player."

"Nor do I trouble it much. It is not often I can come to learn of the feathered minstrels," said the monk.

"Their master, rather than their pupil, I should say; they are sweet singers, but their tiny throats never breathe such exalted, glorious harmonies as I've just heard," answered Ziribi.

"Ah! they have not my inspiration, boy; I was practising for Easter. The Resurrection of our crucified Lord was my theme."

"You played as though the strings were stretched across your heart. Easter could not wring such notes from me."

The monk looked straight into Ziribi's eyes as he answered: "It should; the Death and Resurrection were for you."

Challenged by the keen glance, the youth said that of course, as the monk could see, he was a Moor, and that Christianity and he were strangers.

"Then may you be so no longer!" answered the monk, as he arose and offered his hand to Ziribi. His manner showed such friendliness that Ziribi felt it would be churlish to withstand him, and in that grasp each recognized a kindred soul, though wide regions of thought and faith otherwise separated them.

"Tell me somewhat of your life, my friend. By your scrolls I see you are a student. But ere we begin to talk let us walk toward the monastery."

Ziribi felt Cordova was far indeed, and, willing to pursue his adventure, assented. His companion listened attentively as Ziribi talked, smiled when he heard of Azraela's dreams, asked many questions about the schools, but showed the deepest interest whenever the boy lightly touched upon himself.

At the edge of the forest the level ground stretched before them. Towards the east a rocky hill caught the reflected glow of the sinking sun. On its summit stood the monastery, a gray stone structure built by the monks themselves. All the skill of their hands had been put into the southern end. There rose

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against the sky the slender tower of the chapel surmounted by a wooden cross. Clinging vines gave the stones a darker color near the ground, and here and there the ivy had climbed and framed a casement. It was a fitting spot for the home of monks. Nature here arrayed herself with simplicity and a pure dignity in keeping with the holy lives spent within her shadow.

"It grows late; let us hasten within."

They entered the low portal and went down the stone hall until they came to a door half open, upon which Father Silvestro rapped.

At the response "Come in" he entered with Ziribi.

"I am late to-night, father, but I bring with me news from the world without. A wanderer all the way from Cordova. He is called Ziribi."

"Welcome, my child, to our home," said the superior in a rich, hearty voice, as he arose and closed the volume before him. The muscular grasp with which he shook Ziribi's hand showed the white hair was rather premature. "A score of miles or more lie between here and Cordova; you must have had deep thoughts, my son," he continued, laughing. "However, we profit by them, for now you must stay and share our fare."

The padre's genial manner thawed Ziribi entirely out of his reserve, and he found himself thanking the father and accepting the offered hospitality as though to live and sup with monks were no new thing to him. He told the superior how the forest concert had ended in his presence at the monastery.

"So you love music, too? Then I can promise you a treat. If you will live as one of my monks to-night you shall listen to us sing at Benediction. My son, music is the art most divine. It opens for our minds the world unknown, and while under its charm we solve the mysterious problem of life and plan great deeds with which to adorn our days. Ofttimes the ecstatic vision ceases with the dying notes, but it has its value. It is converted into purity of motive and strength of purpose to push forward the practical deeds of life."

Ziribi, listening to the father, felt their relative positions to be not only host and guest, but—was it possible?—master and he, Ziribi, pupil!

"But come," added the father, "you must be weary. Refresh yourself with solitude awhile. We will meet again at the evening meal."

Alone in his cell, Ziribi hastily brushed the dust from his cloak and, after bathing his face, sat down to rest. His little adventure

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absorbed his thoughts. He could almost see the look of horror that would overspread Azraela's face when he would tell him how and where he had spent the night. Ziribi smiled as though now more than ever the boy's fanatic hatred of Christian creed and folk seemed childish. At last his eyes left the casement through which they had been gazing, seeing nothing but the vision within, and as his thoughts journeyed back to the present, they assumed that clear transparent look that showed the mind had closed the doors of recollection and was open to receive the sense impressions. As they glanced around they paused to find they had not observed before the object that now seemed to fill the room. On the wall was hung a crucifix. Ziribi had occasionally seen this Christian emblem, but never before had his mind been interested enough to retain any impression of it. But now, within the monastery walls, he gazed with different eyes upon the sad, carved figure. It was the death-scene of the God of the Christians, of him who had said "Put up thy sword"—prophetic words to a Mohammedan. Ziribi's gaze seemed to penetrate the bare scene before him till he peopled the room with that angry mob on Calvary, and filled out the picture with the scant points his knowledge served him with, until suddenly the grand humiliation of that great Act burst on his soul. The unsatisfied longings of his youth were answered in an ideal that transformed the standards of his life, and the "degradation of the cross" appeared the noblest act of history. From the threshold came the words:

"Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." And Father Silvestro's voice completed the scene his imagination had painted.

"I have come to break your meditations, my child; the meal is ready, and the monks await us."

At the long refectory table Ziribi met the rest of the household. As the meal advanced, the first sharp hunger being satisfied, conversation flowed.

"This age opens a field for us Dominicans," said the father superior; "even now the light of our order is preparing manuscripts that will startle the schools somewhat."

"What, may I ask, is the subject on which he writes?" said Ziribi.

"The great pagan, Aristotle," answered Father Silvestro.

"Aristotle!" repeated Ziribi in surprise, and prepared to battle for his favorite study. "I thought you Christians would have nothing to do with the heathen genius."

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"Ah! but if the Moors will the Christians must; and Thomas of Aquin is forging weapons from the gifted intellect of the Greek to prove the dogmas of the church," answered the monk.

"But, indeed, Alezenna, the Averroist—you will admit his fame—proves by Aristotle beliefs utterly at variance with your faith."

"It is the influence of Averroës we would correct," said the father superior.

"Are words of such shifting import," went on Ziribi, "that, living long after the mind that wrought them into glowing sense, they turn traitors and, with the great name attached, prove first the Christians to be mad, then fill their churches for them?"

"Nay," answered Father Silvestro, admiring the boy's enthusiasm, "you confound the true wisdom of the seer with the chaff of his translators. On the other hand, you might say, When Aristotle lived he did not worship at a Christian altar, how is it that his pagan mind will help us demonstrate our faith? It looks like a paradox, but see the eternal nature of truth. We possess a grain of it. We assent to it because our reason recognizes its lawful food. Where it leads we have no choice but to follow. The ultimate flower of that little grain may blossom when we are dust, but it will live and command assent as long as minds have reason in them. Thus it was with Aristotle. His reason, unaided, taught him many truths. They are ours as they were his. Faith and revelation have but taken us over chasms his finite mind could not bridge. To his great powers, however, we owe much. He left us the touchstone by which to test our reasoning."

"Alezenna explains the method," interrupted Ziribi.

"Then you can appreciate Thomas's work. It is to the white light of the syllogism he submits the doctrines of the church. From the trial they came forth unshaken."

"Why, then, is the study of the pagan forbidden in your schools?"

"Let Aristotle speak for himself and he will do no harm. The danger lies in the mistakes of his translators. Aristotle travelled through many kinds of mind, and as many tongues, before he reached us through you Moors. The church will give him to her children in better form. William of Moerbek is now translating him for Thomas from the original Greek. When the work is done Aristotle, freed from error, will be placed in our

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universities. Could you tarry with us awhile we would teach you the wisdom of the pagan; Alezenna shows you but his shadow."

"Yes," said the reverend superior, "stay but till this day week, and you shall see some of the manuscripts of Thomas. One of our fathers journeys even now from Bologna with the precious vellum to keep us abreast of the world of thought."

"Indeed," answered the Moor, "I would like to see the work, but I would miss my studies."

"Let me be your teacher for that week, Ziribi"; and Father Silvestro's suggestion ended with a period of decision that half shook Ziribi's unfortified intention of return. "Let us pursue for that short time together some trains of thought we struck upon to-day."

Somehow reasons for going were outwitted by reasons for staying, and Ziribi, half willing to give in, found himself at the end of the meal a promised guest until that day week.

Now that I have placed my Mohammedan hero, with intellect keenly interested in the burning questions of the thirteenth century, in the heart of a Dominican monastery, with the wisdom of Saint Thomas Aquinas travelling fast towards him, ye will conclude that a conversion is imminent.

Ziribi delayed, and the end of another week still found him an inhabitant of the cloister. The daily life of the monks attracted him, and the charm of Father Silvestro's cultivated mind soon placed Ziribi in the position of willing pupil rather than of casual guest. Months passed, and Alezenna was lost in a greater teacher.

Autumn winds blowing past a slender, cowled figure in the forest, clad in the familiar woollen habit, gossiped to the burnished leaves about the new monk at the monastery. But the wind was an artless tattler. It did no harm. It swept right over Cordova, and only whistled, and the students coming from the school that day never guessed which way the wind had just blown; but somehow it hung around Azraela until his heart was chilled, and, drawing his haique more tightly about him, with a sigh he hurried on.

PART II.

Five years have gone and we return to the cloister on the hill. Time's grand cycles scarcely pause to consider so short a space, and inanimate things, which seem to be part and parcel of time, partake of this serene complacency. The

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monastery seems in all things to know no change. Is it thus with the monks? Their little lot of three-score-ten must arouse them to the flight of years. For the stone's insensibility they have brains and hearts to finger-mark each hour.

To-day they are all astir. White figures from the garden are hurrying into the chapel; the monks in their cells have dropped their books and pens and are filing out; those in the kitchen lay down their work and hasten with the others until all are assembled within the frescoed walls. Our same superior mounts the steps of the altar to tell the tidings that have reached him. A party of Moors, fully armed, is rumored to have left Cordova to scour the country round to convert the Spaniards or put them to the sword. The little monastery is to be one of the first points of assault. The invaders seem to be headed by a Mohammedan of some renown, one Azraela. At this a tall monk in the choir-loft starts. "Brethren," went on the superior, "the night is coming on, we have no earthly defence; retire to your cells and pray to God that the storm may be averted."

Slowly the chapel empties. One figure in the choir never stirred. Azraela coming to slay his brethren! Azraela still a slave to Mohammed! Ziribi had had his dreams, his ambitions too. He had tasted the sweetness of Christianity, and lived in the hope of making Azraela, his dearest youthful tie, see with his eyes the light of truth. He had waited in vain for a time that seemed propitious, but always the rumors from Cordova told of feeling running high against the Christians, and to-day was not the first that Azraela had been thus mentioned. But now the time was ripe for action. That very night the battle he had jested about with Azraela the last time he had spoken with him would be fought. The Crescent or the Cross must fall. Ziribi's eyes are bright with excitement; he knows the spirit of his boyhood's friend, and his own is wrought up to equal it. Poor indeed appear the monastery's chances against the armed fanatic Moors, yet Ziribi's face seems to express the joy of triumph. Instinctively his hand goes to the side of his girdle; Azraela's would grasp a scimiter. Ziribi's too finds his weapon.

"The flame of my life will not go out until I have kindled a spark in Cordova." He leaves his niche in the choir and, wrapt in the great purpose he intends to accomplish that night, ascends the aisle till he kneels at the foot of the altar. "Ask, and ye shall receive." It was the prayer of faith, sweet-smell-

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ing incense to God. The hours roll on, but Ziribi in his commune with the Eternal knows no time. His kneeling figure is erect and his clear, bright eyes look as though they had pierced the veil of the Tabernacle and looked with a kindling reverence within.

"Azraela would claim us at the point of the sword for Mohammed; let me at the foot of the cross claim them for Thee. My God, with St. Paul I would say, 'I long to be dissolved and be with thee,' but let me not find my ransom in the blood-stained hand of Azraela. To-night perhaps thou wilt call me. So near hast thou come to me, my Lord, that to pray to live is agony, but banish me longer from thy presence and save Azraela from crime." The impassioned prayer went on. "O Mary! O Mother! who knowest what I sacrifice when I pray to live, ask thy Son for the conversion of the friends of my youth."

The shadows deepened till they were lost in gloom, and only the light of the sanctuary lamp flickered before the altar. The moon rose in the heavens till its pale light shone through a window high up in the stone wall of the chapel, and lit with a pallid glow the face of the monk still kneeling there. The moon shone on and silvered the hill-sides, climbing higher behind the clouds, till it pushed them aside and glided out to peer again down into the chapel; but now Ziribi, prostrate on the altar steps, met its clear, cold radiance.

"What think you, Ennez, is it that road or this that will take us to those loud-tongued Dominicans?"

"If I remember aright, the guide said to take the path that wound up the hill," answered the young Moor.

"Let's ask the others; there's no time to be lost chasing wrong roads"; and the two horsemen galloped back to meet the armed company coming across the plain.

But no decisive voice settled the confusion until suddenly the leader spurred his horse a few paces ahead and peered into the forest, then turning in his saddle, he said: "Hush! yonder is one of the foes we seek. What does the friar out so late? We'll track him to his home. Spurs to your steeds, boys, for, by Allah, he goes quickly!"

"Think you not, Azraela, yon monk is turning us away from the convent?" said a younger Moor as he rode up to the leader's side.

"Perhaps there are two paths, Betasho; but," turning to

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Ennez, "is not the light, free step of the monk ahead like Ziribi's? Dost remember him? I can see him that day as he left me at the mosque; his cloak blew round him like the friar's beyond, and the same swinging gait took him away from my view"; and Azraela sighed as he rode.

Now again Betasho asserts that the monk is leading them back to Cordova. But Azraela will not turn. His gaze is riveted on the black figure ahead as though he would make the past live again in the resemblance he sees.

"Wait here!" he shouted back; "I'll see the face of the man ahead if I never make a Mohammedan."

Azraela was excited and did not notice that he never gained on the figure before him, but hurried on as fast as he might through the woods. Out over a plain he dashed just in time to see the monk enter a wood on the left. He feels his horse quiver beneath him as he digs spurs into his tired sides. The monk has vanished within the forest and Azraela fears to lose him, till through a break in the trees he sees him pause on a rocky slope. His own steed can scarce reach the spot. At the foot of the rocks he drops from his saddle and climbs. There stands the monk on the jagged stones, his back toward him. The pointed hood has fallen on his shoulders and his carriage possesses a dignity that suggests power far more than Azraela's armed form.

Azraela clanks his scimiter, but the monk heeds not the noise. Impatient, he advances and touches him on the shoulder.

"Friar, I have followed thee to learn where lies thy home?"

The monk turned and the moonlight shone straight on his face.

"Ziribi, 'tis thou!" and Azraela would have fallen had not Ziribi's arm upheld him.

"Yes," he answered, "for this night have I waited these five years, Azraela."

"But, Ziribi, why this dress? Thou art a Moor."

"'Tis because of my Moorish blood I wait for thee."

"Thou a monk! I came this very night to make the Christians worship the prophet or die. Where hast thou been these many years?"

"Look," said Ziribi, and he pointed to a narrow path in the distance winding round a hill like a thread across the landscape, "and that spire surmounts the tower of our chapel; in the morning take that road, you and your horsemen, in the

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woods, and ere noon you'll rap the knocker at the cloister door. We'll meet again. Azraela, dear heart, I did not forget thee. This night God has answered my prayer."

"What mean you? For what have you prayed?"

"That you might understand. See, even now the veil is torn away?"

Over the whole scene a light as of a hundred moons was spread. The bare branches of the trees with a last quick rustle, like angels' wings, sank into silence, awaiting a beloved Presence. The unwonted radiance converged around the rocky mound and Azraela looked up to see the source of all this glory. On the summit stood a Figure. Every line breathed majesty, while the tender eyes looked with deep ineffable love on Ziribi. The silver light bathed the dark-robed monk as he knelt there in happiness, but the proud Moor stood in the shadow without. At last a countenance of perfect beauty, though marked with exquisite pain, turned toward Azraela. He was forced to his knees. A voice which was sorrow incarnate spoke:

"My son, in my agony I saw thee, and thy unbelief didst add to my bitter cup. On my cross a cry went up for thee, and now behold for whom I weep."

Azraela looked to the west and saw the glittering mosque of Cordova filled with his brethren shouting "Allah is god, and Mohammed is his prophet!" What foolishness it seemed! "Like the Jews and the pagans of yesterday, they will not believe. I weep for those that disown my sacrifice; but the heart of man cannot look on me glorified without loving, and for this, my child, bring me thy brethren."

At that divine commission the heart of the Moslem awakened and he knew his Redeemer.

A trained mind free from the autocrat Prejudice has reason alert to absorb truth wherever it appears. For others if the jewel lies in a hostile camp it is disguised, so that though they capture the enemy their warped eyes find not the "pearl of great price."

When it sees fit, Infinite Justice and Infinite Mercy points truth out, in a flash, lying there perhaps among a thousand of things that birth and race and custom had scorned.

As the Moor gazed the vision left him, and he turned in wonderment to Ziribi; but he too had gone, and, more in the other world than this, Azraela sank to the ground unconscious.

The morning sun finds Ennez with his leader.

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"Ennez, let us be off. He showed me the path to the monastery, and by noon we'll meet him again; my soul is thrilled to the depths and I would not delay."

"Of whom, Azraela, dost thou speak?"

"Of Ziribi, of course."

"Was he the monk in the woods?"

"Yes," answered Azraela dreamily, as he turned and gave a peculiar low whistle which brought his Arabian whinnying to him from his browse in the field.

The mysteries Azraela had witnessed left their impress in the preoccupied greetings with which he met the rest of his band, and the steadfast way he pursued the path pointed out to him, though the tower was no longer visible. The little company wondered what dream in his sleep on the hillside had changed the spirit of their leader. Azraela said not a word of boasting triumph now on their journey toward the monks. But yesterday, as he looked over his followers to judge of their strength and equipments, he was the very embodiment of the character he had chosen.

His firm seat in the saddle and muscular frame physically seconded the temperament his face portrayed. Iron will showed in the strong jaw, though an acute observer would notice that the chin, slightly thrust forward so that the lower lip closed tight on the upper, indicated obstinacy rather than the higher determination lent to the countenance by the repression of self-will. To his companions his wondrous night was a sealed book, but Azraela had perused it well, and the man of yesterday was changed for ever.

The sun took its appointed course, blazing on the frozen ground till here and there it burst the icy bonds of a tiny stream, which, with wild, glad laughter at its freedom, babbled on over its pebbly bed. The cavalcade paused not till it reached the monastery.

Yes, the sun was high in the heavens. Ziribi had said it would be noon.

With a nervous jerk of the knocker Azraela raps on the door. No answer comes. The place looks deserted, and, as the clatter of their horses' hoofs dies away, it leaves the atmosphere strangely quiet. But as Ennez is about to knock again a sound breaks the stillness. "Miserere mei, Deus" sounds on their listening ears.

"Let's around to the chapel; they're at their orisons," said Betasho; and, tying their horses to the neighboring trees, a

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strange group sought entrance at the Dominican chapel. A few had grasped their scimiters, but Azraela's was thrown on the lawn without, as with head uncovered he entered, first, the open door.

The noon-day sun shone through the windows and the door, illuminating the frescoed walls. An old friar's willing brush had pictured there the great scenes of his Master's life, and his heart had added to his skill till the painted walls were eloquent. Clouds of incense half hid the altar, except where the shimmering candles pierced the fragrant veil. Mass was over, and the three priests with the cross before them stepped down from the altar, and, as they chanted, incensed a bier. Azraela sought among the cowled heads to discern Ziribi, but the poise of the pointed hoods must have shown some difference to an anxious eye; he was not there. In an agony of suspense Azraela rushed up the aisle to the head of the bier, and with one movement tore away the cloth and looked at the face reposing there.

"Ziribi!" was the only sound, but, as that cry rent the chapel, Azraela fell across the cold, calm form. A white-haired priest gently raised him from the bier. As he lifted his eyes they turned towards the altar, then wandered back to the dear face. They had met again. Slowly he comprehended the meaning of it all, and with the utmost reverence he bent and kissed the pale brow, then turned to the monks and said:

"Cease your lament. Learn from me that the soul of him you mourn lives in heaven," and in awestruck tones, as though relating God's affairs, Azraela told his vision on the rocky slope.

"We are the conquest of his life. But yesterday we sought you out as enemies. He brings us suppliants to your altar. O Ziribi! when my hour is spent, thou wilt meet me again with our Lord"; and Azraela sank on his knees beside the bier.

A string vibrates on the air as a familiar hand draws the bow until the grand notes of a "Gloria in excelsis Deo" flood the chapel, and monk and Moor, kneeling there together, testify Ziribi's victory.

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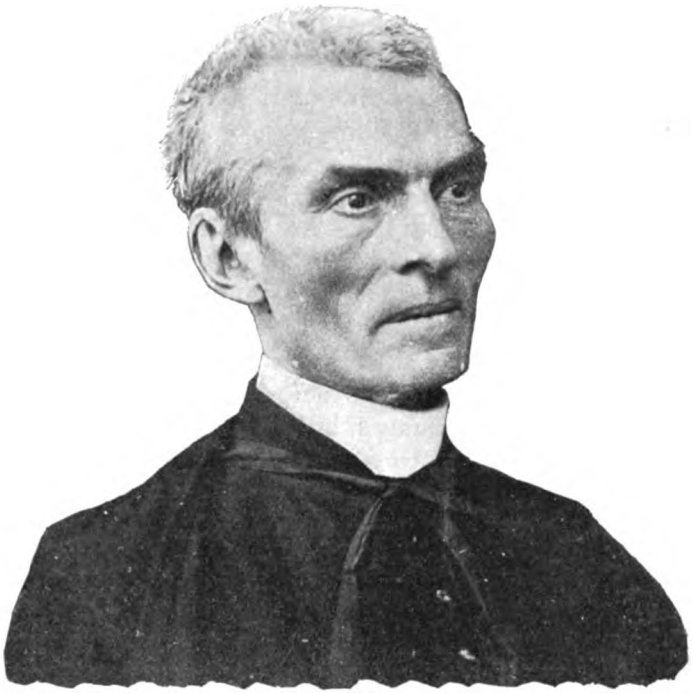

PÈRE EYMARD,
Founder of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

THE PRIEST OF THE EUCHARIST AND HIS APOSTOLATE.

BY E. LUMMIS.

"HOW much the good God has loved me! He has led me by the hand to the Society of the Most Holy Sacrament. All his graces have been a preparation for this, and the Eucharist has been the dominant thought of my whole life!"

We have before us a picture of the zealous Apostle of the Eucharist in this our day, Père Julien Eymard, founder of two religious orders: of the Priests' Eucharistic League—Prêtres Adorateurs—and of kindred associations and works that were to reach all classes of society, and unite them in loving adoration before the tabernacle.

A most ascetic face, truly, consumed as it were by an interior fire, and bearing the impress of an indomitable will and unflinching mortification of self. Yet in life the strength and severity of his countenance were ever softened by a smile and ex-

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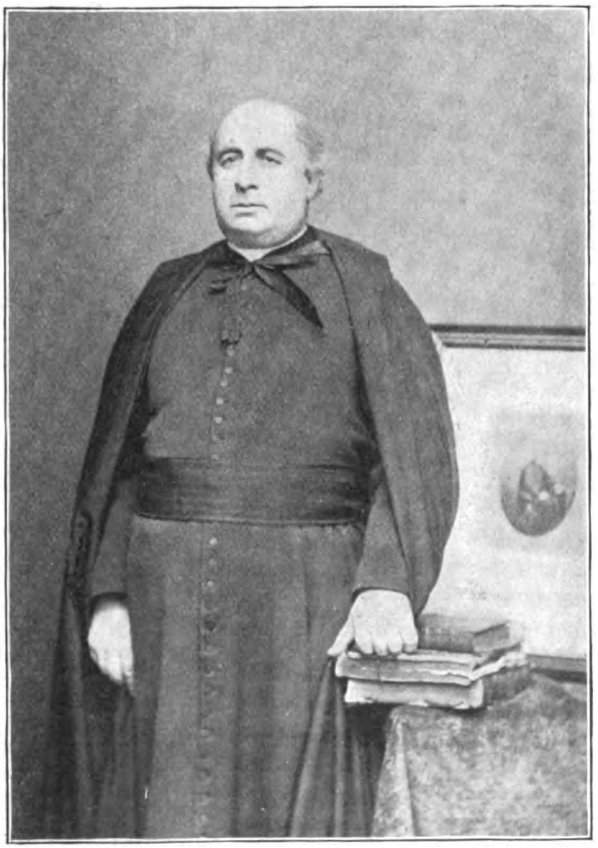
pression of benign and winning sweetness. We would fain, did space permit, portray something of the interior nobility of soul that made him what he was—that laid, in entire annihilation of self, the foundation of a personal influence vast and universal.

Peter Julien Eymard was born at La Mure d'Isère, in the south of France, on February 4, 1811. His first baby steps followed his pious mother in her daily visits to the church, and his infant soul turned to the tabernacle as an opening flower to the sun.

He loved the Eucharist almost as soon as he was conscious of his own existence, and at four years of age envies his elder sister's frequent Communions, and begs her to pray that he may be "gentle, and pure, and good, and may one day become *a priest*." Thus early do the impressions of Divine grace manifest themselves. The Eucharist is ever the law of his life, and once a priest himself, he yearns to sanctify the priesthood, and to light in the very sanctuary the undying flame that shall burn before the tabernacle.



R. P. TESNIÈRE, SUPERIOR-GENERAL IN 1890.

Though blest with a God-given innocence, Père Eymard attained the height of sanctity, as all must, by continual effort. It was to him but a greater incentive to perfection, and the record of his early years tells of his ardor for the sacraments, his unflinching self-restraint, and his rigorous penance.

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The remembrance of his First Communion brings tears to his eyes thirty years after, for it was in that ineffable moment of his first interview with our Lord that he promised to become a priest.

EXPOSITION OF AVENUE FRIEDLAND, PARIS.

There were many obstacles to be overcome ere his vocation could be carried out, but at last, after three or four years of edifying preparation in the seminary at Grenoble, he was one of the first admitted to the tonsure, a mark of superior virtue as well as excellence in his studies.

His notes of retreat have been preserved, and one can follow step by step his growth in grace, and wonder at the persistent and heroic efforts he makes to detach his heart from all earthly affections, that he may be wholly fashioned and moulded to the Master's will.

The Eucharistic grace is marked and ever increasing. He lives, as it were, in the shadow of the tabernacle, and traces to it every inspiration of his life.

He was ordained in 1834, and labored for five years in Chatte, and later in Monteynard, as parish priest, where his memory is still held in loving veneration by the poor, among whom he "went about doing good."

But he felt a higher call, and entered the Oblates of Mary, then recently founded. The rude trials inseparable from all beginnings, by a merciful design of Providence, thus prepared him for those through which later he was to lead others.

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He rose to eminence in his order and was made provincial, but neither honors nor varied and engrossing responsibilities ever weakened his love for his Divine Master. But now the graces of his life were to bear greater fruit. His life-long attraction pursues him. He longs to bring the whole world to our Lord in the Eucharist, by preaching, by interior direction. He promises henceforth to devote himself to this end.

"One afternoon in January, 1851," relates Père Eymard a few days before his death, "I went to Notre Dame de Fourvières. One thought absorbed me: our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament had no religious order of men to honor him in this Mystery of Love, no religious body making the Eucharist the one object to which their lives should be consecrated. *One is needed.* I promised Mary to devote myself to carrying out this idea." He added, with indescribable emotion, "Oh, what hours I passed there!"

"Did you then see Our Lady, that you were so strongly impressed?" some one asked.

This was a vital question. He had not expected it. A "yes" rose to his lips, but was half repressed through humility. They dared not question him further as to the particulars of this vision, but from that moment, as he continued to relate, he devoted himself to the labor of founding an order expressly devoted to the Blessed

MONSTRANCE AT AVENUE FRIEDLAND, PARIS.

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Sacrament with an ardor and perseverance that overcame all obstacles.

Four years were to elapse before the foundation of the new order — years of painful suspense and trial.

HABIT OF THE SERVANTS OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

On one hand, Père Eymard was restrained by the rules of prudence, of religious obedience, the fear of delusion, the thought of his own unworthiness and frail health. On the other, drawn by an irresistible attraction, and dreading to be unfaithful to the call of God. He submitted the idea of the order and a draft of the Rules to His Holiness Pius IX., who blessed and commended the work, saying the church had need of it.

But the end was not far off. First came however, to Père Eymard, the greatest sacrifice of his life. He must renounce his vocation as Marist, and break asunder the ties of seventeen years of mutual toil and religious affection. His nature was in the Garden of Olives. When the final moment came he was sent by his superiors to make a retreat in order to decide the question that had cost him such terrible mental struggles. Three bishops were to judge the matter. Père Eymard put himself wholly into the hands of God, submitting to every possibility.

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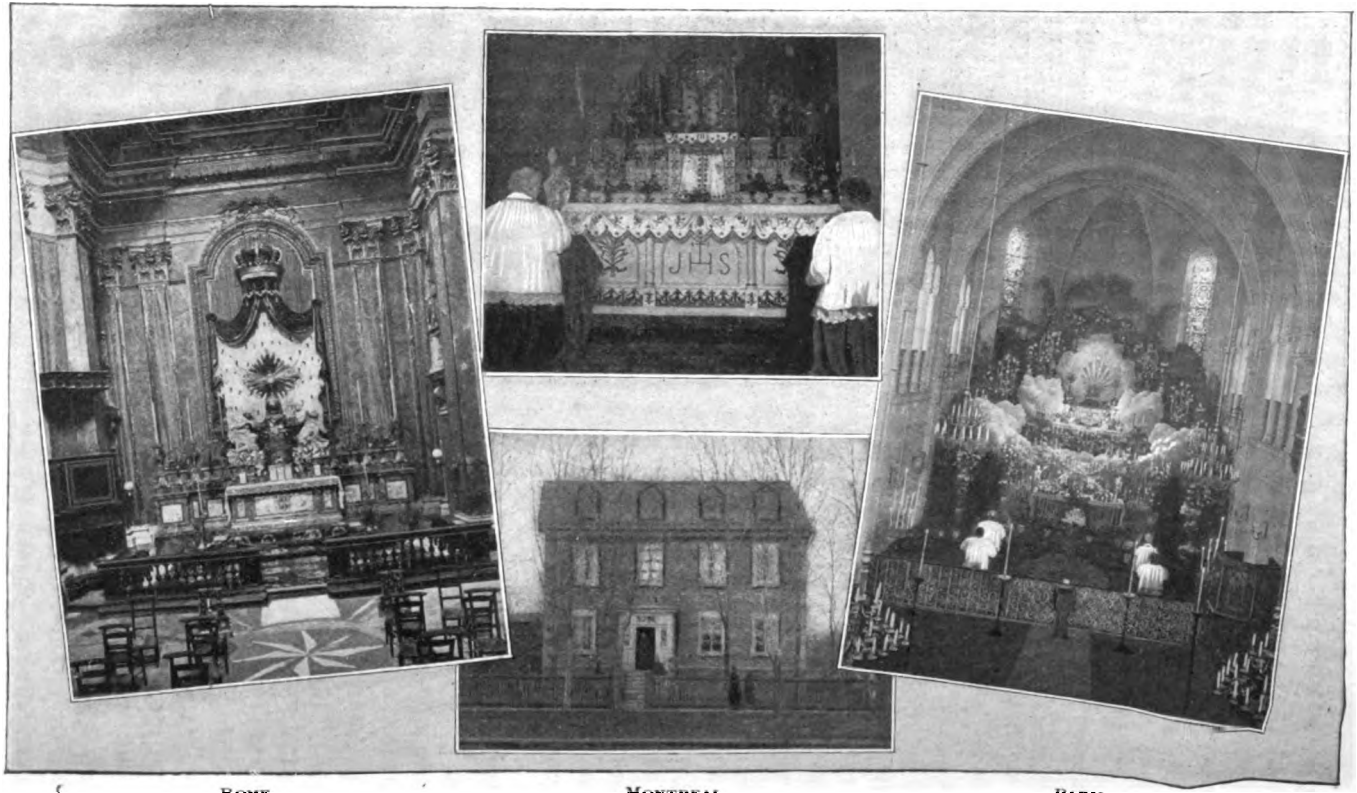

ROME. MONTREAL. PARIS.

FIRST HOUSE OF MONTREAL FOUNDATION.

CHAPELS OF THE FATHERS OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT AT ROME, MONTREAL, AND PARIS.

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But when the difficulties seemed insurmountable, God himself cleared them away. The three venerable prelates came to an unanimous decision, and declared that God's will was too clearly manifested to admit of any further doubt, and that henceforward Père Eymard must devote himself to this work alone.

He had at first only two companions, Peter and John, but the supper-room was ready. The Archbishop of Paris, most anxious to assist the work, gave them a temporary dwelling in a house formerly occupied by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Here the "Religious of the Most Holy Sacrament" began their work like true apostles, sharing the absolute poverty of their Divine Master. Their first years were marked by trials of every kind, but Pius IX. blessed anew the work and its author, enriching it with precious indulgences, and signing the laudatory brief with his own hand.

The object of the society was to honor the Holy Eucharist by means of the perpetual exposition. The religious lived to adore, to honor, to serve our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and were It taken away they would cease to be. They were not to refuse all external apostolate, but were to confine themselves to those works bearing more directly upon their one noble end.

Jesus Christ, though annihilated and concealed under the sacramental veils, is yet King of Heaven and Earth. His children, therefore, should seek by their interior sacrifices and external honor to restore to him the homage he has sacrificed for our love, and continue upon earth a service that corresponds as far as possible to the glorious adoration of the saints and angels in heaven. "Our Lord will be taken from his tabernacle. He will be exposed. He will reign. His religious, therefore, form his court upon earth. He is the Master, and they are the servants whose sole occupation will be to minister to His Divine Person."

They are not to share the toils of the missionary, or devote themselves to any absorbing ministry. "They only serve the Royal Presence, and take care that the *Master is never left alone.*"

Père Eymard's religious meet in common, without any privileges, following the model of family life, and united solely by the bond of Divine Love.

Adoration is their distinctive duty, and all others are subservient to this. Each religious devotes two hours during the

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day, and one at night, to adoration, the Blessed Sacrament being perpetually exposed.

The Divine Office is recited standing and in choir. There are no severe penances or fasts, but the spirit of the order is that of entire self-annihilation. One must be always and everywhere at the Master's service, must refer to him all personal honor, talents, and distinction. The religious are ever encouraged to give to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament the homage of a love that reaches the heroism of self-sacrifice as a natural expression of duty. "To think always of the Master, to work for the Master, with one's eyes ever upon the Master, and not upon earthly things."

TABERNACLE DOOR AT MOTHER CHURCH AT AVE. FRIEDLAND, PARIS.—SYMBOLICAL GROUP REPRESENTING THE WORKS OF THE SOCIETY.

To the silent homage of the heart is joined an apostolate of zeal for the religious of the Most Holy Sacrament. They are to spread throughout the world the incendiary spark lighted in their own hearts and to bring all classes of society under the influence of the Sun of divine love.

By the work of the "First Communion of Poor Adults" Père Eymard brought to our Lord numbers of children and young persons who had passed the age when they could have entered the parochial catechism classes, or were unable to attend by reason of the long hours of work in the factories and shops. "The number of persons who have not made their First Communion is very great," he used to say; "and a young man who has not this safeguard is in great danger. He has no restraint over his passions. Later he becomes a bad father, and often a dangerous citizen." Père Eymard sought out these poor souls, and after developing their stunted intelligences, and

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teaching them the truths of religion, obtained from their employers a short holiday of a day or two, and gave them a retreat. Then, dressed in holiday apparel, provided by charitable hearts, they made their First Communion, and, after a little feast for the body, went away rejoicing. This work has borne most consoling fruits. The children, later, bring their parents, or an elder sister or brother, for the blessing of a Communion, and are encouraged to return every year to perform their Paschal duty in the chapel so full of sweet memories.

By means of the "Aggregation of the Blessed Sacrament" and the Guard of Honor Père Eymard opened a vast field for cultivation. By these associations the laity were led to share in the Perpetual Adoration, by giving an hour weekly or monthly to this gracious duty. These adorers were further sanctified by means of sermons and pious leaflets, and encouraged to devote themselves especially to Eucharistic works, to assist in preparing the poor for First Communion, and to provide for the

INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT, MONTREAL.

administration of the Viaticum. These associations have already found favor in our own country. Besides the members of the Aggregation, as represented by the house of the Fathers of the Most Holy Sacrament in Montreal, the Church of St. Francis

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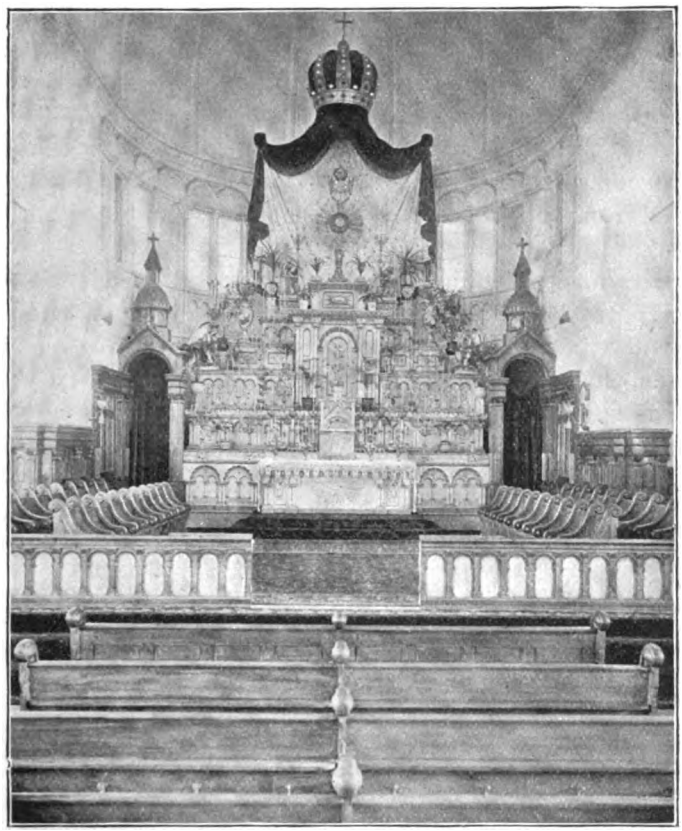
Xavier, New York, has registered in four months nearly 900 persons making a weekly adoration at consecutive hours, and the Rev. Father Smythe, of New Bedford, Mass., counts in the



ALTAR AND EXPOSITION OF MONTREAL CHURCH.

Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament 2,200 members. Père Eymard founded, in 1851, a religious order for women under the title of "Servants" of the Most Holy Sacrament, with the same end and rule as the Priests', and sharing the favor of the perpetual adoration. It is, however, a wholly contemplative order.

But the *priesthood* was ever his first and dearest affection. Besides providing a shelter in his religious houses for those whom he called "the veterans of the sacred ministry," and giving retreats to the clergy, he longed to secure to consecrated hearts a means of keeping alive the spirit of prayer, the divine food of recollection, which, amid the labors of parish duty,

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they are so seldom permitted to enjoy. Thus was founded the Priests' Eucharistic League, numbering in 1894 29,310 inscribed members. Of these 360 belonged to the United States. The American members, now numbering 2,500, held their first convention at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, in August, 1894, and this meeting has resulted in the Eucharistic Congress at Washington. The association unites the priesthood in the fraternal bond of Jesus Christ, requiring them to spend one hour every week in adoration before the tabernacle, leading them to come from the Eucharist as Moses from Sinai, or the Apostles from the Cenacle, full of fire to announce the Divine Word.

Père Eymard died in 1868, worn out with his labors and his zeal. His body rested in death before the very altar at La Mure where as a little child, coming to "listen to Jesus," he had been won to his service for ever. But in thirty years his order has spread throughout Europe and found a congenial soil in America. There are five houses of the order in France, and others at Rome, Brussels, and Montreal.

It is consoling to be told that in Paris, where wickedness and infidelity so abound, the stone steps leading to the Chapel

PÈRE CHAUVET, RELIGIOUS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT, WHO DIED IN THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

of the Perpetual Adoration are continually worn away by the thronging multitude of adorers, rich as well as poor, who

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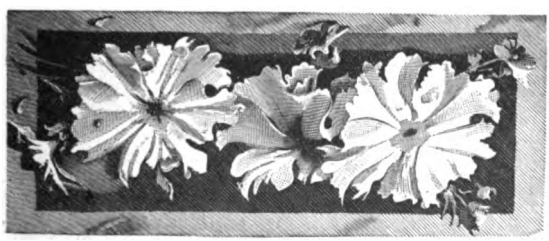
haunt the sanctuary, and that gentlemen of rank and fortune share the nocturnal adoration with the poor artisan. "One hears confessions there from morning to night," remarked one of the fathers to me not long ago.

It was my good fortune recently to visit the church of the order in Montreal, of which the accompanying photographs give some impression. It was crowded to the doors. The high altar, resplendent with flowers and lights, was a brilliant sight. In front of the regal mantle an imposing ostensorium told of the Divine King, ever waiting to bless his children. Within the sanctuary priests were kneeling in adoration, while outside the railing members of the Guard of Honor, distinguished by the white ribbon and medal of service, shared their watch. The soft strains of the "Tantum Ergo" trembled in the air. But far above all evanescent beauty of ceremonial was the deep and lasting impression of the Living Presence of the King—loved and publicly reverenced as became the reality of Faith. It was the central, the crowning mystery of religion accentuated in a manner that must eventually leave its impress upon the times. There is a future for the Eucharistic devotion in America, and the fire is already kindled. Père Eymard sleeps in peace, but his spirit lives on in the order he has founded. What could be more impressive than his almost dying words to his loved children: "What does it matter if I am taken away? Have you not always the Holy Eucharist?"



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BLESSED MARY.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

THE pale silver light of a soft southern night
Is less bright than the light of her presence;
And the lay of the lark, as he scatters the dark,
Is less sweet than the laugh of her pleasance;
And her mien and the sheen
Of her eyes show the queen,
Though her garb is as rough as a peasant's.

And the gold of her hair, and the gold of her fair
And bewitchingly beautiful features,
Make of Mary the light, make of Mary the bright,
The most lissom and lovely of creatures;
And the rose of her mouth,
Like the rose of the south,
Makes her sweet lips the purest of preachers.

Oh! the forehead of pearl of this amber-haired girl,
And her eyes full as blue as a beryl,
And their long silken fringe, and her cheeks' rosy tinge,
And her figure as straight as a ferule,
All have entered my heart
And refined every part,
And have made a life bloom that was sterile.

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A diamond of blue is less perfect or true,
Is less pure than my star of the ocean;
And the smile is as bright as an alexandrite,
Of the lady that owns my devotion.
Oh! the beautiful doe,
Nor the cygnet can show,
So much grace as my Mary in motion.

I can see the maid now with her low, pensive brow,
And her round, open throat, and the jasper
Of rosy-red lips that are pressed to the tips
Of the fingers of Him who would clasp her:
The most beautiful Child,
Little Jesus the Mild,
Who is putting His arms up to grasp her.

I can hear her low voice, and my pulses rejoice
As they beat to the musical measure;
I can see the swift blush, as the Child with a rush
Flings His arms round His beautiful treasure;
As He laughs in His glee,
While the Maiden Marie
Sweetly smileth to see the Boy's pleasure.

I can see the warm light of her eyes in the night,
As she looks at me out of the glooming;
And her young piquant face, all illumined with grace,
Sets the flowers of my heart all a-blooming;
And the scent of her hair,
Floating out on the air,
Is the violets, the night-winds perfuming.

And I press the pink tips of her fingers to lips
That have learned to belaud her and love her;
And I thrill to the touch of her hand overmuch,
With a joy born of Heaven above her;
While the Seraphim sing,
Silver wing unto wing,
And the Cherubim round her head hover.

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Oh! what is the worth of the beauties of earth
Compared unto that of my jewel?
Or what is the grace of a beautiful face
If the heart be corrupted and cruel?
I cry "fie!" on the light
Of an eye like the night,
When the life is a dark one and dual.

Give, give me the maid of the amber-bright braid,
Sweet Mary, the virginal mother:
My dove and my love, pure as heaven above,
In the eyes of our Saviour and Brother.
Oh! the Maiden Marie
Is the true-love of me,
And I want not the love of another.

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HOW WE PACKED THE "MISSIONARY BOX."

BY ROBERT J. ANDERSON.

WELL, if thet ain't wuth more'n ninepence then I ain't no judge. Why, you can't get stockings like thet in Shepard Norwell's for less'n six shillings, and these was knit by old Miss' Kingsbury. I know when she knit 'em, too. 'Twas jest before the Mexican War, and thet was the most outrageous war 'twas ever trumped up for nothin' 'tall, 'cept to make this country bigger'n 'twas. Land sake! it's big enough now, goodness knows. I don't know as I object much how bigger it gets, if the people is all God-fearing. Well, Josiah Kingsbury he was a man that was terribly fond of adventure, and when he heard of the war down in Mexico, there wan't nothing thet could hold him back. His wife she cried and took on dreadful; and his mother she come over, and she reasoned and argued, but it wan't the least mite of use. So Miss' Kingsbury she sent for her sister—she 'twas Mary Ann Brummitt—and she come, and she argued, and she reasoned, and at last she stormed and scolded.

"Well, Josiah Kingsbury wan't to be moved by such means as them, and he jest held up his head as peart as any of 'em; and when they was all through, he says, says he: 'Now, Jessie, I'm a-going, and I'm a-coming back a general.'

"And I believe he would-a-too, but he got killed down in some outlandish place among them Mexicans, and so he never come back; but General Scott he said that Capting Kingsbury was as brave a man as ever he see.

"I do wonder how she could part with thet pair of stockings."

The ladies were assembled in the "sitting-room" of Mrs. Stone's house, in the old town of Shakum, in one of the New England States. Their purpose was to pack the "missionary box."

The Congregational church in the town of Shakum was at this time in a flourishing condition, and the ladies who were assembled on this October morning were well known as church-members to all the Conference round for their charity to the

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poor, and the large annual subscriptions they made to the American Board. Ever since the migration had begun in the thirties to "the West," they had regularly sent their "annual box" to the missionaries "out West." The packing of this box was attended with a great deal of formality, and a hearty turkey dinner which accompanied it was not the least important feature of the occasion. The box was regularly packed on the last Thursday of October; this day of the week being chosen because "most of the clutter of the first part of the week was got out of the way by Thursday," as Miss Goodnow said.

About six weeks before this the minister would announce in the meeting on Sunday morning, and again in the afternoon, the following notice: "The missionary box will be packed at Mrs. Stone's the last Thursday of October. All those people who have donations of clothing for the missionaries and their families will send them before that date to Mrs. Stone's house." Then perhaps the "Missionary Hymn" would be sung, and I remember on more than one occasion a sermon was preached on missions.

The bundles and packages kept coming in daily, and a special closet was kept set apart for their reception; there they were stored unopened until the eventful day which was appointed for their packing arrived. These packages contained clothing both old and new, worn and sound, but in all cases fit for use, and, as we shall see, much of it representing a great deal of self-denial. A good Yankee housewife would have despised herself had she sent anything for the "missionary box" which would have been rejected by the committee.

What a day it was when they assembled at Mrs. Stone's house in Shakum! Strong, burly women, some of them hitching their own horses in the sheds near the Stones' house, and politely refusing assistance from the boys who were ready enough to help them if required. At last by ten o'clock they would be all there, and the work of untying bundles, putting strings in shape for future use, and the pricing of each article kept them all very busy. There was the great, generous, huge-mouthed box itself, looking as if its capacity was too large to be filled, a fitting symbol of the big-heartedness of these generous people. This box, with a pair of splendid blankets, was the gift of Mr. Stone, who was a wholesale dealer in dry goods in the city.

Such was, and no doubt still is, in many a town in New

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England the annual custom; and many of my readers will recognize old friends around the table at Mrs. Stone's before we part company. Mrs. Stone was president of the "Sewing Circle," and had been chairman of the Committee on the Missionary Box for years; and on this day, when old Mrs. Kingsbury's stockings had developed such a flood of recollections from Mrs. Wheelock, she was trying to preserve her gravity of countenance, and at the same time endeavoring to keep a record of each article, and the value thereof, in a little book which she had convenient for that purpose. This was the invariable custom, and the reason given was this: "The Merchants' Dispatch must know the value of the contents of the box, and so we have to tell them as accurately as we can."

I believe some of these ladies would have felt guilty of falsehood if they had put a value on the box without the trouble of pricing each separate article. I will not say either that another reason for estimating so carefully the value of their box was that they might be able to exult over, if possible, "the largest box in the Conference being sent from Shakum."

"Well now," said my aunt, "I want to know if Mrs. Lincoln hain't sent that barége dress that she had made the fall when Tom Thumb was to the Town Hall! She's got so fat late years she can't wear it no more, and she was awful choice of it too. I see her the last time, I guess, she ever had it on. 'Twas that summer the lightning struck so many places down back of our house in the woods. I was out one day in the middle of July, and 'twas hotter'n mustard, and the sweat run like rain. I met Miss' Lincoln up on the new road by the old red house, and she did look uncomfortable I can tell you. I actually thought that she'd just burst right straight through that dress."

"And I do declare if it ain't about as good as new. She set a store by this I know, and I should think she would hate to part with it," remarked Miss Whitney, as she put it aside after a careful survey of the garment through her gold-bowed spectacles, and from between the false curls that hung like two bunches of black-walnut shavings beside her cheeks. "It's just in apple-pie order. There ain't a moth-hole nor a worn breadth in it. Why, it must be worth ten dollars, Mrs. Stone; what do you think?"

"Here are some of poor old Widow Hemenway's stockings that she knit herself," said Mrs. Tarbox. "I was there the other day, and she is as chipper as a squirrel in nut-time. You

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wouldn't think anything about her being blind to hear her talk. I told her that these stockings was worth seventy-five cents, and she just laughed at the idea. Well, says I, if they ain't worth that much, you'll just have to let the Lord price 'em, because you're a-giving 'em to the Lord, and he will pay you for 'em, and a good price too. Then she just looked kind of solemn for a minute, and said: 'You don't suppose the Lord cares anything about blue yarn stockings, do you?'"

While these little conversations and anecdotes were being rehearsed in various parts of the room Mrs. Stone made her notes as the different articles were appraised, and also made sundry trips to the kitchen, to see after the dinner. About half-past eleven the work was suspended, and a short rest taken. The children came in from school, bashful and blushing to hear the comments made by the kindly women, who were glad to see them. Then all went out to dinner.

There was in Mrs. Stone's family the *enfant terrible* of whom she could never say, "There you are." This was Arthur.

The day before this packing day, when his mother was making a pudding such as only her skilled hands or those of some of the same family could make, he was there. His many questions became annoying, and at last in an unfortunate moment his mother made a remark that sent him away fast enough, but which he reproduced the next day, to her great consternation.

Dinner progressed; the boys had picked their drum-sticks; the ladies had praised the cooking of the turkey, to Mrs. Stone's delight, but at the same time thinking in their hearts that their own method was far better. They were generous eaters too, and turkey, with potatoes, Hubbard squash, onions, celery, cranberry sauce, with the rich giblet-gravy and stuffing, made a good foundation for the pies and pudding which came on for a "second course." The ladies were all helped, and all the children had their share of pudding, when Mrs. Stone turned to her youngest: "Arthur, my child, will you have some pudding?" Every one turned to see the rosy-cheeked lad; and he in his high, soft voice replied, "No, I thank you. I saw it made."

A curious expression of the face was observed on more than one of those at the table.

"I was mortified most to death. What possessed you to say such a thing?" said his mother that night.

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"Why, mother," said the boy naïvely, "you told me yesterday to go out of the kitchen, because if I was round when you were making things and saw them being made, I wouldn't want to eat them. And I didn't." What reply could be made to this?

Later in the afternoon, when the box was about full, there came out of a newspaper parcel a long-tailed broadcloth coat, which seemed to be quite new. It was "a real fine garment," as Mrs. Eaton truly said; but where it came from was a matter of conjecture until the hero of the dinner-table was questioned. He asserted that "old maid Hains" had left it at the door, and that he had taken it and put it in the closet, and forgotten to tell anything about it.

"But," said Mrs. Dutton, "how did she come 'by it? It does seem queer that old maid Hains should have a man's coat to give away."

"Yes, of course it does seem kind of peculiar; but I know the history of that coat," said Mrs. Theobald, a good-natured, fat and rosy old lady of seventy-five; "and more'n that, it's a mighty interesting history too."

When Mrs. Theobald told a story it was always a good one, and she possessed the rare faculty of not telling the same one more than once. So she was listened to with greater attention.

"You see, when old maid Hains was a girl, she was the liveliest and spryest of all them Hainses, and they were a wide-awake crowd too. She was a regular harum-scarum thing when she got on a horse, side-saddle too; and without anything but a halter she'd make that animal gallop and jump like all possessed over ditches and fences, just like a man. She was engaged to a young man by the name of Rice, from over to Medway. His father was Aaron Rice, who was married to her 'twas Lucy Starbuck, whose father, Sam'l Starbuck, kept the cider-mill near Grout's Corners. He made good cider too, and father used to say it was strong enough to draw a ton load of hay. Well, as I was saying, old maid Hains that is now, she was engaged to Stephen Rice, of Medway. They do say they met at the cider-mill first, and that it was a case of love at first sight. So whenever Mr. Hains had to go over to the Corners, Patience she had to go too; and somehow or another Stephen Rice he always was there. Things went on this way for a year or so, till one day young Rice he came a driving all the way from Medway up to Salem and to the Hainses. He

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had no end of bear's grease on his hair, and tallow on his best cowhide boots, and his clothes looked as nice as if they'd just come out of the band-box. He drove up, hitched his horse to the fence, and went right into the barn, where Mr. Hains was to work in the hay. He didn't waste no time, and says he: 'Mr. Hains, I just drove over from Medway to see you on a little matter of business.' Mr. Hains he got right down from the haymow, and came out into the yard to see what the matter was.

"Now, the Hainses and the Rices both of 'em set great store by themselves. Miss' Rice's great-grandmother on her mother's side was an Edwards, and Mr. Hains's wife's mother she was a Mather, some sort of relation to the eminent divine of that name.

"So when Stephen Rice asked Mr. Hains for Patience, he said: 'Come right in, young man, and see mother and Patience.' So in they went, and there was Miss' Hains peeling apples for pie, and Patience, with her sleeves rolled up, making pastry. They both jumped up, and Mr. Hains he said: 'Mother, here's young Mr. Rice wants to know if he can have our Patience there—I don' know as you can get along without her unless you keep a hired girl.'

"Miss' Hains she just put her apron up to her face and she cried, and Patience she ran right out of the room. Well, the upshot of it all was that after a little bit of haggling, which I guess was more for form's sake than sincerity, the marriage was agreed upon, and Stephen Rice he drove back to Medway after dinner the happiest man you ever see.

"I remember the Sunday they was cried in meeting, and all the people craned their necks to look at the Hains's pew; but Patience she wan't there. Well, they did make the greatest preparations for the wedding because it was going to be in the First Church, and everybody from far and near was going. Patience and her mother they went to the city by the coach that used to run then on what we call the 'old turnpike.' Stephen Rice he met them in Boston, and went shopping with them, and did considerable courting too I guess. There was people sewing up at the Hains's for a whole week before the wedding was to come off.

"Well, the day came at last, and a fine hot day in July it was. All the church windows were open, and there wan't a vacant seat except the two front ones for the wedding party. There hadn't been such a crowd in the church since old Priest

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Howe was installed there twenty-five years before. The new organ was a-playing, and the instruments was a-going on doing their best to render good music, like the 'Ode on science,' 'Fly like a youthful hart or roe,' and a lot more.

"At last old Mr. Howe came out and sat down on the platform behind the pulpit. Every one expected that they had come, and turned their heads to see. But there wan't any one there. Pretty soon Mr. Hains's best carriage came driving up, and in they all come and went up to the minister's pew. Mr. Hains spoke to Deacon Strong, and he shook his head. He was asking if the Rices had come yet. Well, they waited for nigh onto an hour, and then my big brother, who told me this story, and Jim Armstrong, who married her that was Rebecca Carter, they got on horseback and started off to see where the bridegroom was. They took the old path to Medway, and near Eames's old red house they met the whole family of the Rices with the dead body of Stephen.

"It seems he was bound to ride horseback so as to get there before the rest of the family, and the horse threw him off in some way, and there he was lying dead in the road with the horse near by when the rest of the family come along.

"I don't think I will ever forget the excitement. Mr. Hains was called out first, and then he took out Patience and was going to tell her that something had happened; but before he could help it she saw Stephen's dead body. She gave just one look at it, and said, 'Perhaps it is better so,' and they took her home.

"They carried Stephen into the church and laid him down on the communion-table in front of the pulpit, and Mr. Howe he preached like one inspired, on Sudden Death, for three-quarters of an hour. Then the choir sang:

"'How long, dear Saviour, oh! how long
Shall that bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.'

"Patience, she went home and went to work as if nothing had happened. When she stood up the next Sunday in church she was dressed all in black, just like she dresses now. They say she never smiled again. That's over sixty years ago."

While this story was telling Mrs. Eaton had found a little scrap of paper in a pocket of the coat. Can anything

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escape the eye of a Yankee housekeeper?' It contained these words:

"I have kept this coat in memory of one whom I loved. And as it has kept my heart warm toward him, so may it keep your body warm, whoever may receive it. P. H."

"There, that just shows I was telling the truth. That is Stephen Rice's wedding coat; the one he had on when he was killed."

Mrs. Stone remarked as she placed it on the top of all the other things in the box:

"There are hearts going out to the missionaries as well as clothing."

CUPID'S COMING.

BY WALTER LECKY.

A YOUNG man sat,
Of this and that
To think, beneath a shady tree;
When tit-a-tat
And pit-a-pat
A little elf came running free.

His rounded head
To curls a-wed,
His talking eyes of merry blue,
And by his side
A quiver hide,
From whence an arrow dart he drew.

Fie, fie! the shame,
But true the aim,
He cleft the youngster's heart in twain.
And from that day,
So legends say,
Date all our castles built in Spain.

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NAVAJO CAPTAIN TOM, FORT DEFIANCE.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT.

BY M. J. RIORDAN.

RATTLESNAKES, tarantulas, centipedes, bronchos, Gila monsters, horned toads, cactuses, manzanitas, Spanish daggers, sand-dunes, deserts, mirages, scalps, war-whoops, savages—how spontaneously these horrors associate themselves in the popular mind with the word Arizona! It may not be truthfully denied that each one of the desolations enumerated is perfectly at home in one part or another of the vast Territory,

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though many of them are languishing and soon will have perished from the earth.

THE PASSING OF THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

The Indian group, for instance, is fast passing away. War-whoops are scarce articles even now, and of no commercial value except in literary trades. Scalps are becoming more numerous, but, in the present year of grace, they are used to conceal the shafting and cogs and friction-pulleys in the head, instead of gracing, as in days gone by, the handsome tennis-belts one time affected by the suave Apache. The Indian himself is with us yet, but not so ostentatiously as a few years ago. Then he was a mightily important factor in the life of every white man in the Territory; now he becomes an object of remark in much the same manner as the weather does. In those days if the Apache or Hualapai told the settler to ride with his face toward the tail of his broncho, the settler obeyed; if the Indian said "Git," the settler forthwith "got." But the whirligig of time has brought a new order of things, and now the Apache and the Hualapai and the Mojave and the Supai and the Navajo and the Hopi are but slightly in evidence. They serve merely as a dash of color on the landscape, as a novelty for the entertainment of the sentimental traveller, or as a thorn in the otherwise comfortable berth of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior. As an element of fear, they enter into the mind of the *fin de siècle* Arizonian to about the same degree that the Fiji Islander does in the mind of the New York swell.

It is surprising how quickly events take on the air of antiquity in these our rapid times. So distant now seems the barbarity of the Apache outbreaks to the majority of our people that I doubt very much whether the name Indian would do respectable service as a bogey with which to frighten children. The day of the aborigine is indeed past. All our thought of him is covered with the merciful haze of time, which in his case, as in so many another, conceals, in great measure, the ugliness and the cruelty, and leaves before the eye the softer features only.

The traveller of to-day, passing through Arizona by either of the railways that cross the Territory, sees nothing of the Indian beyond the few frayed-out specimens that haunt the railway stations, seeking the gullible passenger whom they may wheedle out of "two bits" for a peep at a papoose, or for a

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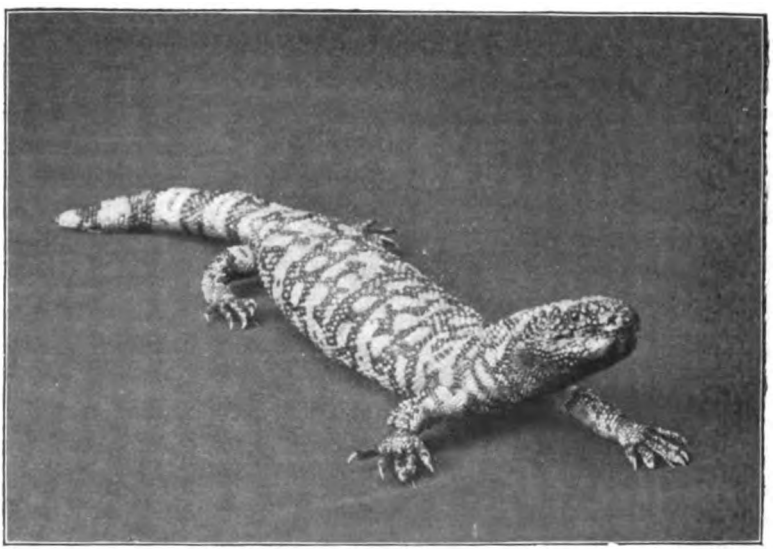
ridiculous image in pottery, presumably a god, but really a fake. These railway-station Indians are not by any means fair representatives of the territorial tribes. On the reservations, far removed from towns, may still be found the tall, straight, eagle-eyed giants of song and story. But the spirit is gone from the latter quite as much as from the former. The vices of civilization have broken the bodies while ruining the souls of the station hangers-on; but the physique, at least, of the reservation Indian has been spared. The one, however, is now as harmless as the other so far as the white man is concerned. Indeed, the Indian is no longer a terror in the land.

SERPENT JURISPRUDENCE.

In many parts of the Territory rattlesnakes, and the kindred species of pests hereinbefore duly set forth, have their habitat.



GILA MONSTER.

The danger from these, as from the Indians, exists far more in imagination than in fact. The purpose of rattlesnakes' creation surely was not to harass humankind, though they seem, incidentally, to serve this end with a considerable measure of success. In actual life no more obliging set of creatures can be found than these same rattlesnakes, tarantulas, etc. Give them half the road, or a full quarter even, and you may go through life in the very midst of snakedom, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," so far as they are concerned. They are quite able

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to protect their own interests, however, and are fully conscious of their capabilities in this respect. They are not given to vain boasting nor to offensive swagger, but, though such be true, it is well to be careful in the matter of treading on their tails. If you observe the proper forms of etiquette toward them while in their preserves, they will do as much by you. With them "might is not always right." Indeed, rattlesnakes and their fellows are not the reckless free-booters they are popularly believed to be. Respect them, and you in turn will be respected; interfere with their inalienable right to possess their tails in peace, and the chances are that you will be gathered to your fathers with neatness and despatch.

MONSTROUS VEGETATION.

Gustave Doré used all the power of his mighty brush to express utter abandonment to desolation in his picture "Hagar in the Wilderness." Cliffs of naked rock to her right, with faces hard and pitiless, but less so than the face of him who drove her forth; no cloud above to shield her homeless Ishmael from the relentless sun. But most cruel detail in all the bitter scene is a little bush, resembling a cactus, springing from out the rock immediately before the kneeling figure of the mother. More than half the harshness of the wilderness is expressed in this little thorny bush. The immovable rock, the hateful sand, the empty water-jar—nothing in all the scene seems so remorselessly forbidding as the spines thrown out from the grossly fleshy body of the bush, protecting it from the very touch of the stricken woman. She might lean against the cliff, she might kneel on the sands, she might press the empty jar to her lips —the bush alone, like Abraham who had driven her out, she might not even touch. On the hills and cliffs and deserts of Arizona may be seen to-day thousands of clumps of cactus bearing a close resemblance to the bush that gives so much of hardness to Doré's picture. Perhaps it is the closeness of actual suffering, in the person of Hagar, to that which may produce pain, as represented by the thorny bush, that causes us to invest the plant in the pictures with a repulsiveness not observed in its Arizona relative. The latter has a rather pleasing effect in the landscape, and in some situations and in some of its varied forms it is the distinctive feature. Growing in the rocky, pine-clad passes of the mountains, its pale-green body thrown out in strong relief by the granite-gray of the rock, and with yellow or purple flowers, whose petals are as filmy as butter-

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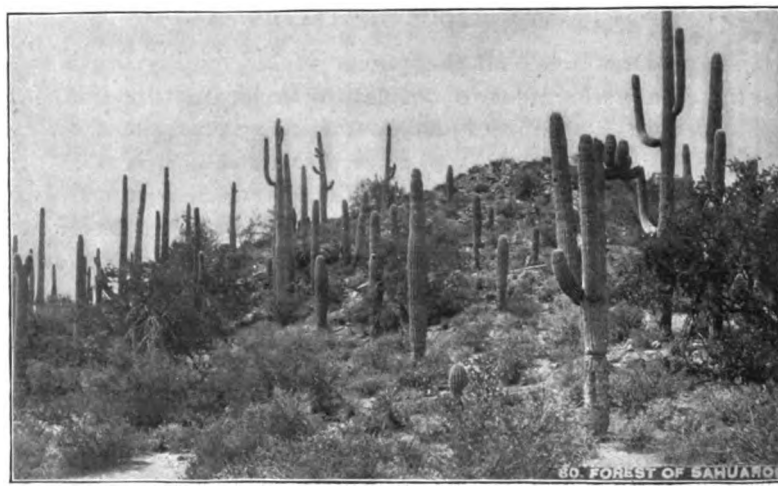
flies' wings, resting on the edge of the flat, oblong, spine-mailed stalk, the cactus of the opuntia variety is a restful thing to look upon.

UNCHISELLED ARCHITECTURE.

On the southern hills and plains fluted suhuaros—the Corinthian columns of the vegetable world—give a most unique character to the scene. It would seem that ages ago the land must have been covered by vast edifices, of which these cactus pillars are the only remains. So long ago did ruin come that no debris is there, nor the slightest unevenness to indicate where mighty walls have crumbled into dust. Nothing but these



shafts, hewn of sterner stuff, tell the tale of architectural magnificence, but they still stand as perfect as on the day they left the sculptor's chisel. The architectural impression which they convey is so vivid that one would not be surprised to come upon a fragment of entablature clinging to the apex of a column, or a bit of classic capital half buried in the sand at the base. How stately they are, how massive, and, most remarkable of all, how utterly cheerless! One would hope to find as much softness and flexibility and life in marble. And yet they bear glorious tufts of purple bloom. But, as though they feared to lose their architectural guise, they blossom and bloom under cover of darkness only, and for a single night. Beneath the stars they assume their vegetable character, putting forth flowers of such delicate hue as might cause the rose, with very envy, to blush to deeper crimson. When morning comes the flowers

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are gone, and the Cereus Giganteus is once more the stately Corinthian column saved from the wreck of centuries.

Besides these two varieties of cactus, there are in Arizona many other species; some graceful but angular, reminding one by the fantastic manner in which the parts are hinged together of those curious devices moulded and carved on Japanese vases, while others are stunted and rotund after the manner of pot-bellied Chinese images.

The whole Arizona cactus tribe is regarded by the average Easterner as one of the chief of the ten plagues of the Territory. But this is a grievous mistake. To detail their utility, or to inquire into the liberal designs of Nature in providing this peculiar form of vegetable growth for the waste places, would take up too great space. It will be sufficient to remark that many a desert traveller has slaked his thirst at these living fountains, and owes the preservation of his life to the providence that placed them where they are.

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT."

And these plants can do no possible harm if due regard be had for their rights. They do not thrive on town-lots or on other valuable real estate; hence they are not in the way. They are not so prolific as to choke up county roads; hence they do not filch taxes from the settlers' pockets. In addition to all this, the cactus, of whatever variety, is the most thoroughly American of plants. It is pre-eminently so by birth and in spirit. Before Columbus set sail it was here, and was elsewhere unknown. It is the plant above all others indigenous to American soil and foreign to every other shore. Its independence demonstrates its American spirit. Out on the desert, where sometimes rain has not fallen for eighteen or twenty months, the cactus prospers and bears its richest flowers. In sheltered passes of the mountains, on the exposed sides of cañons, it is found nestling among the rocks. But nothing may tamper with it—neither bird nor beast, not even man. Its formidable thorns are always "at home" to callers. It will not be "sat upon," and in this last trait especially is its Americanism prominent. I happen to have known a dapper lieutenant of the United States army who unwittingly sat upon one, and he gained thereby much experience in a very short time. He had been used to riding in the saddle before his adventure with the cactus, but for some time thereafter he adopted other modes of transportation.

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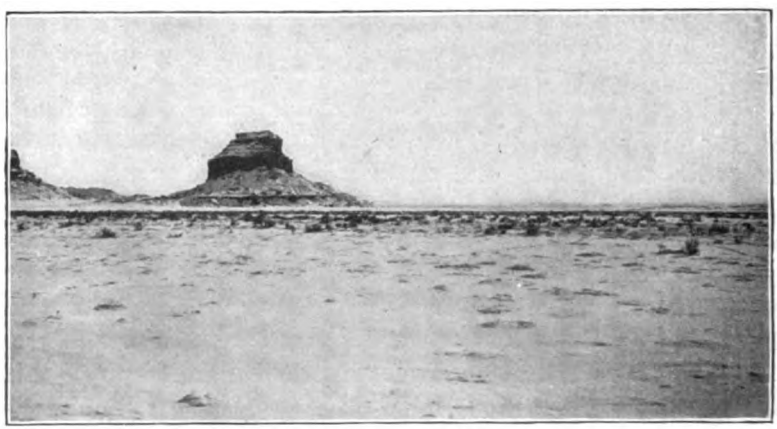
Like the Indian and rattlesnake, the cactus group of Arizona terrors is found, upon examination, to be nothing more than a kind of bogey which the superstitious dwellers in the jungles of the East conjure up in their timid minds. The reality falls far short of equalling in horror the conception, and oftentimes a thing of real beauty is unhappily converted into a fright for ever.

Beside the animal and vegetable pests credited to Arizona is another set, which may be called the physical. Under this heading fall the deserts and sand-dunes.

IN THE DESERT LIGHT.

That a great area in Arizona is, at the present time, a waste is undeniable. Mile after mile, in some portions of it, is to all



"AS MUCH OF A DESERT AS THE GREAT SAHARA."

intents and purposes as much of a desert as the Great Sahara. And a desert is a terrible place. Nothing more pitiable may be said of a human being than that he is deserted. Such an one is a man set apart from others by reason of misfortune. He stands alone in sorrow and misery, in such a condition that the sympathies of his fellows may not reach him; sometimes even the hand of God seems to have withdrawn its support. So is the desert a place seemingly lacking all those things that go to make up the gladness and beauty of the ordinary landscape. No water, no greenness, no animation. Dulness of color and thirst and silence here have their abiding place. "Lost in the desert"; what utter abandonment in this expres-

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sion! "A voice crying out in the desert"; how this moves the human heart! "And immediately the Spirit drove Him out into the desert, and He was in the desert forty days and forty nights." Calvary itself seems not to have been more terrible. But as there is no human soul without gleams of brightness, so there is no desert scene without touches of nature in her gentler mood; least of all are the waste places of Arizona so abandoned. The sun shines nowhere more brightly; the midnight skies are nowhere more clear, not even on the dancing Neapolitan bay. Here one can scarcely believe that a belt of atmosphere, attenuated though it be, intervenes between earth and sky, so unalloyed is the light. You bathe in it, feel it, touch it. There is no escape from it. No shadow of foliage steals one atom of it; no roof-tree, far as eye may reach, offers refuge from it. All-pervading, on an Arizona desert you are, indeed, alone with light and light's holy Creator—God.

In the northern part of the Territory is a great stretch of country to which has been given the name "Painted Desert." A happier name was never given, for painted indeed this land is; not in the decided colors of the rainbow, but in the varying shades of evening clouds. The painter is the same that tints the clouds, but the canvas is of different texture. Here it is the sands and soil. The yellow and gray and white of the sea-shore; the full, rich red and brown of fallen autumn leaves; the pale green of the sage brush are thrown in bold dashes on this canvas, and softening all is the hazy temper of the sunlight. And at the sky-line—the background of it all—about the last hour of day, a band of rose appears and melts into the sapphire of the vault above. As the sun disappears the line of rose floats gradually upward, giving place at the horizon to a belt of blue, made softer than the expanse of like color in the higher heavens by the radiation of heat from the sands of the desert. A purple glory comes over all when the sun is gone and "all the air a solemn stillness holds." The coloring of the clouds, and more, is on the Arizona deserts at the twilight hour; the Spirit of God broods over all.

THE LAND OF MIRAGE.

On the desert, too, are seen those wonderful lakes that bear no sails, slake no man's thirst, and whose waves beat noiselessly on mimic shores. "Painted oceans" are these, the mirages of the desert. You see them, stretching away in the distance,

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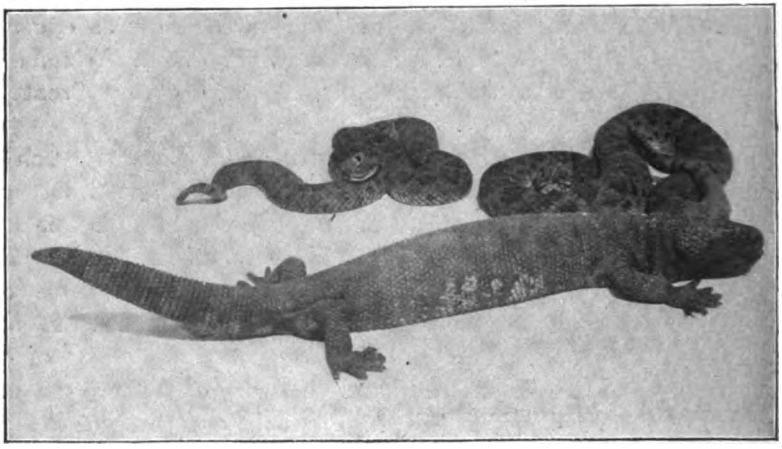
when the noon-day sun is baking the gasping earth, their waves sometimes dancing and sparkling, sometimes placid and shimmering, always refreshing to the sight of the traveller. Bays and promontories mark their shores. Islands float on the surface of the waters and oftentimes cattle seem to be cooling themselves in the quiet inlets where shadowy cat-tails and sedges grow. Everything that may emphasize the delusion is there. The beauty of it all is enhanced by the environment. To no one is a rose more charming than to him who has come upon one blooming in an unexpected place; to no one is the sight of water so refreshing as to him who is surrounded by the desolation of drought. Who will doubt, then, that to him



GILA MONSTER AND RATTLESNAKES.

who comes upon the lake in the desert the most attractive aspect of nature is revealed? Who will wonder that he feels the cool breeze and the tonic of the spray against his cheek? Indeed, though you be aware that it is a delusion, you can hardly keep from expanding the chest to drink in the imaginary freshness of the air.

How strange it is to try to reach one of these elusive lakes! Though they seem no more than a half mile from you, no distance travelled will bring you closer to them, and they disappear from before your very eyes with a slight change in the atmospheric conditions. One day I was driving along the Little Colorado River, which touches the southern edge of the Painted Desert, and I saw, some distance before me, a shallow body of water spreading out in a broad sheet. It was apparently an overflow from the river. I could not understand

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how it could be such, however, since the current of the river was very low. I puzzled over the matter till I concluded that a sudden freshet had come down some time before, had overflown the banks in a spot where the land sloped gradually away, and that the current had now resumed its normal level. What was my surprise to find, after driving a considerable time, that the waters still spread out before me, but always at the same distanoe ahead. This was the first mirage I had ever seen. The overflow theory was so satisfactory, the illusion itself so perfect, even to the reflection of the cotton-wood trees that grew near the river's bank, and to the peculiar effect of the restless waters encircling the tree-trunks, that I could not bring myself for a time to believe it unreal. But such it was: "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

The desert has had its tragedies with no eye to see but the eye of God. Who has not read of them? and who that has did not shudder at the reading? In the Cincinnati Art Museum I saw, a few years ago, a picture that undertook to reproduce such a tragedy. A poor Indian alone on the desert, kneeling in the sands under the meridian blaze of the sun, his pony dead beside him, nothing but glaring light around, his reason fled, "but a step between him and death." Such was the artist's vision, and seeing it one could not but feel that the desert has its dead as the ocean has; but the ocean is so merciful!

Such are the deeper shadows in a land "where the sun shines bright." That they are but shadows, and grateful ones from some points of view, I trust this sketch may have made apparent.

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A BRAVE PRIEST.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

WITH Rome in the hands of a government which is blatantly infidel and anti-Christian, with the Holy Father driven to complain of his position as almost intolerable, and with France, once the Eldest Daughter of the Church, ruled by those to whom the ancient glories of Catholic times are hateful, we are apt to regard the days in which we live as very bad times for the Church of Christ. And no doubt we are justified in so regarding them. As long as each Mass which is offered up is followed by special prayers for "the liberty and exaltation of the church," we may be sure that, in the opinion of the Supreme Pontiff, the church is still fettered and oppressed; and indeed every-day experience shows this to be the case. Still, there is nothing to be gained by discouragement, and in this paper I propose to chronicle a few facts which will illustrate the very much worse condition in which the church found herself at the end of the first decade of the present century. Between that period and our own, however, she has triumphed in many glorious and unexpected ways. The power—seemingly irresistible—which sought, at least in part, to deprive her of life, is passed away and forgotten. The church which eighty-odd years ago was, to all human appearance, at the last gasp in Napoleon's empire is as full of divine vitality as ever; and what the great emperor strove in vain to accomplish in the second decade of the century will certainly not be effected by his successors in power in the last.

It is, of course, a terrible evil and scandal that the Pope should be deprived of his temporal power. But at least he remains in Rome. In the Vatican itself he is free, though he is virtually a prisoner within its walls.

IMPRISONMENT AND ESPIONAGE AT SAVONA.

Pius VII. was not merely deprived of temporal power, he was secretly kidnapped out of his palace and was forcibly removed in a locked-up carriage out of his capital. For two years he remained a prisoner at Savona, and during part of

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that time he was not merely cut off from all communication with his spiritual children, but deprived of all his counsellors, of his confessor, and for a time at least of all human companionship, except that of his doctor and his jailer. More than this, he was actually deprived of books, and even of writing materials, by the childish cruelty of Napoleon. Nor was even this all. To persuade this feeble old man, who was suffering from a painful disease, to yield to the tyrant's will he was systematically deceived as to the opinions and wishes of the cardinals, bishops, and theologians of the church. Many of the members of the Sacred College who remained faithful to their Head were deprived of their office, their revenues, and their purple. Some were sent to out-of-the-way places, while others, who consented to act as tools of Napoleon, were commissioned to visit the Pontiff on the pretence of advising him, though they had actually put their signatures, before leaving Paris, to papers promising to counsel the Holy Father according to the emperor's will.

It is very wonderful to read the history of Napoleon's dealings with the Holy See, and to watch how miserable was the failure of this astounding genius, who hitherto had not known what failure meant, in his efforts to break down, either by physical ill-treatment, by deceit, by mean device, by forgery, or by cajolery, the magnificent constancy and fortitude of this single old man. Against the Rock of Peter the greatest of earthly conquerors spent his strength as ineffectually as the tide beats against a granite cliff. As Pius VII. himself said, when in his prison at Savona: "When opinions are founded on the voice of conscience and the sense of duty, they become unalterable." And not only did Napoleon fail to enslave the church, his persecution recoiled upon himself and grievously embarrassed him.

Amid the darkness of persecution, amid the sad scenes of prelates false to their trust and truckling to an earthly master, it is consoling to read of one man at least who feared not to stand up in the very presence of the emperor himself, and, by his gentleness, simplicity, and truth, to vanquish the false arguments on which the tyrant relied in carrying out his base purpose.

The man to whom I allude, a simple priest named Emery, will ever be held in honor as one who, in a dark and dangerous time, loved conscience better even than peace, and, when publicly called upon by the emperor, feared not to speak the

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truth with boldness, yet with humility, knowing well as he did so that he was braving the tyrant's wrath.

NAPOLEON'S MEANNESS.

Except his life, indeed, M. Emery had little or nothing to lose. For riches and honors he cared not at all. Everything which he did value he had already lost for conscience' sake. He had been the revered and beloved head of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Of this post Napoleon deprived him—and will it be believed on what ground? Cardinal Somaglia had consulted M. Emery as to whether it would be lawful for him to be present at the marriage of the emperor with Maria Louisa. M. Emery replied that if his eminence felt a scruple, "it might be better not to attend, as conscience binds." For giving this advice the venerable priest was turned out of the home which he loved so well. For years he had lived a holy and useful life within its walls, training up generation after generation of priests, and sending them forth to the work of his Master's vineyard. But of what avail was this? He had offended a tyrant who seldom forgave, and he was dismissed.

It is true that the emperor afterwards dissolved the seminary itself, as well as other missionary congregations, at the same time positively forbidding missions to be preached, because he feared that through the missionaries the truth of his dealings with the Holy See might become known. But it was the counsel given to Somaglia that brought upon M. Emery his special sentence of banishment from his home.

At the same time Napoleon was far too sagacious not to see the greatness of such a man, and not to value his opinion at its proper worth. No doubt he thoroughly realized the enormous support which M. Emery could give to his plans, if only the saintly priest would take his side in the controversy. And the time came when the emperor specially summoned him to the palace to give his advice. Before relating the scene which then ensued it will be well to recapitulate very briefly some of the circumstances which led to it.

THE EMPEROR AS BISHOP.

Napoleon, who could not endure that any one but himself should possess power in his own dominions, determined, having now imprisoned the Holy Father at Savona, to rule the church himself. To begin with, he attempted to get into his hands the instituting of bishops. He was, however, soon assured that this

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was impossible, and that to deal with such a question a council was necessary. Such a council, therefore, Napoleon determined should be held. As a preliminary step, he proposed to a commission certain questions. These questions assumed as a settled point that the pope should in future have nothing to do with the instituting of bishops in France. What the commission had to do was to advise on the steps to be taken to supply his place.

The report was so worded as to comprehend anything, and Napoleon at once saw that its tenor, if acted upon, would rid him of the pope. It advised the convening of a "National Council," and it was clearly implied that this assembly might override the pope if he refused to submit.

It was in preparation for this "Council" that the emperor summoned to his side the members of his "Ecclesiastical Commission." With them also came Prince Talleyrand, Cambacérès, and other dignitaries.

Of this commission M. Emery was a member, but, like our own Blessed Thomas More, he was averse to controversy, and probably, like all who are strong in the hour of trial, he distrusted his own strength. Anyhow he absented himself from the meeting.

Napoleon sent him a special order to attend. Finding himself thus forced to go, M. Emery betook himself to prayer. Falling on his knees, he begged for strength and light. These were not denied, and with perfect calmness he accompanied the bishops, who had been sent to summon him, to the Tuileries.

Napoleon began the proceedings with a speech which, in the words of Cardinal Consalvi, "was nothing but a tissue of erroneous principles, falsehoods, atrocious calumnies, and anti-Catholic maxims."

A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

It was, of course, directed against the Sovereign Pontiff. The speech was followed, to quote the same writer, by a "scandalous silence." Among the emperor's hearers were cardinals and bishops, and they stood round, dumb, afraid to face with words of truth the anger of the tyrant.

After an interval Napoleon turned towards M. Emery, and requested his opinion.

"Sire," replied the old priest with the simplicity which disarms and conquers guile, "I can have no other opinion than that expressed in the catechism which is taught by your orders

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in all the churches of the empire. There I read: 'The pope is the visible Head of the church.' Now, a body cannot dispense with its head, with him to whom it owes obedience by divine right." From this M. Emery, after drawing out his argument at some length, deduced the conclusion that a council which did not receive the sanction of the pope would be null and void.

It is not easy to understand how it was that M. Emery was thus left alone to enunciate so very elementary a truth. Among Napoleon's ecclesiastical commission were some who had at the time of the convention stood up boldly for the rights of the church. And yet now these, as we have seen, maintained in the emperor's presence a "scandalous silence," which endorsed as it were their previously expressed opinion, that such a proceeding as the calling of the "Council" might, "in case of necessity," be valid.

Probably Napoleon had never before been met in precisely this way. Had the speaker been any one else, the emperor would almost certainly have burst into one of those passions of rage which, whether they were real or pretended, he so frequently exhibited, and which terrified their objects into silence. But M. Emery held a unique position. According to the emperor's own confession, he was the only man who inspired him with fear. He therefore treated him with civility.

"I do not dispute the spiritual power of the pope," replied Napoleon, "since he received it from Jesus Christ. But Jesus Christ did not give him the temporal power. That was given by Charlemagne, and I, as successor of Charlemagne, think fit to take it from him, because he does not know how to use it, and because it interferes with the exercise of his spiritual functions. What have you to say to that, M. Emery?"

BOSSUET AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Once more the simple priest was able to use against the emperor one of his own weapons. In his first reply he had cited the catechism which, by Napoleon's own orders, was everywhere taught. Now he referred his crafty questioner to an authority to which, when it suited him, he himself loved to appeal. "Sire," said M. Emery, "I can only say what Bossuet says, whose great authority your majesty justly reverences, and whom you are so often pleased to quote. Now that great prelate . . . expressly maintains that the independence and complete liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff are necessary for the

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free exercise of his spiritual authority throughout the world, in so great a multiplicity of empires and kingdoms."

Then followed a quotation from Bossuet which M. Emery knew word for word by heart. In this passage come the following momentous words: "We rejoice at the Temporal Power, not only for the sake of the Apostolic See, but still more for that of the church universal, and we most ardently hope from the bottom of our hearts that this sacred sovereignty may ever remain safe and entire under all circumstances."

According to M. d'Hassounville, the historian, who describes this scene, Napoleon was accustomed to listen in patience to the opinion of a man who understood his subject and had the command of words.

"Well," he said, "I do not reject the authority of Bossuet. All that was true in his times, when Europe acknowledged a number of masters. But what inconvenience is there in the pope's being subject to me—to me, I say, now that Europe knows no master except myself alone?"

Such a questioner was indeed difficult to argue with, especially when due regard was to be had to the relative positions of subject and sovereign. M. Emery might surely have replied that it would be time to speak of the confiscation and retention of the pope's dominions, and his subjection to France, when Napoleon had conquered, not Europe merely but all the nations which contained Catholics acknowledging the authority of the Holy See.

He chose an equally trenchant and equally obvious reply, but one that was even more difficult to frame without wounding the emperor's pride. To speak of facts which every one knew would have been, one would think, comparatively easy. To imply that Napoleon's power and his dynasty might one day be overthrown was not merely a more dangerous form of argument, but one even more difficult to couch in language which would not offend. But this argument M. Emery employed. He appealed to Napoleon as to one better versed than himself in the history of revolutions, adding that "what exists now may not always exist, and in that case all the inconveniences foreseen by Bossuet might once more make their appearance," and that, for this reason, "the order of things so wisely established ought not to be changed."

This delicate but unmistakable reminder that Europe would not always be dominated by the intolerable yoke then enslaving it, and that the tyrant would one day pass away as others had

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done before, can scarcely have been palatable to Napoleon. But whatever annoyance he may have felt, he did not show it to M. Emery.

Speaking next of the clause which "the bishops had proposed as an addition to the *Concordat*" (to use M. d'Haussonville's words), he asked M. Emery whether he thought that the pope would agree to it. This clause provided that the right of instituting bishops should devolve upon the provincial council in case the pope should not exercise that right within a certain period after a see was vacant. M. Emery replied at once that the pope would certainly make no such concession. Upon which Napoleon, addressing the bishops then present who were members of the commission, said:

"Ah, ah, messieurs! you want to lead me into a *pas de clerc* by getting me to ask of the pope what he has no right to grant me."

FAINT-HEARTED BISHOPS.

The bishops thus addressed must certainly have smarted under this reproach, couched as it was in terms which were the reverse of civil. Nor was the wound healed when Napoleon rose to leave the council. Without taking much notice of the other members of the commission, he bowed graciously as he passed M. Emery. One more incident, however, must be recorded. It occurred just before Napoleon left the room. Turning to one of the bishops he asked him whether M. Emery was accurate in what he had said of the teaching of the catechism. Of course there was no denying that he was. But his fellow-commissioners, fearing that the old man's boldness might bring down upon him the wrath of the emperor, began to beg forgiveness for him.

"Messieurs," said Napoleon, "you are mistaken. I am not in any degree offended with M. Emery. He has spoken like a man who knows his subject, and that is the way I wish people to speak. It is true that he does not think with me, but in this place each one ought to have his opinion free."

But for all this M. Emery saw clearly that there was danger both of persecution and of schism. Even before the meeting in the Tuileries he had written to Napoleon's nephew, Cardinal Fesch, that the time had come for resistance unto blood, and the cardinal actually warned the emperor that he "had now come to a point at which he would be compelled to make martyrs." The boldness of the saintly abbé had at least the effect

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of convincing Napoleon that his project of transferring, by means of a council, the right of institution from the Sovereign Pontiff to a provincial synod was hopeless. Upon this point his commission had blinded him, but M. Emery had opened his eyes. He did not, however, abandon the idea of the council, and the necessary arrangements were pushed on.

DRIVEN FORTH AT EIGHTY.

Affairs were in this condition when the late superior of St. Sulpice went to his well-earned rest. As has already been said, he was driven from his home. This occurred when he was under the burden of eighty years. He had further been strictly forbidden to hold any communication with his former brethren, and in a letter which he wrote about that time to a friend whom he had, years before, sent to found a Sulpician house in Baltimore, we find him looking sadly forward to the time when in America only the houses of the congregation would be able to flourish.

"It must be admitted," he writes, "to be probable that before long it will be impossible that Sulpician communities should exist in France, and that both the thing and the name will be confined to America. For myself, I cannot think of moving thither. My age does not permit it; but I forewarn you that if things turn out as I fear they will, many of our members will go where you are, and I shall take measures to secure their being followed by all our property and all the most precious things we possess."

The unexpected reception by Napoleon of the Abbé Emery's words, and the fact that the emperor was at this time so much pleased with him, encouraged Cardinal Fesch to request that the old man might return to his beloved home, and end his days surrounded by his brethren.

On the emperor's part surely the favor would not have been much to concede. To the abbé and to the Sulpicians the boon would have been great. But the request was refused. A better home, however, was about to open its doors to the saintly abbé, and one from which no tyrant or persecutor will ever eject him. To use the eloquent words of a writer in the *Dublin Review* in speaking of this noble man:

"The day of weary, disappointing toil was over; the evening had come; the sun had set; in the natural world all was shut in by a sky which had never been so dark and lowering; but faith assured him that above the clouds and darkness the

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Sun of Righteousness was shining in undiminished glory, and that when the right time should come he would dispel every mist that man could raise, and once more shine out upon the world which he had created and redeemed."

CADIT QUÆSTIO.

But though his faith failed not, it was impossible that a man bowed down by years should look forward unmoved to what he deemed the advent of a schism. Whether, if the Russian campaign had ended in triumph, such a schism would really have come, who can say? Judging as well as we can by what seem to have been Napoleon's wishes, we may well thank God that his struggle with the Holy See was prematurely ended by that disastrous winter at Moscow, and by his subsequent defeats. The prospect did indeed seem dark to M. Emery's dying eyes, and he was thankful, when the summons came, to leave the future in younger and stronger hands.

He could at least feel, though he would certainly have been the last to acknowledge it, that he had done a great work in his time; that he, a mere humble priest (for he had refused ecclesiastical position), had, by his simple courage, by his honesty, and by the respect due to his holy life, done more than almost any other to hinder the warfare which Napoleon was waging against the Holy See. He could truly say that he had "fought the good fight and kept the faith," and, as he wrote just before his end, "it is a good moment to die."

This moment, so happy for him, came on Sunday, April 28, 1811.

But his courage and plain-speaking had not been without fruit. Napoleon was now convinced that to transfer the right of institution from the Holy See to a provincial synod was out of the question. That was something gained. The history of his future dealings with the Vicar of Christ form no part of this short sketch, which is merely intended to recall the fortitude of one who was "faithful found" at a time when fidelity meant privation, and sometimes imprisonment. Such an example as that of M. Emery is surely not without its value in these days of expediency and compromise; while a comparison of the Holy Father's position in the earlier years of the century with that of Pius IX. up to 1870—ay, and even that of his glorious and heroic successor—should encourage us still to hope for the triumph of the church, in God's own good time.

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MENELEK, KING OF SHOA AND EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA.

THE ETHIOPIAN'S UNCHANGED SKIN.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

AFRICA is the Nemesis of many mighty wrongs. This seems to be a fateful function of the dark continent ever since history began to be written. To punish ambition and wanton aggression by overwhelming rout and ruin this enigmatical continent seems destined to live on in its darkness and its barbarism, unimpressionable and monstrous, through the ages, while the petty kingdoms which quarrel over its partition go down into the dust like the cities of the Libyan desert.

Italy of all countries has had reason to remember Africa. Even though Carthage went down while Rome survived, the great wars which preceded the fall of the Phœnician colony almost engulfed the victors as well as the vanquished. Little Italy's attempt to do in Abyssinia what great Rome found it so hard to accomplish in Carthago Colonia appears to be the folly of the reckless gamester who throws the dice although he has not the wherewithal to pay the cost of defeat. If some stronger hand be not held out to save her, if she lose the stakes, she is lost.

As the West Coast of Africa has earned the name of "the

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white man's grave," so the northern region is known as the tomb of great military reputations. The generals who have written their names upon the sands of the deserts there are legion. And it is peculiar to this part of Africa that defeat there signifies not merely disaster but annihilation to the invading force. Whole armies have been again and again engulfed in those horrible solitudes, leaving hardly a survivor to tell the story of their ruin.

THE PENALTY OF PARVENU GREATNESS.

In the magnitude and completeness of its overthrow, the disaster to the Italian army at Adowa appears to have been the greatest military disaster in Africa in modern times. Its effect upon the Italian kingdom was first indicated in the immediate downfall of the Crispi ministry. What is to follow may be far more serious for the Italian monarchy. A cry of rage was heard from end to end of the country when the full extent of the disaster was at length disclosed, after many futile attempts to minimize it by the governmental press. In many cities formidable uprisings of the populace took place as a protest against the continuance of the war, and were these not promptly repressed by a powerful military effort, the rising might have attained the dimensions of a revolution. As it is, the evil day for the monarchy appears to have been only put off a little. Italy is taxed down to the last lire that the people can pay, but those who bear the mulct will not pay the new tax demanded of them. They will not submit to a blood-tax for the mere purpose of prosecuting a hopeless war of aggression in the fatal wilds of Africa. This is too big a price to pay for the luxury of a "United Italy," with a place in the armipotent Dreibund.

TAUTI, QUEEN OF SHOA AND EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA.

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What brought Italy into Eastern Africa? There were three great operating causes, independently of larger schemes or visions of territorial aggrandisement conjured up, in all probability, by the admission of the new kingdom into the high society of the Triple Alliance. There was, first of all, her own ambition to prove herself worthy of her new rank as a first-class state. Next there was a burning jealousy of France, without whose help there never could have been a "United Italy." France had established a protectorate over Tunis, as the result of a quarrel with that effete pirate state, and Italy's rage must find a solace somewhere to prevent national apoplexy. And, last of all, the caldron of discontent was seething at home to such a degree as to threaten destruction to the new order. It is always in such crises that astute statesmen rely on external conditions to produce a diversion. Without asking the consent of the natives, but with the acquiescence of the European powers, whose rights in the matter are *nil*, the Italians proceeded to establish a colony on the shores of the Red Sea, on the north-eastern flank of the ancient empire of Ethiopia. They took Massowah as their maritime base of operations, and proceeded to push out north, south, and west, until they had mapped out a considerable wedge of territory, and they named the colony Erytrea.

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THE MOUNTAIN RAMPARTS OF ABYSSINIA.

Northwards and westwards the shadowy sovereignty of Egypt was questioned in a very practical way by the elusive, nomadic, and ferocious dervishes of the Soudan region; southward the no less formidable tribesmen of Shoa and Tigré kept watch and ward in their tremendous mountain fastnesses against any intrusion into their frightful bailiwick. The sandy littoral stretching off from Massowah toward Tajurrah, the next sea-port, is occupied by semi-savages over whom the Khedive claims but does not exercise authority; but in this arid, broiling waste, which lies close to the equator, lurk foes more deadly than even savage men — namely, disease and drought, the hyena and noxious reptiles and insects. What territory the Italians had seized was of no use; above the bare and profitless sea-board rises the salubrious mountainy country of Abyssinia, where the soil is fertile and full of mineral wealth, and where the cattle grow sleek and plump on pleasant pastures amid the high table-lands. But nature, which has made Abyssinia rich and fruitful in these things, has also girt it around with a battlement of mighty mountains flung together, as it were, in rude Titanic sport. The frontier lands of Shoa and Tigré present physical

THE END OF THEODORE.

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difficulties of the most appalling kind. Precipices which soar thousands of feet into the air close in chasms of frightful gloom; paths along which only single travellers can crawl often wind around the faces of the vast slabs of rock; from the mountains come torrents, at times without the slightest note of warning, plunging through the defiles and sweeping everything before them. The atmosphere of this horrible country, until the great plateaus of Abyssinia proper are reached, is that of a glowing furnace. But it must be traversed before the heart of Abyssinia can be reached, and it seems to have been the mad idea of the Italian colonizers that, by their efforts, this unattainable country, which had hitherto defied all attempts at conquest, might at length be brought within the sphere of Italian influence—the latest euphemism for acts of international filibustering.

A PUNISHMENT THAT FITS THE CRIME.

At first the Italian government tried a policy of conciliation with the power most immediately concerned. Handsome presents were sent to the over-lord of Abyssinia, the Negus (or Negoos, as some authorities spell it), King Menelek. Amongst those presents were a few thousand stand of arms, wherewith Menelek, it was intended, could put down any signs of a fractious spirit that might be shown in the turbulent tributaries of Shoa and Tigré. But the donors never suspected that these very presents were destined to serve to give point to a deadly epigram. It is now declared that the arms were those taken from the Papal troops who surrendered at Rome, after the bombardment of the Porta Pia by Cialdini's artillery. To find them used for the annihilation of an army of the usurpation just a quarter of a century later looks something more than a mere coincidence.

Whether he feared those gift-bearing Italians or not, King Menelek received their presents with thanks, as his armories were never much to boast of. But if he dissembled his feelings, he gave the Italians to understand that they must confine the "sphere of Italian influence" to the profitless region of Erytrea, fixing the river Mareb as the north-western boundary. Along the line of this river the filibusters proceeded as far to the north-west as Kassala. But here they did not find it convenient to stop, although bound to do so by the treaty to which they had got King Menelek to agree. Last year a strong Italian force was despatched in the direction of Adowa, the northern capital of Abyssinia. King Menelek assembled a great army

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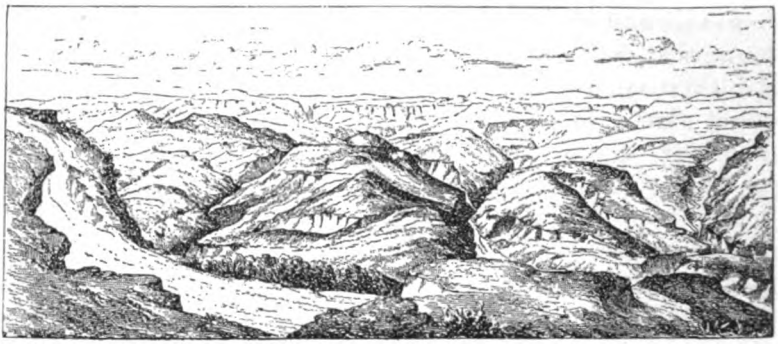
and soon succeeded by the able generalship of Ras Alula, the commander-in-chief, in surrounding the invaders and cooping them up in a temporary fortification. Hunger compelled their surrender, and Menelek, who is a most pacific monarch, allowed them to march out without molestation. The Italians showed their gratitude by returning with reinforcements to make a renewed attempt at the subjugation of their foolishly magnanimous neighbor; whereupon the Shoans and Tigrétians fell upon



MAGDALA AND THE VALLEY OF THE BASHILO.

them in their overwhelming might and literally wiped them out. The loss of the invaders is variously estimated at from nine to twelve thousand men.

A DRAGON-GUARDED LAND.

Now this has been, with one exception, the fate of every aggressive expedition sent against Abyssinia in modern days. Egypt sent out two formidable expeditions against Menelek's predecessor, King Johannis, one in 1874 and the other two years later. Both were simply overwhelmed. Twenty thousand men perished in the later one of these doomed enterprises. The exception to this rule of disaster was in the case of the English expedition against King Theodore in 1867. Circumstances favored this enterprise. In the first place, it was led by the eminent Indian general, Sir Robert Napier, and was immensely strong, numbering in all arms over 32,000 men. In the next, it was abundantly provided with necessary supplies; and what was more important, excellent arrangements for its advance had been made by British agents with the native chiefs, who were nearly all in rebellion against Theodore. With all these advantages, however, the advance of this great force proved to be one of the most onerous military undertakings

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ever attempted, and its successful accomplishment gained the general not only a peerage, but the highest credit from the greatest military critics of the age. Several engagements were fought with Theodore's troops, and in the result the town of Magdala, where Theodore had fixed his capital, was taken and burned, and he himself was killed, as it is stated, by his own hand after the loss of the battle before Magdala.

But it is frankly acknowledged that this success could not have been achieved were it not for the co-operation of the prince of Tigré and other Abyssinian chiefs, who had been driven into rebellion by Theodore's eccentricities. In the present invasion the circumstances are totally different. All Abyssinia is united against the aggressors, whose breach of solemn treaty obligations shows them in a most odious light. There never has been a more unjust war than the present one, and there is something of retributive justice in the disasters which have attended it. King Theodore, on the other hand, had estranged the sympathies of all decent minds, by reason of the cruel and perfidious treatment he meted out to a number of English people who had been sent out to him—some at his own request. Those captives were subjected to the greatest indignities and privations, and often cruelly beaten. Even the king himself had forgotten his personal dignity so far as to behave violently towards them at times. But the charge of *mala fides* in the present case lies at the door of the European interlopers; and this makes all the difference in the world with regard to the ethics of war.

THE ONLY SYMPATHIZER.

It is not easy to understand the motives of the Italian government in persisting in the war. So far as external symptoms can be relied on, it is a decidedly unpopular war with the people. More level-headed populations than the Italians cannot bear military disasters with equanimity; and so far the Abyssinian campaign has not been productive of any other fruit. King Menelek has proved himself most anxious for peace. He has made several most generous proposals to that end, but they have met with no grateful response on the part of his humiliated enemy. The hopes of the Italian government are again excited by a friendly movement on the part of England. With the ostensible object of recovering the Soudan for the Viceroy of Egypt, England has determined to send a fresh expedition up the Nile, the objective point being Dongola. By

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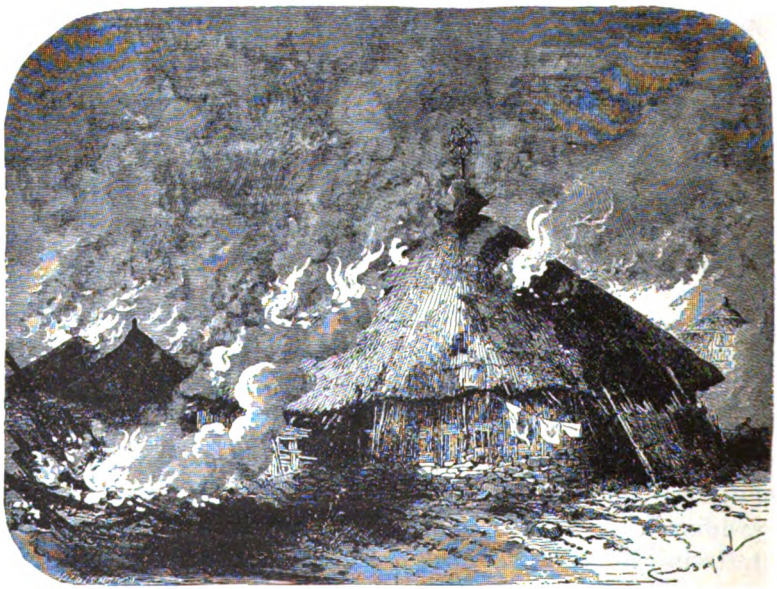
this means the Italians hope to be relieved from anxiety regarding their garrisons at Kassala and other points along the Mareb, since the roving Arabs who have been harassing these places would necessarily be drawn off to repel the Egyptian attack. But it is quite possible that the Italians may place too great a value upon this diversion in their favor. Hitherto British expeditions into the Soudan have not had any greater success than Italian ones into Abyssinia, and the conditions which preceded the former painful surprises of the desert have altered very little since Hicks Pasha led his army into that remarkable region. Not a man from the provinces of Tigré and Shoa will be drawn off by the English advance, as the territory sought to be recovered for Egypt is entirely outside the Abyssinian border.

A CYCLOPEAN TARTARUS.

The nature of the task which awaits the Italians, should they stubbornly persist in an invasion of Abyssinia, may be



BURNING OF MAGDALA.

gathered from an extract from the narrative of Major Harris, an Anglo-Indian officer who in 1841 was sent to Shoa to negotiate a treaty with Sáhela Selássie, the then ruler of that country. After much hardship in the journey from Tajurrah, where the expedition landed, the party at last got on the mountain

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fringe of the Abyssinian territory, where they made a brief halt. What then lay before them is best told in Major Harris's narrative:

"They spent the day on the scorching table-land, one thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, and having purchased with some cloth the good will of the wild Bedouin tribes, who had mustered to attack them, set out the next night, at moonrise, down the yawning pass of Rah Eesah, which leads to the salt lake of Assál. It was a bright and cloudless night, and the scenery, as viewed by the uncertain moonlight, cast at intervals in the windings of the road upon the glittering spear-blades of the warriors, was wild and terrific. The frowning basaltic cliffs, not three hundred yards from summit to summit, flung an impenetrable gloom over the greater portion of the frightful chasm, until, as the moon rose higher in the clear vault of heaven, she shone full upon huge shadowy masses, and gradually revealed the now dry bed, which in the rainy season must oftentimes become a brief but impetuous torrent. Skirting the base of a barren range, covered with heaps of lava blocks, and its foot ornamented with many artificial piles, marking deeds of blood, the lofty conical peak of Jebel Seeáro rose presently to sight, and not long afterward the far-famed Lake Assál, surrounded by dancing mirage, was seen sparkling at its base.

"In this unventilated and diabolical hollow dreadful indeed were the sufferings in store both for man and beast. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles; and, although every human precaution had been taken to secure a supply, by means of skins carried upon camels, the very great extent of most impracticable country to be traversed, which had unavoidably led to the detention of nearly all, added to the difficulty of restraining a multitude maddened by the tortures of burning thirst, rendered the provision quite insufficient; and during the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at one hundred and twenty-six degrees under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, in a suffocating pandemonium, depressed five hundred and seventy feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare, arising from the sea of white salt, was most painful to the eyes; where the furnace-like vapor exhaled, almost choking respiration, created an indomitable thirst, and not the smallest shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery, by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or, worse still, by

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black blocks of heated lava, it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mephitic brickdust-colored fluid, which the direst necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat, and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst, served materially to augment its horrors.

"The sufferings of the party were so terrible that they were obliged to leave the baggage to the care of the guides and camel-drivers, and push on to the ravine of Goongoonteh, beyond the desert, where there was a spring of water. All the Europeans, therefore, set out at midnight; but at the very moment of starting the camel carrying the water-skins fell, burst the skins, and lost the last remaining supply. 'The horrors of that dismal night,' says Major Harris, 'set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had for the moment buoyed up the drooping spirit which tenanted each way-worn frame; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter further, his rider contrived manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker soon refused the task, and after the first two miles they dropped fast in the rear.

NAPIER'S MARCH ON MAGDALA.

"Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry

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for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty, by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A sip of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, again raised their drooping souls; but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise no more.' One of the guides pushed forward, and after a time returned with a single skin of muddy water, which he had forcibly taken from a Bedouin. This supply saved the lives of many of the party, who had fallen fainting on the sands, and by sunrise they all reached the little rill of Goongoonteh.

"Here terminated the dreary passage of the dire Tehâma—an iron-bound waste which, at this inauspicious season of the year, opposes difficulties almost overwhelming in the path of the traveller. Setting aside the total absence of water and forage throughout a burning tract of fifty miles—its manifold intricate mountain passes, barely wide, enough to admit the transit of a loaded camel, the bitter animosity of the wild, blood-thirsty tribes by which they are infested, and the uniform badness of the road, if road it may be termed, everywhere beset with the jagged blocks of lava, and intersected by perilous acclivities and descents—it is no exaggeration to state, that the stifling sirocco which sweeps across the unwholesome salt flat during the hotter months of the year could not fail, within eight-and-forty hours, to destroy the hardiest European adventurer.

"The ravine in which they were encamped was the scene of a terrible tragedy on the following night. Favored by the obscurity of the place, some marauding Bedouins succeeded in stealing past the sentries; a wild cry aroused the camp, and as the frightened men ran to the spot whence it proceeded, Sergeant Walpole and Corporal Wilson were discovered in the last agonies of death. One had been struck with a creese in the carotid artery immediately below the ear, and the other stabbed through the heart; while speechless beside their mangled bodies was stretched a Portuguese follower, with a frightful gash across the abdomen. No attempt to plunder appeared as an excuse for the outrage, and the only object doubtless was the acquisition of that barbarous estimation and distinction which is to be arrived at through deeds of assassination and blood. For every victim, sleeping or waking, that falls under the murderous knife of one of these fiends, he is entitled to display

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a white ostrich-plume in his woolly hair, to wear on the arm an additional bracelet of copper, and to adorn the hilt of his reeking creese with yet another stud of silver or pewter. Ere the day dawned the mangled bodies of the dead, now stiff and stark, were consigned by their sorrowing comrades to rude but compact receptacles—untimely tombs constructed by the native escort, who had voluntarily addressed themselves to the task."

A KINGDOM WITH A PEDIGREE.

No high-sounding phrases about the march of civilization and the survival of the fittest in race-struggles can win the sympathy of honest men for Italy in this desperate enterprise.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT.

Here she is, an upstart power of yesterday, a mushroom sovereignty, founded on usurpation, international brigandage, and violated faith, making war upon and breaking into the territory of one of the oldest monarchies in the world. Though the plane of civilization may not be as high in Abyssinia as it is in Italy, the fundamental ethics of human society are much better respected. It is an old state which seeks no aggrandizement at the expense of its neighbors; it has had a settled government and an organized life for a period stretching back into the very dawn of history. Its monarchy certainly shows an antiquity as remote as the days of King Solomon, who is claimed indeed as the founder of the present royal line of Abyssinia through the Queen of Sheba. Save for the occasional outbreak of internal dissensions it is usually a pacific state, rarely giving offence to outside people, yet always strong

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enough to resist and punish aggression. All nations who respect international right must condemn the principle that peaceable states of this kind may with impunity be attacked by poor and reckless outsiders in the absence of any just cause of war. The fact that the invading race is lighter in skin than the invaded one is but a poor pretence indeed, yet it is the only one discernible in this particular instance. Even on this ground there is not much to be said. Many shades of color are found in Abyssinia, ranging from the light olive to the dingy black. But the majority of the people are of a bronze or olive complexion, only a shade or two darker than the Italians; and they are classified by ethnologists as of the Caucasian race.

A SURVIVAL OF THE GREAT AFRICAN CHURCH.

Abyssinia has a claim on our sympathy as being the only Christian kingdom in Africa, although if it happened to be pagan the moral guilt of wrong-doing toward it by another nation would not be lessened. Its Christianity, it is true, has fallen into debasement, but yet it is in communion with the Coptic Church. It is governed in spiritual matters by a prelate called an Abouna. Over the Abouna is the Patriarch of Alexandria, and before an Abouna can be consecrated and sent to Abyssinia the consent of the Egyptian government must be obtained. As the Coptic Church was recently received back into the Latin fold, it follows that Abyssinia must be regarded in the future as a remote branch of the Catholic Church. As it is, it possesses the great essentials of the Catholic faith, although in many respects it follows Jewish customs, especially regarding circumcision and the rejection of cloven-footed animals as food. The fusion of so much that is Jewish with the customs of Christianity is accounted for by the close connection that subsisted for centuries between Judea and Abyssinia, and the fact that great numbers of Jews took refuge in the country during the era of the Captivity. It was early in the fourth century that Christianity was introduced, St. Athanasius consecrating the first bishop for the country, whose name was Frumentius. It was not long after until many communities of monks were established in Abyssinia, and the work of spreading the light of religion went on rapidly. The Church of Abyssinia became in time a powerful light in Africa, and so it remained until the great wave of Mohammedan conquest swept over the north and cut the Abyssinians off completely from the outside world.

After the lapse of centuries some explorers from Portugal opened the country up anew to more civilizing influences. The

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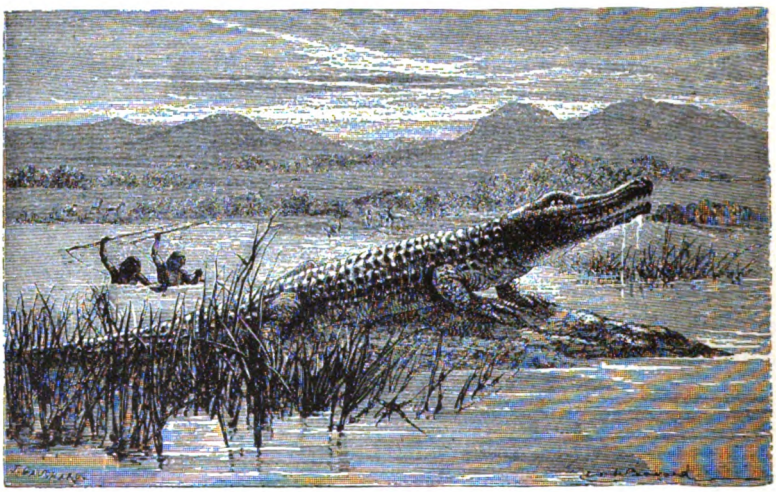
old tradition of Prester John and his wondrous Christian kingdom in the centre of Africa beyond the great desert had caught the fancy of many a traveller and inflamed the imagination of many an adventurer. Among the expeditions sent out from Spain and Portugal that of Pedro de Covelham was at last successful in finding the mysterious potentate, in the Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia, and establishing friendly relations between his country and the long-hidden Christian state. The earliest reliable account of the kingdom was given thirty years later (A.D. 1520) by a Portuguese priest, Father Alvarez, who accompanied a Portuguese embassy to the Negus. A friendship of a substantial character was established between the two countries. The Portuguese proved its sincerity by dispatching



AMUSEMENTS ON THE BLUE NILE.

a fleet to Massowah, under Stephen de Gama, with an armed force to help the Abyssinians against the Mohammedans, who had invaded the country. The invaders were driven out, but not until the leaders on both sides were killed. The Negus appears to have proved ungrateful for this service, for he soon afterward quarrelled with the Catholic primate, Bermudez, who had long been resident in the country and brought many zealous Jesuits with him. Another able priest, Father Paez, who came to Abyssinia at the beginning of the next century, by his tact and energy smoothed over all difficulties and resumed the work of his predecessors with great energy and success. In 1633, however, the Negus Tacilidas, breaking away from the policy of his ancestors, picked a quarrel with the Jesuits and sent them all out of the country, and from that period until

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comparatively recent times Abyssinia appears to have been completely out of the range of human interest, so little was known or heard about it. It was not until the imprisonment of some English missionaries by the Emperor Theodore that the world in general ever dreamed of such a place being in existence. It is little wonder, from what took place then, that the Abyssinians should distrust the advances of Europeans. "First you send a missionary," said the unfortunate monarch; "next a consul to take care of him, and then an army to take care of the consul." This bitter epigram does not apply, however, to the case of our Catholic missionaries, and if the present war should happily be brought to a close by some peaceful mediation, as it certainly should be, there would appear to be a fine field in this interesting old kingdom of Prester John's for their beneficent efforts.

CELTIC LULLABY.

BY J. B. DOLLARD ("Slieve-na-Mon").

ALANNA *ban dhas*,* my bright-haired child,
Sleep sweetly; sleep, my white lamb mild;
Ever your red lips seeming to say
Tha me cullas, na dhusca mé.†

Out on the moorland 'tis lonely night;
Pale burns the jack-o'-the-lanthorn light.
The sough of the wild *shee guiha* ‡ I hear:
Angels of God, guard well my dear;

From harm and evil shield him well;
The perils of night and the fairies' spell.
When daisies dance in the morning light
My joy will wake like a flow'ret bright.

Macushla, storin,§ oh, softly sleep
(Like banshee wailing, the night-blasts sweep);
Your sweet lips kissing, they seem to say
Tha me cullas, na dhusca mé.

* *Lit.* My beautiful, fair child.
† *Lit.* I am asleep; do not waken me. The Irish name of a beautiful old air.
‡ Shee geeha—a fairy whirlwind. § Macushla, storin—my pulse, my little treasure.

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THE FARM-HAND IN OLD ENGLAND AND IN NEW.

BY F. W. PELLY, B.A. OXON.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, which appeals more directly to the innate poetic sentiment of the cultured American traveller than a glimpse into the life of rural England. There is the parish church, with, perhaps, its Roman bricks that carry us back fifteen hundred years, its mullioned windows which tell in detail the history of the church, its ivy-clad tower, its mute witness in wood and stone, in rood-screen, or carved sedilia and piscina, to the belief of other days.

There is the old manor-house with its quaint gables; its old-fashioned, high-walled garden; its ample park, studded with venerable oaks. And there are the rich, smiling fields, radiant with a beauty of their own, and divided from each other by luxuriant hedges, which in the main, it is said, follow to this day the lines of Saxon, or even, possibly, of Roman demarcation. There are the beautiful, old-fashioned cottages, some white with great black oak beams showing forth, or tinted, it may be, with some red or saffron color, which harmonizes admirably with the gray skies and bright green fields of the surrounding landscape.

All this never fails to call forth the frank and hearty admiration of the American visitor. When, however, the traveller begins, as he invariably does, to inquire into matters—when he hears of the condition of the laborer, his food, his wages, his prospects in life—a feeling of unmitigated surprise takes possession of him, and with somewhat of impatience and disgust he wonders how men can be found who are still willing to live this dreary life.

For the purposes of comparison let us take the fertile county of Essex, in Old England, from which so many of the original "Pilgrims" came, and let us contrast it with that New England which has arisen upon these shores.

A residence of many years in that county enables the writer from personal knowledge to adduce sundry facts and figures which are startling to a degree.

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Let us begin with the hours of labor exacted from the Essex farm-hand, and the remuneration which is graciously accorded by the bountiful hand of his employer.

The summer-hours of the Essex laborer are from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., with an interval for dinner.

In return for these 66 hours of labor he receives the sumptuous wage of $2.50! Not, be it remarked, $2.50 a *day* (a sum not deemed extravagant in certain quarters in the United States), but $2.50 a *week*.

On this stupendous wage, grudgingly given and ever in danger of reduction where no Laborers' Union exists, the Essex man is expected to live, bring up his family, and save a sufficiency to provide for old age.

The gentle, but slightly incredulous, reader will naturally manifest a desire to know how this can be done, and doubtless would fain penetrate into the mysteries of the laborer's budget.

We hasten to satisfy this modest demand, and by way of doing so append a fairly typical statement of weekly expenditure for man, wife, and six children:

Bread,	$1.25
Rent,	.40
Butter,	.12
Cheese,	.12
1 lb. Pork for Sunday,	.16
¼ lb. Tea,	.12
Clubs,	.08
Fuel,	.25
Total,	$2.50

Some experienced housewives informed the writer that, with a family of six, they would allow $1.50 for bread, in which case, of course, some other items must of necessity be eliminated from the not too lavish *menu* of the simple household.

Perhaps it may be thought that we have chosen an extreme case—a family of six juveniles, all non-workers. On the other hand, large families are the rule in this district, and the pinch of poverty is most keenly felt in the early days of married life.

As soon as the School Law allows (and ofttimes long before) little Tom fares forth to the fields and earns his first money by scaring rooks. For this he feels himself well remunerated if he

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receives 16, or possibly even 25, cents a week. This sum is proudly paid into the family exchequer. When Tom reaches the age of thirteen he can defy the school-district officers and is sure of an income of 38 cents per week.

It will be seen from the above financial statement that the laborer's lot is a hard one, and that his table is furnished in a style that would be deemed distinctly inefficient by the *habitué* of Delmonico's.

In order, however, to give an accurate presentment of the state of the case, it is necessary to mention certain alleviations which do something to modify the hardness of his lot.

1. First there is the matter of "allotments." If local circumstances are propitious he can hire an allotment, and from this strip of land he will, by extra work, obtain an ample supply of plain vegetables; and this undoubtedly does somewhat to mitigate the austerity of his daily bill of fare. Directly after his supper the Essex laborer proceeds to his allotment, and there, despite the eleven hours that he has already fulfilled, works strenuously at his little patch of land while daylight lasts.

The present writer has had opportunities of witnessing diverse methods of cultivation, from the free-and-easy scratching of the rich prairie soil in North-west Canada to the magnificent high farming of the Scottish Lowlands, but never anywhere has he seen anything to compare with that which was achieved by spade industry on the Essex laborer's allotment. The thoroughness of the cultivation, the care with which every inch of ground was utilized, the skill whereby one crop of vegetables succeeded another in the same year and on the same patch, call for unbounded admiration.

It will perhaps seem scarcely credible, yet is none the less true, that the local magnates—with a few brilliant exceptions—have steadily thwarted the desire of the laborer to obtain access to the land. Either there were no available allotments, or they were a mile away from the home of the laborer—a consideration when the days are short—or the price demanded was exorbitant, or some utterly second-rate field was offered. At a time when the average farm was reduced to prairie value, and hundreds of acres were to let, the farm-hand had to pay for the strip which he treats with such loving care from one hundred to six hundred per cent., in a given case, on the letting value of the average farm. This is a fair specimen of the lofty intelligence which sways the mind of the bucolic magnate, the great land-owner of the neighborhood!

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True it is, that in quite recent times local councils have been established with power compulsorily to hire or purchase land for allotments *in a suitable locality*. From this concession ecstatic politicians prophesied a speedy rural millennium.

Let us see, however, what the result really is. The influence of the squire (land-owner) and parson is still predominant, and they, with the farmers, form a small but solid phalanx in the village council.

The village reformer, generally a marked man, on whom some day the ban of exile will fall, rises, let us say, and in an access of courage proposes that a particular field of the land-owner's be purchased (or hired at judicial rent) for allotments. The landlord and parson eye the speaker in a manner not suggestive of benevolence; there is a brief debate and the proposal is carried. The point is gained *in theory*, it is true, but *cui bono?* The venturesome one loses his work, and what avail is it to him to have the by-products from a convenient allotment if his main stand-by (his daily work) is taken from him? One by one the other venturesome ones are similarly punished for their temerity in voting with him.

In short, theories apart, you have to reckon with the fact—inconceivable to Americans—that the whole parish is generally under the sway of the landlord, or squire, as he is called. He controls the tenant farmers; they control the laborer. The too courageous laborer, the man of ideas, is not wanted. Employment is denied him on all sides, and he must leave the parish. What this means to the hapless, stay-at-home Essex laborer it may be impossible to convey to the facile and adaptive mind of his kinsman in the States, who thinks nothing of moving to another State a thousand miles away.

It is on record that one man lost his work for the avowed reason that he was a "Radical," the squire of course being a true-blue, undiluted Tory of the eighteenth century type. Another because he was secretary to a laborers' union. The union had been started in sheer desperation, wages having been systematically and cruelly reduced until they reached starvation limit—*two dollars per week*. By means of the union the scale was raised until, for a brief while, it reached $2.75 per week. Then followed a period of disaster—wages fell to $2.25, and may yet go lower if the employers dare.

Meanwhile the secretary, an honest, well-meaning, and very respectable young fellow, was persistently boycotted, and had to leave the parish where he was born and bred.

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These are not isolated cases—hundreds more might be adduced.

It will be seen, therefore, that the millennium is not yet.

2. Alleviation number two consists in the fact that our friend receives *additional pay for additional work* in hay-time and harvest. Of course work on allotments must go to the wall for awhile.

Meantime for a few weeks the pay of the farm-hand is practically doubled. This is triumphantly adduced, by his hereditary enemies, as evidence that his lot is by no means pitiable.

Let us, however, preserve our academic calm and inquire a little further:

For this additional and temporary wage the laborer has often wrought eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. We are not, therefore, inclined to think that the money is dishonestly obtained.

Moreover there are, in this connection, one or two points still to be noted.

In the weekly budget already presented it will be observed that no mention is made of clothes or boots—a woful item in a heavy clay country—and it is presumable that even the most drastic of local magnates would not dispute the necessity of some such articles of apparel.

Where are they to come from? The weekly budget allows no margin. It is from the harvest money alone that the poor housewife buys her little stock of clothes for the whole family.

Nor is this the sole destination of the extra pay. In winter our poor friend has perhaps for weeks been out of work, and on rainy days is cruelly sent home in many cases.

Where is the bread to come from? The only resource is a long bill for bare necessaries at the village shop, and it is from the harvest money that the reckoning is paid.

3. Alleviation number three is perhaps the most painful to mention. It consists in charitable doles, pauperizing, inefficient and often administered with the most maddening favoritism.

Cast-off clothes are eagerly sought for, and in winter soup is doled out to those who are out of work.

Coal clubs, etc., exist in particular places, and at Christmas my Lady Bountiful, with much condescension, distributes a small quantity of meat to certain favored households. Such is the level to which the honest and industrious tiller of the soil is reduced in a Christian country at the latter end of the nineteenth century!

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But, some reader may inquire, how is it that in this enlightened age such a state can possibly exist?

An adequate answer to that question would require a volume in order duly and accurately to make presentment of the whole case. A few leading points, however, may be lightly touched upon. The possession of land in England always carries with it high social and other privileges, imparting a fictitious importance to the owner which the average American finds it difficult to realize, or in any way understand. This, of course, enhances the value of landed estate.

Again, in the halcyon days when the landed interest was protected by law, when wages were low—$1.75 a week!—and bread dear, when no dream of American competition dawned on the minds of men, large fortunes were made from land, and an entirely fictitious and temporary value was attached to it. Prices altogether beyond the normal value—sometimes double—were paid for it, and it was imagined that the "boom," so to speak, would last for ever. In effect, it was an era of not too wise speculation, and for many years one unheeded economist predicted a disaster. In due course it came, and interest now centred in the question, "Who must pay the penalty for this error in speculation?"

Not the land-owner; Heaven forfend!

> "Let arts and commerce, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old nobility!"

So sang, in lyric phrase, one great land-owner, now an English duke.

The land-owner must still have his carriages, his wines, his servants, his whole *ménage* well nigh as before. There is an easier remedy: rack-rent the farmers, who cannot well resist, or try a cut in wages. What more simple?

Now, here let it be remarked that the English farmer is not adaptive, as is his American cousin. He cannot possibly quit the profession in which his whole life has been spent, and at which he is probably unsurpassed. Nothing remains for him but to accept the rack-rent, which he well knows leaves him an insufficient margin for existence. He is harassed on every side. He has local burdens on the land which would make a New England farmer stare, and which are regulated on the same scale as when prices ruled high and farming was a paying industry. But we must not deal in generalities. We therefore

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append a brief but fairly typical summary of the local burdens which the farmer has to pay:

Poor rate, per acre, ...	$0.75
Highway rate, per acre, ...	.38
Schools, per acre, ...	.18
Tithe, per acre, ...	1.34
Total per acre, ...	$2.65

Thus, on a farm of 300 acres the *local* rates and taxes would amount to no less a sum than $795, and this takes no account of imperial taxes and other burdens which must be met. Fancy the feelings of a Connecticut farmer if asked to pay $795 for schools, roads, poor, etc., on a 300-acre farm! He would straightway pull up his stakes and be gone.

Of the list of local burdens here mentioned one item (tithe) requires an explanatory word. This is a heavy first charge upon land, amounting in the case cited (no unusual one) to $1.34 per acre. Generally speaking it is divided into greater and lesser tithe. The latter goes to the support of the Anglican clergyman; the greater tithe is not unfrequently in lay hands. Until the time of Henry VIII. of pious memory the greater tithes were often in the hands of some monastery as rector, and they appointed some priest as vicar to discharge the parochial duties. Hence the difference of designation in so many English parishes.

Now let it be borne in mind that the old English monastery was often the public school, the religious seminary, the hospital, the poor-house, and even in some sort the hostelry for belated travellers of whatever rank. Their revenues, therefore (greater tithe included), were of national benefit, and at the same time the Poor Law, the great curse of modern England, was unknown. When, therefore, Henry VIII. scattered the greater tithe amongst his courtiers, a double wrong was inflicted upon the farmer. He paid his tithe as heretofore and was saddled in addition with a poor rate, a burden hitherto unknown and which, in clerical hands, the greater tithe had rendered unnecessary.

Surely this is a cruel wrong which cries aloud for redress. Surely, too, Protestant principles and the glorious reigns of Henry and Elizabeth have proved an expensive luxury for the British farmer.

All things considered, it is not much to be wondered at if

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the poor farmer, with low prices and high rents, with burdens innumerable and the keen competition of his unshackled American cousin, is unable to rise above the feelings of his class, and when a difficulty occurs in matters financial immediately visits it upon the wages of labor.

The policy is none the less crassly short-sighted, and is productive of a lurking bitterness which, though latent, is always there.

So far as the farm-hand is concerned, it is matter for sorrowful reflection that the purchasing power of his wage is less at the present day than it was six hundred years ago. No wonder if there is upon him the downcast look of the oppressed. His is indeed a dull life, the life of a beast of burden, varied only by the mild excitement of the annual missionary meeting, or of some occasional village concert, given with becoming condescension by the family of the local magnate, or his trusty henchman, the parson. If, however, you think that the laborer, because of his slouching gait and downcast demeanor, is without wit or shrewdness, you are greatly mistaken. An abundant sense of humor lurks under the taciturnity of him who, by generations of oppression, has learnt to be discreetly silent in the presence of his "betters."

Let us now for a brief moment take a peep at our friend's home. It is a picturesque old cottage, with huge chimney and thatched roof. There is a Virginia creeper climbing up the walls, and in the tiniest of gardens (literally a yard or two square) there is a profusion of quaint old English flowers. Inside there is a fine old kitchen with brick floor and a fireplace of huge dimensions. Upstairs there is often only one room, divided off by a curtain.

If our friend is at home, we may perhaps find him discussing his breakfast, bread, tea (which has been stewing for hours), and a raw onion or turnip, which he is cutting with his great pocket-knife. If he is at lunch, we shall find bread, cheese, tea, or beer, which he brews for twelve cents a gallon. Supper, however, is the principal meal. Here he has vegetables in abundance, bread, cheese, butter, and in harvest-time even meat!

The saddest period for the Essex farm-hand comes when he is no longer able to work. Ninety per cent. of the men have been thrifty, and for twenty or thirty years have paid into some club which was financially unsound and which broke up just as its aid was needed.

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The amount thus lost by the unfortunate would probably be from $100 to $125, a sum which, if otherwise invested, would have met every absolute need. As it is, in due course application must be made to the Board of Guardians for out-door relief. The board consists entirely of men whose interests are diametrically opposed to the laborer: farmers, a few clergymen and the local magnates, ex-officio, as justices of the peace.

As a guardian of the poor for several years, the present writer gives it as his deliberate conviction that no more satanic engine of cruelty and oppression ever existed in a civilized state. The brow-beating of the poor applicant before forty of his hereditary foes, the false statements of the Poor-Law officers, eager to curry favor with the powers that be, and finally the invariable and magnanimous offer of the poor-house to the toil-worn tiller of the soil—these form the staple business at board meetings.

The poor-house is in reality a sort of house of detention, and is hated by the poor. The board, therefore, use it as a deterrent and offer it to almost all comers. The cost of maintenance inside the house is 60 cents per week: outside the poor starveling would be glad of 40 or even 25 cents, if only he might be allowed to keep his humble home. Many half starve, or even wholly starve, rather than accept the bitter alternative.

We give, in *précis* fashion, two typical instances, out of many, to show the shameless effrontery and cruelty of the board:

Case I.—Applicant, aged seventy, hard-working and respectable, applies for out-door relief. The chairman: "I know the case well, gentlemen, and I may tell you that for 20 years that man has had $5 a week and ought to have laid by money."

Emphatic but mild protest from a guardian who knew better. Case adjourned. On inquiry, it is found that the applicant never received more than $2.50 per week in his life and for many years only two dollars.

For very shame at the exposure of the falsehood relief (50 cents a week) is granted, but it is saddled on the old man's struggling sons, both men with households of their own to maintain!

Case II.—Urgent application by a clergyman on behalf of a dying man, absolutely destitute and without bread. The Poor-Law officer steps to the front with a smirk and remarks: "All I can say is, that I saw a silver watch in the house, and there-

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fore the man *can't* be destitute." Case adjourned for a fortnight. One obstinate guardian determines to investigate, and finds that the *silver watch* is an old nutmeg-grater. The officer in fact has been grossly negligent or has glibly lied.

Meanwhile the applicant dies and goes, let us hope, to a place where boards of guardians do not exist.

Surely the curse of God is upon such a system. Surely, too, God's poor were better cared for in those days which some silly people still call the "Dark Ages."

II.

Turn we now, by way of brief comparison, to the farm-hand in New England.

There are some similarities and many equally marked contrasts. It is, in this case, no mere figure of speech to talk of "kinsmen across the sea." Numbers of Essex men poured into New England in the early colonial days. Contemporary records tell us this, and to the lover of antiquity it is interesting to find corroborative evidence of the fact in many of the place-names in New England—Haverhill, Colchester, Debden, and many others. The very speech of New England, which forms occasionally the subject of much mild mirth, is but an accentuated form of that still to be found in Essex and neighboring counties.

When, however, we come to examine into the mode of daily life the contrast at once becomes marked.

To begin with, our New England farm-hand has, as a moderate compensation, four times the weekly wage of his Old-English cousin. Nor is the superior wage discounted in effect by increased cost of living. In New England food is plentiful, and for the most part distinctly cheaper than in Old England. Meat is nearly 50 per cent. cheaper, and nearly the same might be said of fruit, milk, and other articles. Clothes, on the other hand, are much dearer. It is possible, therefore, to strike a pretty fair balance between the two.

The manner of life of the New-Englander is affected accordingly. He has varied and plentiful fare; eats meat, not once a week but twice or thrice a day, and has fruit, puddings, cakes, vegetables, etc., in profusion. Indeed sometimes we incline to the belief that he is a trifle wasteful in the matter of food.

Tell all this to his English cousin, describe to him in detail the New-Englander's life, and he will not believe you. His

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jaw will drop and the slow smile of incredulity will pass over his face. He will be still outwardly deferential, but in the bosom of his family and in the privacy of his domestic circle he will wax jocular and say, "What wonnerful liars these travellers be, to be sure!"

Another and a most marked contrast is to be found in the fact that the New-Englander has a *prospect in life*, which the other has not. If he is steady and industrious, many are the opportunities which open up for him. He may become the care-taker for one of the abandoned farms, or not improbably blossom into a farmer himself. It does one good to hear his enthusiasm, if he is a genuine lover of the soil. From his milk he gets a steady income; his fruit-trees yield well; and when he goes on to tell you, in an expansive moment, of the profits he has made on his geese and ducks, of his "incubators" and "brooder" houses, and the number of "broilers" he has sent to New York, the city visitor is fairly carried away by the prevailing enthusiasm, and has visions, then and there, of purchasing a homestead and settling for good and all in this guileless Arcadia.

It is unfortunately the case that, whether from the haste to get rich, or from the attractions of the city, or from the gregarious instinct of the nineteenth century, there is a decided exodus toward the great cities. If we regard the virility and longevity of the nation at large, this is a movement to be deprecated. Farm-life may not lead to the rapid accumulation of money, but it has its advantages. It is remarkably free and healthful; there is no crowding by hundreds into fœtid "flats"; and if the process of achieving an independence is slow, it is none the less sure. There are comparatively few of the industrious workers who do not possess their little property in house or land, and who are not well assured against sickness or death. They have toiled, indeed, but they have something to show for their toil.

Our New England farm-hand is an independent entity. He owns no man for squire or over-lord. He has no need to cringe to any man for a morsel of bread. He can look his fellow-men squarely in the face. He has no need to fear.

Nay more, he is treated as becometh a citizen. "Whene'er he takes his walks abroad"—or, in other words, goes off on a visit—his comings and goings are duly chronicled in the local newspaper. This would be a thing unheard-of in the case of his cousin in England, unless indeed he committed murder or

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suicide. Then, to be sure, columns would be devoted to his case.

As to offering cast-off clothes to our New-Englander, we have but to recall the appearance of our friend on Sunday. We bethink ourselves of that well-fitting coat, that glossy hat, and that faultless crease which gives such lofty tone to his other garment, and then we go home and, looking at our cast-off coat, waistcoat, and pants, we are convinced that we should as soon think of offering them to our immaculate friend as we would to the Prince of Wales!

Thus, it will be seen that our friend lives respected and independent, and provides duly for wife and family. When he dies his virtues are commemorated in the local print. As to the funeral (if that be a desideratum), it is an "elegant" one. With a fine hearse, many carriages, and all the panoply of woe, it is indeed an imposing function. With her nice little property duly secured, and with all this display of valedictory respect, what could the heart of widow desire more?

The fate of his English cousin is far different. His remains are thrust into a villanous coffin which scarcely holds together till it reaches the earth. Yet here lies one who has toiled valiantly all the days of his life, and the aggregate of whose toil, in another clime and under other environment, might have achieved mighty things. And this is the end—a pauper funeral! Yet, in his day and generation, he battled uncomplainingly with the sorrows of life. For him, pauper though he be, the bright eyes of his daughters (themselves lamentably poor) are streaming with tears, and far away in the poor-house there the aged widow mourns for her "old man," and knows that it will not be long before she too is called to join him in another land.

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SOME FAMOUS RINGS.

BY M. J. ONAHAN.

THE history and poetry of rings is more curious and more fascinating than that of dynasties and of princes. A ring has been the symbol of power; it has been also the mark of slavery; affection and friendship have wrought it into a remembrance; love has placed it encircling with its gentle pressure a vein supposed to vibrate in the heart. Millions upon millions have been bound together with it for better, for worse, more firmly than ever shackles have bound a felon. It decks the finger of the blushing maiden standing shyly, half reluctant, wholly willing, at the portal of Love's sweet fane; it gleams bright and pure and steady upon the hand of the new-made wife, token of the love she has vowed; it shines, though none can see, in the darkness of many a coffin, emblem of man's immortality.

The origin of the ring is shrouded in mythology. The old story of Prometheus is well known; how Jupiter in a fit of rage chained Prometheus to a rock on the Caucasus and sent a vulture to feed upon him. According to Hesiod, the god had sworn to keep him there eternally; according to other authors, his rage was not so boundless. At any rate, so the story runs, even the terrible Jove relented and pardoned Prometheus; but in order not to violate his oath he commanded that he should always wear upon his finger an iron ring in which was fastened a small fragment of Caucasus, so that it should still be true in a certain sense that Prometheus was bound to the rock. This was the origin of the ring, according to Hesiod, as well as the insertion of the first stone.

On the other hand, Pliny declares that the inventor of the ring is not known. It was in use among the Babylonians, Persians, and Greeks, although the latter were probably unacquainted with it at the time of the Trojan War, as Homer does not mention it. Southey's *Commonplace Book* contains the following quotation from the *Treasure of Auncient and Moderne Times:* "But the good olde man Plinie can not overreach us with his idle arguments and conjectures, for we read in Gene-

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sis that Joseph, who lived five hundred years before the warres of Troy, having expounded the dreame of Pharao, King of Egypt, was by the sayde prince made superintendent over his kingdom, and for his safer possession in that estate, he took off his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand. In Moses' time, which was more than foure hundred yeares before Troy warres, wee find rings to be then in use; for wee reade that they were comprehended in the ornaments which Aaron the high-priest should weare, and they of his posteritie afterward; as also it was avouched by Josephus. Whereby appeareth plainly, that the use of rings was much more ancient than Plinie reporteth them in his conjectures; but as he was a pagan, and ignorant in sacred writings," the old chronicler goes on to add, "so it is no marvel if these things went beyond his knowledge."

JOSEPH'S RING, FOUND IN OPENING A TOMB IN 1824.

The ring given by Pharao to Joseph is actually in existence, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Ashburnham. It was discovered in 1824 by Arab workmen in a tomb in the necropolis of Sakkara, near Memphis. The mummy was cased in gold, each finger had its particular envelope, inscribed with hieroglyphics. "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him and he was put in a coffin in Egypt."

Joseph's ring, though one of the most valuable antiques in the world, is put quite in the shade by another ring, older still—the ring of Suphis, or Cheops, King of Memphis, who erected the Great Pyramid for his monument. Like all the Egyptian rings, it is covered with hieroglyphics, figures of Isis, Osiris, the lotus, the crocodile, and the whole symbolic Egyptian mythology. This ring is now in New York in the possession of a famous collector.

Rings have been discovered in the cinerary urns of the

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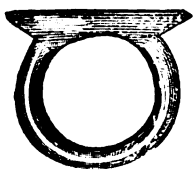
Greeks; as they could scarcely have withstood the fire through which dead bodies were passed, they must have been placed there as tokens of affection by relatives or friends. It was against the laws of Rome to bury gold with the dead, so that the rings found in Roman urns must have been secreted there. There was one curious exception to this rule, which seems like a bit of satire on our vaunted modern progress. The gold that fastened false teeth in the mouth of the deceased was exempt and might be buried with the body. Dentistry has not made such wonderful progress in these two thousand years after all.

Skeletons of Roman knights have been discovered in the tombs of the Sierra Elvira, in Spain, with rings upon their fingers, and some of them had in their mouths the piece of money in the form of a ring destined to pay the ferryman Charon. What a pity that the modern world can no longer avail itself of such *billets d'admission!* The old ferryman has fallen into decrepitude and disrepute, his occupation gone, his authority entirely annulled. According to modern belief, when men set out on their journey to that unknown shore they must leave gold and silver behind them. Good deeds are the only coins that are current.



RING OF CHEOPS, THE MOST VALUABLE ANTIQUE RING IN THE WORLD.

Rings were in use among the Gauls and Britons. William de Belmeis gave certain lands to St. Paul's Cathedral, and directed that his ring, set with a ruby, should, together with the seal, be affixed to the charter for ever. Jewellers and goldsmiths were highly esteemed in those days. "Even the clergy," says Edwards in his very curious book on rings, "thought it no disgrace to handle tools. St. Dunstan in particular was celebrated as the best blacksmith, brazier, goldsmith, and engraver of his time. This accounts for the cleverness with which he laid hold of the gentleman in black:

"St. Dunstan stood in his ivy'd tower—
Alembic, crucible, all were there;
When in came Nick, to play him a trick,
In guise of a damsel passing fair.
Every one knows
How the story goes—
He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose!"

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Rings have been made of almost every hard substance known, gold, silver, bronze, iron, stone, ivory, porcelain, amber, jet, and even of glass. The first mention of a Roman gold ring is in the year 432, but they soon came to be indiscriminately worn. Three bushels were gathered out of the spoils after Hannibal's victory at Cannæ. The Romans not only cumbered their fingers with a great number of rings, but some of them were of extraordinary weight and size. An outline of one appears in Montfaucon. This ring represents Trajan's good queen Plotina. She has a glorious head-dress indeed, three rows of precious stones cut in facets.

Rings have been worn on all fingers of both hands, but the fourth finger of the left hand has been preferred to all others from the earliest times; hence it is called the ring-finger. Apropos of this subject a charming old work, *Enquiries into Vulgar Errors*, says: "That hand (the left) being lesse employed, thereby they were best preserved, and for the same reason they placed them on this finger, for the thumbe was too active a finger, and is commonly employed with either of the rest; the index or fore finger was too naked whereto to commit their pretiosities, and hath the tuition of the thumbe scarce unto the second joynt; the middle and little fingers they rejected as extreams, and too big or too little for their rings; and of all chose out the fourth as being least used of any, as being guarded on either side, and having in most this peculiarity, that it cannot be extended alone and by itselfe, but will be accompanied by some finger on either side."

ROMAN RING, ACTUAL SIZE.

The episcopal ring is esteemed as a pledge of the spiritual marriage between the bishop and his church, and was used at

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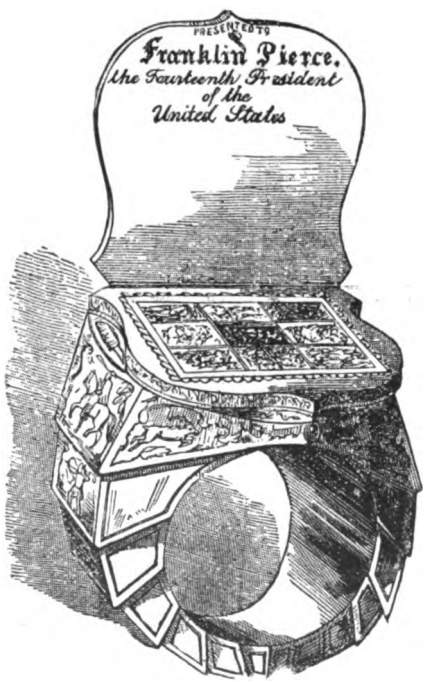
a remote period. The decrees of the Roman See are signed with a seal known as the Fisherman's Ring. This ring forms an important feature in the funeral rites of a pontiff. The following is an account of the ceremonies attendant on the death of a pope: "When a pope dies the cardinal chamberlain, accompanied by a large number of the high dignitaries of the Papal court, comes into the room where the body lies, and the principal or great notary makes an attestation of the circumstance. Then the cardinal chamberlain calls out the name of the deceased pope three times, striking the body each time with a hammer; and as no response comes the chief notary makes another attestation. After this the cardinal chamberlain demands the Fisherman's Ring, and certain ceremonies are performed over it; and then he strikes the ring with a golden hammer, and an officer destroys the figure of Peter by the use of a file. From this moment all the authority and acts of the late pope pass to the College or Conclave of Cardinals."



PRESENTED BY SOME CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA.

One of the most curious as well as one of the most valuable of American rings is that presented to President Pierce in 1852 by the citizens of California. It is of massive gold, weighing upwards of a pound; the circular portion is cut into squares which stand at right angles with each other, and are embellished each with a beautifully executed design, the entire group presenting a pictorial history of California from her primitive state down to the present time. The seal of the ring is really a lid

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which swings upon a hinge, and is covered with the arms of the State of California surmounted by the Stars and Stripes. Underneath is a square box divided by bars of gold into nine separate compartments, each containing a pure specimen of the varieties of ore found in the country. On the inside is the following inscription: "Presented to Franklin Pierce, the Fourteenth President of the United States."

The rings in which poison was carried are numerous. Dumas, in his *Crimes Célèbres*, tells of a ring worn by Cæsar Borgia composed of two lions' heads, the stone of which he turned inward when pressing an enemy's hand. The teeth were charged with poison. Needless to say the enemy never called again. In older and more credulous times than ours even the stones themselves were believed to have certain powers quite apart from any such vulgar agency as poison. Such staid authorities as Albertus Magnus and St. Jerome seem to have countenanced this belief. The diamond was supposed to give one the power of conquering enemies, it was also a safeguard against poison; the emerald was at enmity with all impurity; the topaz freed men from sadness; the agate made a man brave and strong; the sapphire procured the favor of princes; the opal sharpened the sight, etc.

In ancient times men, when dying, declared by the giving of a ring who was to be their heir. In Ireland rings of remarkable beauty have been found. We all remember Moore's lines:

> "Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
> And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore";

which was, indeed, as some one remarks, a thoroughly Irish way of wearing a ring. This was in the time of good King Brian, who

> ". . . knew the way
> To keep the peace and make them pay;
> For those who were bad, he knocked off their head;
> And those who were worse, he kilt them dead."

That "de'il o' Dundee" also had a ring of which the inscription, a thoroughly characteristic one, is still remaining.

Rings as love-tokens are as old as Love itself. Old Roman rings have been found in which was a tiny socket for the insertion of hair; others had a whistle on one side (a case of "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," no doubt). Louis IX.

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of France wore a ring representing a garland of *marguerites* and *fleurs-de-lis*, in allusion to the name of his wife, Queen Marguerite, and the arms of France. Engraved on it were these words: "This ring contains all we love."

Not only hearts but cities have been wedded with a ring. Venice, that "white sea-gull of the Adriatic," was once annually married with a ring. The stranger can yet see the richly gilt galley, called the *Bucentaur*, in which the doge, from the year 1311, went forth on Ascension morning to throw a ring into the water, as a sign of the power of Venice over that sea and of the union which he renewed between them.

Thus, for better, for worse, in the vowing of Life and the dealing of Death, these little emblems have swayed the world. What is all creation, indeed, but a ring—a ring that means at once Power and Love Eternal? It is on the earth, in the sky, everywhere. Above our heads it shines as Saturn gleams blue and bright upon the horizon, showing us how the world was made. Farther still, millions and millions of miles, rising through deserts of space in Ariadne's Crown, it rests like a wreath of promise on the very zenith of the universe; and as men gaze into those starry depths they see, shining bright and clear, symbol of their earthly vows, a ring, emblem of Life, of Hope, of Love, of Immortality.

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FRANCES SCHERVIER AND HER POOR SISTERS.*

BY JOSEPH WALTER WILSTACH.

THERE is one characteristic which is common of all the saints, at least of all the holy men and women of that golden list whose lives it has been my pleasure and privilege to peruse, and that is their capacity for great sacrifices. It is almost a truism to say that all spiritual attainment runs parallel to personal heroism. It is a truth which any one will acknowledge at once who has read the record of but one saintly life. The lesson of self-abnegation, so radiantly portrayed in the pilgrimage of the greatest, is the primal note, so to speak, in the music of every holy life. We are not surprised, therefore, to find it so prominently manifest in the worthy woman, Frances Schervier—the foundress of that holy sisterhood, the Poor Sisters of St. Francis—a sisterhood that stands as a living illustration of that mysterious and providential character which the church has always borne, and which has been the stumbling-block and at times the admiration of even those who oppose her; I mean her marvellous adaptability in her growth and development to the various conditions of the world and human society. All great movements, sealed by the church with the sanction of her approval, from the days of the hermits of the Thebaid down through the ages to our own time have had the same character. They are plainly manifest in the light of history. The old dieth, the new is born; but the new only in appearance, for in principle it is one and the same, the ever present and ever active inspiration, light, and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Frances Schervier, the chosen instrument for founding the Poor Sisters of St. Francis, was born in the historic old city of Aix la Chapelle, in 1819, of wealthy and devout parents. Her youth, together with that of her brothers and sisters, was sacredly guarded within the precincts of a well-ordered household presided over by a father and mother whose chief aim in the rearing of their children was to keep their little ones unsullied by

* *Mother Frances Schervier.* By Rev. Father Jeiler, O.S.F., D.D. 1 vol. 12mo. St. Louis, 1895.

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any sinful influences from without. In reading the account which the learned and judicious Franciscan has written for us in that land which is the cradle of the Franciscan Order, the Catholic parent will find a model well worthy of emulation. Such examples are rare indeed. But wherever they occur, the result bears the marks of divine blessings in the holy after-lives of the children.

Frances made her first Communion at the tender age of ten, and by a coincidence which is worthy of note, and was observed by her at the time, on the feast day of St. Francis and of our Lady of Victories, which occurred that year upon the same day. When she was but fourteen years of age she lost by death the pious mother who had nurtured her. This was a great sorrow to the tender-hearted little girl. It left upon her young shoulders the burden of a large house, and the guidance of her young brothers and sisters. It was a school, however, for the development and maturing of those abilities which would bear their full fruit later when she became the spiritual mother of a numerous sisterhood.

Much of the narrative of her inner life down to the time of her early career as a religious is given in her own words, taken from an account written by her only under the pressure of obedience. It is remarkably simple and beautiful, and reflects quite clearly the character of the writer. Through this crystal medium we follow the spiritual progress of the saintly girl, whose heart seems to have been preserved in the white robe of baptismal innocence. Her vocation to be the foundress of a congregation rich in works of the most humble charity and the most rigid poverty of life, is manifested by her early love towards the poor, the distressed, the despised, the fallen. If there is any place where the evils of our century need the break-water of the church it is at these special points. For surely it is a century characterized for its mad race after riches and pleasures, in which all the arts and genius of the various peoples are enlisted; wherein self-gratification and the deification of the individual are being developed alongside of the most utter unconcern for the wretchedness which pervades all the lower stratum of society. Setting aside and holding as naught all the worldly advantages of her social position, her sole delight was to fill the office of an angel of charity and mercy. All the obstacles thrown in her way by her father and her relatives were futile to divert her from the divinely directed course of her life.

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In 1841 the saintly girl met, in the person of Father Joseph Istas, an ideal priest, whose heroic acts of charity she gladly supplemented down to January, 1843, when this worthy representative of the apostles was snatched away. She was present and saw his edifying and holy death. When he had been clad in priestly vestments and was laid in his coffin she came and knelt there, the other inmates of the house having withdrawn. After praying for a long time for the repose of his soul she asked his aid for the continuation of their charitable work, for the deserted poor and for herself. "I felt," she wrote, "a vehement desire to place his hand upon my head, for I had a holy reverence for that anointed and priestly hand, which in life I had always regarded as sacred and never touched, and which he himself, when giving me money or other articles, knew to use so adroitly that it never touched mine. I hesitated, but finally my desire triumphed. With a look up to God, and protesting in his and the deceased's presence that I acted from the purest motive, I bowed profoundly and placed the dear hand on my head. Oh! how reverently I was then able to pray, to beseech God to continue, through the intercession of his servant, the work he had begun; to bless it, and to infuse into me some of the spirit of this saintly priest, that I might conduct it in the right manner. O my God! it was a supplication, a prayer which thou couldst not despise. . . ."

It was not until 1845 that the congregation of which she became the foundress and unwilling head was established; and the records of the progress and development of the body are minutely detailed in the narrative of Rev. Dr. Jeiler, and are deeply edifying and instructive. The profound humility of the able Mother Schervier and her distrust of her own abilities to lead and govern are the same which have characterized other great characters in similar positions. The success of her labors as a foundress and a guardian of a religious congregation are in striking contrast to her own poor idea of her uncommon abilities.

Having established under divine guidance a sisterhood the object of all whose cares, labors, and sacrifices was to be the poor, the neglected, the abandoned—and especially the poor women of the street, sunk in hopeless iniquity—one of the cardinal principles incorporated into its rules by Mother Schervier was that of holy poverty, exampled after the poverty of St. Francis forbidding the holding of any property for the purpose of livelihood, not only to individual members but also

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to the community. To this rule she heroically and determinedly clung in spite of all counsel of superiors, and finally got it recognized by ecclesiastical authority. Her sole dependence and that of her sisters was upon the providence of God. The heroic nature of this apostolic woman welcomed for herself and her valiant daughters the privations which this rule was sure to entail. Although born in luxury herself, like many others who had joined the congregation, she loved poverty, and those who were its victims, for the sake of Him who had not whereon to lay his head.

Her career from the foundation of her congregation down to the hour of her death was that of a crucified life, full of sublime effort and accomplishment, possible only where the spirit through correspondence to divine grace has wholly subjected the lower nature. The record of this life is for us a sample of what the lives of thousands of holy women have been during the past eighteen centuries, unrecorded by human pen. It must force upon the mind the thought of how many mute, inglorious saints have lived and died, full of merit before God, known only to God, or, if known to their fellow-creatures, their memory has died with the generation which revered them as blessed, and which saw, and was better for, their bright examples.

In Europe the Poor Sisters of St. Francis had thirty-six different institutions of charity up to 1894. But it is not alone to the crowded territory of Europe, where the miseries of poverty and sin have so many victims, that the labors of the Poor Sisters have been confined. As early as 1858 an institute of their mercy and charity was established in America by sisters chosen by Mother Frances because of special fitness. At the present time the congregation has fifteen houses in this country. Twice she visited America herself, to the holy joy of all the sisterhood, to whom in both hemispheres she was in very truth a mother, and who in turn loved her while she lived with a more than natural love and mourned her when dead with a more than human sorrow.

We are accustomed to think that this is not an age of miracles—that it is not an age when the spirit of God is breathing upon the world and moving chosen hearts to the initiation and accomplishment of great works, similar to those which mark epochs in departed centuries. But he who reads the life of Mother Frances Schervier will rise up thinking otherwise.

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THE NEGROES AND THE BAPTISTS.

BY REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY, BALTIMORE.

THERE is an irresponsible quarterly review published in New York City, and edited by one who claims to be a Catholic, and is, we believe, a convert. In the number for July, 1895, Mr. Eugene L. Didier, of Baltimore, has an article entitled "The Negro, in Fact and Fiction." Since its appearance we have received several letters calling our attention to it, all condemning it, save one, whose writer merely asked if we had seen it. Everything in Mr. Didier's paper against the Negro is directly contrary to Catholic truth or ethics. A few comparisons will show how wide of the mark he is.

Didier says, for instance, that "slavery was a blessing to the slave," while Leo XIII., in his encyclical to the Bishops of Brazil, speaks of it as the "dreadful curse of slavery." Mr. Didier writes chiefly of Protestant slaves under Protestant masters, while Leo XIII. refers entirely to Catholic masters and slaves. In Maryland even, Mr. Didier's own State, we have been assured that in slave days a Catholic negro would sell for more than a Protestant negro. It is no presumption to believe that the Catholic masters and slaves of Brazil were as good as the Catholic masters and slaves who gazed on the pleasant waters of the Patuxent or the Potomac.

Says Didier, "The abolition of slavery robbed the Southern people of their lawful property." In answer, Leo XIII. tells mankind

"the Supreme Author of all things so decreed that men should exercise a sort of royal dominion over beasts and cattle and fish and fowl, but never that men should exercise a like dominion over their fellow-man."

Greater than Leo's words, because from them the great Pope drew his inspiration, are the words of St. Augustine, one of the most learned teachers in the Catholic Church:

"Having created man a reasonable being and after his own likeness, God wished that he should rule only over the brute creation; that he should be the master, not of men but of beasts."

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Our pen almost refuses to quote the following specimens of Didier's effusion: "The Negro, in fact, is a natural-born and habitual liar; he lies without cause; he lies, etc., etc., usque ad nauseam; the negro, in fact, is shiftless, shameless, brutal, deceitful, dishonest, untruthful, revengeful, ungrateful, immoral." Mr. Didier almost emptied the dictionary.

This writer lives in Baltimore—that is, in the same city with the colored Oblate Sisters of Providence, who, since 1829, have been an edifying community consecrated to the cultivation of the highest Christian virtues. Mr. Didier knows the Oblates, for who in Baltimore does not? How in the face of these good souls any man, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, could write as Mr. Didier in last July's *Globe* is simply inexplicable.

In his litany of faults against the negroes, Mr. Didier in no place says that the negro is ungentlemanly; and the omission was wise!

Again, he starts in with a new lash with which to whip the Negro. It is that "he is a savage"; "left to himself he is a savage everywhere; a savage in Africa, a savage in Hayti, a savage in the South, a savage in the North." The Oblates, as an approved institute of the Catholic Church, are left to themselves. They are not savages; far from it, they are a holy body of women.

On the same street in Baltimore with Mr. Didier's residence is the Mother Church of colored Catholics, St. Francis Xavier's. There are in that church fully two thousand colored people, who are as good neighbors and as good Christians as a like number of any congregation of Christendom. Mr. Didier's sentiments on the Negro, however, are not those of the white Catholics of Baltimore. Let us see, moreover, what Leo XIII. thinks of the Didierian sentiments:

"Through your means (Bishops of Brazil) let it be brought to pass that masters and slaves may mutually agree with the highest good will and best good faith; nor let there be any transgression of clemency or justice, but whatever things have to be carried out, let all be done lawfully, temperately, and in a Christian manner" (*Encyclical on slavery*).

One word more from our author:

"It is not his black skin alone that distinguishes the Negro from the white man, as it is his black nature. . . . In intellect, he is only one degree above the baboon; in instinct, he is below the brute."

Shame! As a Catholic, knowing well the sentiments of the

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Catholic Church, I repudiate this statement and affirm that in no authoritative Catholic publication could it ever find place. Hear how differently Leo XIII. voices the true opinion of the Catholic Church:

"Thus the apostles in the early days of the church, among other precepts for a devout life, taught and laid down the doctrine which more than once occurs in the Epistles of St. Paul, addressed to those newly baptized: 'for you are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. For as many of you as have been baptized in Christ have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus. Where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in one spirit we have all been made to drink.' Golden words indeed, noble and wholesome lessons, whereby its old dignity is given back and with increase to the human race, and men of whatever land or tongue or class are bound together and joined in the strong bonds of brotherly kinship" (*Leo XIII. to the Bishops of Brazil*).

Naturally, our readers may think, why is this paper of Didier's noticed now, after so long a silence on our part, although urged heretofore to take it up? We passed it by not only because we were ashamed of it, but also because there is no arguing with prejudice. Silence is ever the best answer to vituperation. But to-day we call our readers' attention to it because of the wicked purposes to which the Baptists are putting it. Rev. General T. J. Morgan, an official of the Indian Bureau during Harrison's administration, is now corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and an editor of its organ, *The Baptist Home Mission Monthly*. Morgan has taken extracts from Didier's article, and with them the comment of Mr. Thorne, editor of *The Globe*, and with conscious duplicity has made them appear as the teaching of representative Catholics. He has offset them by ten points of Baptist faith, and afterward adds the views of five Baptist preachers in favor of the Negro. This leaflet Morgan has entitled, "Man or Baboon?" It has been distributed by tens of thousands among the Negroes. In Washington, where this tract was scattered broadcast, some of the more simple of the colored people, not knowing that Thorne was nobody and in reality represented nothing, were inclined to take Morgan's misstatement for the truth, and consequently these least of the kingdom were deeply scandalized at what they in their simplicity believed to be the opinions of the Catholic Church. In Richmond, again, the colored quarter was flooded with the

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pamphlet. There, however, the Baptists spread the report that Mr. Eugene L. Didier was a priest, confounding him with the well-known priest of Baltimore, Rev. Edmund Didier, whose apostolic work in propagating devotion to the Holy Face is so well and favorably known. This report was denied in the colored press of Richmond.

True to his ungentlemanly proclivities, Morgan, in his leaflet, appeals to the worst passions of the Negro. "They who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." No doubt the Negroes will learn the lesson only too well, and eventually it will recoil on the heads of the Baptists themselves.

Furthermore, would you know from what a polluted quarter this malicious attack comes, see the damaging revelations that have been made of Rev. General Morgan's career in the army. The records of the War Office are open to the public, and they witness in no uncertain way to the utter want of character and principle of the man who has fabricated these charges. Let any one read the findings of the court-martial convened at Chattanooga March 25, 1865, and no little light will be turned on so as to expose the real character of this man Morgan.

In this latest manœuvre apparently the only charitable way to account for his diatribes is to regard him as a monomaniac on Catholicism. Hardly can he conceive that he serves the cause of truth by deliberately misrepresenting millions of his countrymen and hundreds of millions of Christians, viz.: the children of the old Mother Church. Nor can he suppose that his love for God will feed on his hate of his fellow-man. Is he afflicted with the disease which the catechism of the Council of Trent calls "fere insanibilis animi morbus"?

While disposed to acknowledge the efforts of Northern white Baptists, we may, however, remind our readers that the Southern white Baptists can show no such friendship for the black man. They exceed their Northern co-religionists by over two hundred thousand. Their sentiment, therefore, and stand toward the Negroes seem to an outsider a fairer test of Baptist opinion than Mr. Morgan's. And when we remember that they are a split from the Northern Baptists, on the Negro question itself, we need not look for much love for the black Negro among Southern Baptists.

This leaflet of Dr. Morgan's should serve as a warning to Catholics; especially to those who, like Messrs. Thorne and Didier, seem to have their eyes in the back of their heads, and forget that the war is over and that the past can never be re-

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called. It is painful to find one of the unreconstructed, and he a Catholic, calling a halt to the forward march of the Negro; just as if any one listened to him, or cared a snap for his wail.

The South is the El Dorado of Protestantism. Catholics in that section of our country are like the few grapes left on the vine after the vintage, of which the prophet spoke. Yes, the South is almost exclusively Protestant. In fact, if from Northern Protestants are subtracted their Southern white and black co-religionists, their numbers in the North, the most progressive part of the country, would be comparatively small. Now, it is just in the North where the Catholics are strong. Take the Baptists for instance:

Carroll's "Religious Forces of the United States" gives the

Baptists in 1895 as	3,928,106
Subtract the Colored Baptists, . . .	1,317,962
Leaves the White Baptist as . . .	2,610,144
Deduct the Southern White Baptists,	1,417,816
Leaves as Northern Baptists, . . .	1,192,328

There are about eight to ten times as many Catholics in the North as there are Baptists; while in the South the tables are turned, the ratio being about the same the other way.

What, however, is the chief purpose of our article? It has been to authoritatively repudiate the statements of Thorne and Didier and to expose Morgan's mendacious methods. We would that it were in our power to go further. We wish to issue a leaflet in answer to Morgan's "Man or Baboon?" We will not quote any Baptist Thorne or Didier; no, but we propose to send out a leaflet on what the Catholic Church believes in regard to the Negro. Our authorities will be the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on Slavery; the Second and the Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore; the letters of the bishops to the Commission in charge of the Negro and Indian Fund. We shall indulge in no vituperation, for believing with the great African Doctor, Tertullian, "mens humana naturaliter Christiana," we propose to let the truth work its own way. One hundred thousand copies spread broadcast in the localities where the poison of Morgan's falsehoods has been poured out would be necessary to provide the antidote. Here is a glorious opportunity for some public-spirited soul to do a great service to the cause of truth.

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God has been good to the Negroes. In their passage from slavery to freedom, from freedom to citizenship and franchise, Providence has led them on without much effort on their part. Our country also is bountiful to our Brothers in black, who take it all in as a matter of course. Our Lord, moreover, has given to these Negroes a life very like his own days of sorrow. Like him, the Negro is a man of sorrow, "poor and in labor from his youth up." In fact, in the history of no race has the Passion of Christ found so large a counterpart as in the history of the Negro race. Let us hope that their untold sufferings in the past will win them to the faith. They have already gained many civil blessings. By means and labors of devoted souls they shall enjoy the gift of faith which "surpasseth all understanding." Protestantism has had the negroes, and that race alone, under its tutelage from savagery to civilization. Two and a half centuries have come and gone since the first slave landed at Jamestown, Va. The sects gave them their language; their Bible; their Sabbath; their inamissibility of grace; their religion, creed, and discipline; with this result, that white co-religionists of the Negro in the South have hardly a good word to say of him. The missionary effort of Protestantism here has been a monumental failure. The Negroes in the South will be one of the chief evidences of the barrenness of the Reformation.

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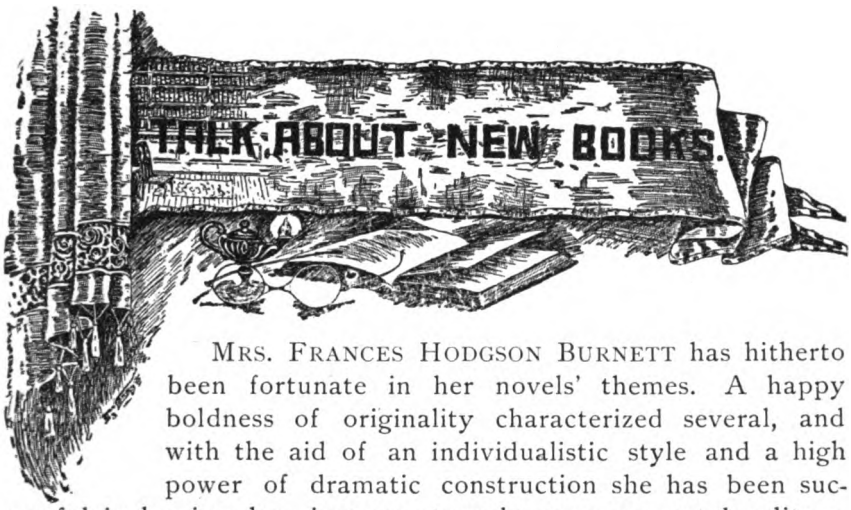

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has hitherto been fortunate in her novels' themes. A happy boldness of originality characterized several, and with the aid of an individualistic style and a high power of dramatic construction she has been successful in leaving her impress strongly upon present-day literature. We would that she had left what she considers, as we believe, her best work unwritten. It is called *A Lady of Quality*.* It is a powerful work, but it is overdone.

The great aim of many authors now is to present woman in new lights. The more startling and unreal, the better the effect, so it is thought. The Lady of Quality is certainly a startling creature. The idea seems to have been suggested by a statue of the Sphinx or similar chimera—one half the creature beast, the other part woman.

It may be a far-fetched surmise, but it is not out of the range of possibilities, that Mrs. Burnett had in view the humbling of those of us who glory in a descent from British aristocracy by giving a new picture of what such an aristocracy meant in the days of the Restoration and for long after. It is not a pleasant study. The squirearchy who followed the hounds and the worship of Bacchus, and knew nothing of religion but so much of it as enabled them to swear with emphasis, were unquestionably a brutal lot. We get good pictures of their morals and their manners in *Tom Jones* and *Tristram Shandy*. The authors of those works lived closer to the time than Mrs. Burnett, and their portrayal must be more faithful. We do not say they display a greater knowledge of the profanity and debauchery of the period than Mrs. Burnett does, but they give us its human side much better, because they did not write so much for effect as to produce a faithful picture and at the same time find an outlet for their own wit—which

* *A Lady of Quality*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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is by no means the lesser factor in their literary fame. Take Sterne, Smollett, and Fielding without their sparkle and their sympathy, and invest them with a double dose of what in æsthetic parlance was called "intensity," and you have Mrs. Burnett's essay on English "society" called *A Lady of Quality*.

The keynote to the book appears to be the moral irresponsibility of the individual and the blameworthiness of the environment. Thus, old Sir Jeoffrey Wildair, after having spent his whole lifetime in brutality and profligacy, and dying in doubt and darkness, is made to appear as if for him, who had never shown, as he himself confessed, justice to any man, mercy to any woman, environment should plead in extenuation of unrepented wrong-doing and licentiousness. And so with his daughter, Clorinda, who, born with a devil, becomes a duchess and a saint. The environment is held accountable for her shame, and her passion for the murder which her own hands commits—a liberal extension of the insanity plea indeed; but for her transformation from evil womanhood to noble living and the highest ideals of charity and tenderness, only the power of human love is relied on. As a psychological postulate we are afraid that the conception of Clorinda Wildair will bear no test of experience. As no one becomes suddenly wicked, so no one brought up in evil ways can, save by a miracle of grace, become suddenly saintly. There are far too many flashes of glowing animalism in the descriptive parts of this story, suggesting a want of sympathy with the spiritual side of womanhood which may be unjust to the author. For the sake of artistic effect she makes use of materials which not even the finest minds can handle without leaving coarse impressions; and for the production of dramatic intensity creates scenes which are utterly impossible even in the worst periods of moral decay. To ask us to believe that in the open day a girl of fifteen, of ample physical development, could be found to ride to the hounds habitually in male style and dress, along with her father and his debauched friends, as Clorinda Wildair is depicted as doing, is asking too much. Even at the most degenerate period of modern English society such a thing would be utterly impossible. Brutal and degraded as the peasantry were, could a parent be found debased enough to permit such a practice, they would hoot the shameless hoyden off their fields.

The great dramatic strength of this book will not save it from the verdict of disapproval. The Lady of Quality is hardly lady or woman, but a monstrous literary *lusus naturæ*.

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It is refreshing to turn from the perusal of pages of such straining to the simplicity of natural description and the brilliant play of French fancy in the matter of dialogue, such as we find them in the course of the unpretentious tale entitled *The Outlaw of Camargue.* Here indeed is the art that is truest of all—the *ars celare artem;* no effort to produce it is apparent, and yet the power is perceptibly present. The story is somewhat slender. It is in the guise of a romance of French Provençal life in the halcyon days which preceded the Revolution. The characters are of the picture, and their different idiosyncrasies are most skilfully presented either in the mode of speech, the habit of gesture, or some other of the many vehicles resorted to by the novelist of experience. The resources which the French literary artist of the modern school brings to his work are strikingly manifested in the technique of this pleasing novel. Without appearing in the slightest degree didactic, it imparts the most valuable lessons on the physical geography of the region of which it treats, and the racial peculiarities of the Provençal people. How powerful an aid this is in realizing the scenes with which the author deals it is needless to point out. The translator appears to have caught the spirit of the original with rare intelligence, and gives us a most enjoyable rendering.

One of the chapters is devoted to a tournament or competition of a terribly exciting character. It is a trial of strength and skill between two sets of men engaged in the savage business of guarding and taming the wild bulls which abound in the marshy region of Camargue. The picture is drawn with an easy power whose effect is instantly felt. It is a wild scene, the actors in which are all beings of flesh and blood, and every incident of which is full of absorbing interest and fascination. In several other chapters of the book we find local peculiarities treated in the same instructive and agreeable way. As a story, however, *The Outlaw of Camargue** is somewhat weak. It suffers from the fact of its being a semi-historical tale, dealing with a period which has rendered horrors familiar. But we cannot help being grateful to author and translator for giving us so charming a glimpse of a people and a literature so much out of the highways as the Provençal of the salt-marshes.

It is time for Carleton's caricatures of the Irish peasantry†

* *The Outlaw of Camargue.* By A. Lamothe. Translated by Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton. Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. New York: Macmillan & Co.; London: J. M. Dent & Co.

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to be left to moulder on forgotten shelves. Therefore while we may admire the diligence of Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue in dragging them once more into the light, we could wish that his editorial energy had expended itself in some more useful direction. We cannot conceive how Irish Catholics especially can derive either instruction or amusement from Carleton's satires. His language toward their religion and its practices is that of the unscrupulous pervert that he was—hating the things that he knew to be holy and holding them up to scorn because there was a ready market for anything that vilified the Celt. It is true that Carleton was an able writer, but he was also a most mercenary one. The coarse and grotesque side of the Irish character it was that always appealed to him. Whenever he essayed anything higher he was a dismal failure. Between Lover, Lever, and Carleton, the world has had handed down such a distortion of Irish peasant character that it is little wonder we find it flourishing still in the pages of *Harper*, *Punch*, and similar publications avowedly hostile to everything Irish. One of the tales in the collection of *Traits and Stories* is so grossly insulting to Catholic feeling that we are surprised at any Catholic author venturing to put it before an intelligent public. It is a sketch called *The Station*—one of those vulgar things written for the proselytizing society which sometimes hired Carleton to pen his own shame along with his countrymen's libel.

A strange fancy has impelled Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her white-and-gold-vested little book called *The Supply at St. Agatha's*.* So desperate is the condition of the modern pulpit as regards stirring up sinners and moving the hard hearts of the rich, that she hints in it that only by a supernatural visitant can the office be effectually filled. Hence she conceives of a faithful old minister, neglected by the rich and dying nobly in discharge of his duty, having his place as "supply" (*i. e.*, substitute) filled by one whose attributes are those of the divinity. It is a daring flight of fancy; but we cannot opine that any beneficial impression can be made by such extravagant excursions into the realm of religious fiction. In the realm of fact the tendency toward pulpit hysteria is already too grave a symptom to be ignored. This book is the proof that its effect has been unsatisfactory. When it is thus pointedly postulated

* *The Supply at St. Agatha's.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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that nothing less than a striking miracle of heaven can turn the hearts of the rich and the sinful, the doom of the sensational and the unbecoming in pulpit methods has been pronounced.

A hearty welcome ought to be given to the endeavor of the Rev. Peter C. Yorke and his collaborateurs to give Catholic children an intelligible and helpful work on the catechism. We have the first of a series of manuals* designed with this object, and we think it well worthy of approbation. It is the joint work of a committee of the teaching orders in the San Francisco diocese, and bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop. The leading idea in this the first book of the series is to get the children familiar with all the essential facts of their religion at first, and not to leave them trusting to the mere knowledge of the few put in the forefront of the Baltimore Catechism as is the case very frequently, and unavoidably, under the present condition of elementary instruction. It is a good idea, too, to have the little book embellished with the best pictures that can be had to illustrate the mysteries of faith outlined in the text.

It is always pleasant to take up a volume of Father Finn's crisp stories for boys. Even those whose boyhood is a matter of ancient history may find something delightful in his bright fiction. One of his latest books, called *Faces Old and New*,† is full of things conceived in his best vein. Every tale is a stimulus to honor, courage, and manly Catholicism, without being pietistic. Even sparkling humor, it is shown, can be cross-woven into sound religious stories and not seem out of place.

In *Elise*,‡ a story of the civil war, we have a child's story much more lengthy than any of Father Finn's. It is a very pathetic tale, full of incidents calculated to stir youthful sympathies, and vivid presentations of life, white and black, at the outbreak of the war. The intention of the book is to provide a safeguard against the dangers of spiritualism and similar delusions, by showing that all the soul's longings after the supernatural can be legitimately satisfied within the domain of the Catholic Church. The little heroine is represented as being in her way a sort of mystic, and to be specially favored, for the purpose of working out good results. Whether or not this

* *Text Books of Religion for Parochial and Sunday Schools. I. The Primer.* San Francisco: P. J. Thomas' Print.

† *Faces Old and New.* By Rev. B. Finn, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co.

‡ *Elise: A Story of the Civil War.* By S. M. M. X. Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

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purpose be not too serious for many young minds is open to question. If it be desirable to impress the youthful mind with the truth of miraculous intervention in human affairs, it were better, in our opinion, that the medium be the testimony of established facts rather than the creations of fancy. But to such as are fitted for its reception there is no doubt that *Elise* is a captivating story. The work is illustrated, and turned out in good style by the Angel Guardian Press.

From the firm of B. Herder we have also three short tales, all rendered from the German by Miss Helena Long and an anonymous translator. One of them, entitled *Love Your Enemies*, is the work of the Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J., and treats of New Zealand colonial life at the time of the great Maori insurrection. It is a spirited little story, telling how a callous Irish eviction had its dramatic sequel in the wilds of New Zealand in the triumph of noble Catholic principles. The second booklet, entitled *Maron, The Christian Youth of the Lebanon*, by A. v. B., is a story of the massacres by the Druses of that region thirty-six years ago. The third bears the title of *Prince Arumugam, the Steadfast Indian Convert.* Some neat illustrations are scattered throughout each of these tiny but interesting volumes.

A short book of sermons on the Blessed Virgin by the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, of St. Mary's, Philadelphia,* may be heartily commended. They set out in clear, choice language the exact status and part of the Mother of our Lord in the economy of grace, and make the Catholic position of that subject, as compared with the non-Catholic, unmistakable. As pulpit compositions these sermons may be taken as excellent models.

WHO PLOTTED THE RUIN OF ACADIA?†

Although many attempts have been made to lift the veil of mournful mystery which enshrouded the authorship of Acadia's sorrows, it is only now we appear to be getting at the truth. An Acadian, and descendant of one of the wronged race, Mr. Edouard Richard, sometime member of the Canadian

* *Sermons on the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, Pa. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers.

† *Edouard Richard: Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History.* By an Acadian ex-Member of the House of Commons in Canada. Two vols. New York: Home Book Company, 45 Vesey Street.

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Parliament, has devoted much time and zealous labor to the unravelling of the secret, and he now presents us with the fruits of his work, in the shape of two substantial volumes. They will be found to be a most valuable contribution to the library of historical truth—as yet, it seems, but a very scanty collection.

The fact that Mr. Parkman is in his grave cannot save his name from the very serious charge which has been brought against his candor as a historian with respect to the outrage on Acadia. When writing *Montcalm and Wolfe* the documents on which the present writer relies in tracing the guilt of the transaction to its real authors were known to and accessible to Parkman. But Mr. Richard says he chose to ignore them. Of this fact, he adds, he has positive proof.

We can add nothing, and have no will or wish to add anything, to the solemnity of this statement. It falls like the decree of justice, bearing its own lesson and its own warning, and unmindful of consequences or comment. The unjust judge and the untruthful historian stand on the same pedestal before the world, each the writer of his own dishonoring epitaph.

One of the most prominent incidents at the beginning of the Acadian trouble was the murder of an English officer named Howe, under circumstances of great treachery. In his desire to fasten this crime upon the French Abbé Le Loutre, Parkman makes use of documents written by infamous persons, spies and emissaries of the English whose stories were disbelieved even by those who employed them. Mr. Richard takes his narrative analytically and exposes such tricks of compilation and quotation as exhibit Parkman in a most detestable light. It is all very painful reading, yet not without its value as an object-lesson in the power of invincible bigotry to pervert even the most gifted minds, and make otherwise honorable men reckless of their own reputation before posterity. Le Loutre was unquestionably instrumental in stirring up a good deal of the ill blood between the Acadians and the English authorities, but the evidence on which Parkman attempts to make him responsible for a most atrocious murder is overborne by that of a host of the most reputable witnesses, including the English governor, Cornwallis, himself. On the other hand the abominable cruelties, the treachery, the bloodshed, perpetrated by English officers and the savages in their pay upon the French settlers and the Indians friendly to the French, form one of the most

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sickening chapters in human history. Parkman endeavors to keep these a good deal out of sight, by passing over the true history of the Acadian trouble.

Regarding the responsibility for the expulsion of the Acadians, Mr. Richard's proofs fix it pretty clearly upon a succeeding Lieutenant-Governor, Major Charles Lawrence. The Acadians held the finest lands in the province; Lawrence cast a greedy eye upon them. A long chain of proof is now submitted to establish the fact that it was covetousness, not policy, which inspired Lawrence to contrive and carry out the crime of wholesale expulsion. He is shown to have acted with duplicity, not only toward the unfortunate Acadians but toward the home government. He misinformed the Lords of Trade of the real state of the case, exaggerated the troubles in Acadia, and concealed his own designs in great part until the act of expulsion was complete. The lords in alarm had sent him a letter designed to stay his hand, but this either arrived too late or Lawrence pretended not to have received it. Parkman and other historians have ignored this letter also. To whitewash Lawrence and cast the blame on the home government appears to be the motive for this concealment.

Mr. Richard's aim in writing this book was the commendable one of establishing the truth. Still it seems to us that between the home government and its instruments in the colonies there was frequently but little difference in moral standards. We would point out that it was to the home government, not long before the Acadian clearances, that the responsibility for the massacre of Glencoe attaches. In its pursuit of territory and conquest that government has never known either justice, conscience, or pity, and not all great Neptune's ocean can wash white its hands.

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AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE ARMENIAN HORRORS.

A HIGHLY esteemed prelate in Armenia, whose diocese lies in part of the country recently given over to sack and slaughter, sends us an affecting letter, a portion of which we translate: "Over the whole province the work of destruction has been pursued, every town and every hamlet having been given over to pillage and murder. Two large Catholic mission stations have been entirely wiped out. The churches, the presbyteries, and the schools, having been first sacked, were given to the flames. The sacred vessels, the pictures, and the crucifixes were carried off or destroyed. The inhabitants who have been spared have been stripped of everything of use or value. Those who fled from the doomed districts were pursued and cut down mercilessly, without regard to age or sex, by the barbarous Turks. The bodies of many children and young girls lie under the charred *débris* of the ruined homes. No such gigantic affliction has ever before fallen upon any nation. Generous help is being given the Protestant survivors by the American relief societies; the Catholic bishops and priests are incessant in their endeavors to procure aid for their unhappy flock; and the schismatic Armenians, seeing how great is their devotion in this regard, are manifesting a disposition to rejoin the church. But the priests find themselves wholly unable to meet the demands made on them by the starving people; and the markets being closed as a result of the terror, the whole population is thrown upon the resources of the charitable organizations for the relief of their daily wants. To add to the horror of the situation, these massacres and burnings went on in the depths of a most rigorous winter and spring." What is of most immediate concern is the pitiable condition of the Catholic Armenians on whose behalf our correspondent writes. Unless the outside world come promptly to their aid very many more victims must be added to the butcher's bill of the unspeakable Turk. The most stringent precautions are being taken by the Turkish government to prevent any word of these shocking transactions getting outside the empire, and our venerable correspondent has been compelled to adopt a roundabout means to get his letter forwarded to us. Twice he narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Turkish butchers, and his priests have had many hair-breadth escapes also.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

NO small share of the success which attended the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans was due to the efficient co-operation of the Women's Auxiliary Committee. Plans are now under consideration for perpetuating the good work already so well begun by establishing Reading Circles. On receipt of ten cents in postage the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, will send a pamphlet containing information regarding the formation of a Reading Circle and plans of work approved by experience. A very good beginning can be made with five members. The pamphlet has been prepared to meet the needs of those who wish to know how to begin.

Mrs. Paul B. Hay, of San Francisco, has prepared some helpful suggestions for beginners, which are as follows:

The first suggestion to new Circles should be concentration on some one line of study persistently and perseveringly adhered to. Enlarging upon it, building around it, each member bringing in some additional fact or some new authority, will furnish the necessary variety and diversity to keep the interest active and fresh. The mere fact of knowing that there is a common centre and that others are working along the same lines will act as an incentive to mental activity on the part of every individual member.

We have found the Question Box among the most interesting features of our meetings. It furnishes the needed variety and relaxation from more serious study, induces pleasant discussion, brings up many interesting questions, brings out facts and ofttimes much valuable information.

Every Circle needs the help of some one heroic and loving and illumined soul, some scholar, some one full of enthusiasm. Otherwise by struggling on without direction or purpose much valuable time is lost, and much energy is misdirected. If those who have had special advantages along any one particular line of study can be roused to do what lies in their power for others less fortunate, an impetus will be given to the circle work wide-reaching in its results.

The spirit of the missionary ought to possess our students and scholars, and they should employ every means possible to make earnest study so easy and so attractive that all will feel at least a desire for self-improvement and mental advancement. If our Western Educational Union is to be the ever-growing power for good that it should be, it must hasten to form a working faculty of earnest, helpful scholars who will be ready to advise the single seeker after knowledge, the new Circles that need direction, and the older Circles that need improvement. This faculty, advisory committee, or whatever we may be pleased to term it, is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but until such a happy boon comes we must be satisfied with unfailing individual effort; we must ever bear in mind that the success of the Circles to which we belong is dependent upon the earnestness and the quiet, determined perseverance of each and all of its members. There should be no drones; all should be willing to bring to the general fund whatever is within their power. We should never be willing to offer anything short of our best; and although that best may be meagre at first the constant striving to attain the highest and noblest is in itself an education. We should strive for the true, the beautiful, and the good as much for the effect on the development and elevation of our own characters as for the pleasure and help we may be able to give to others after the attaining.

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For the encouragement of new Circles it is well to remember that the movement is young, just in the first vigor of early, helpful growth on this coast especially. In 1878 the first Chautauqua Circles were formed, and they now number their readers by the thousands, if not by the millions. In 1888 the Columbian Reading Union Circles were started by THE CATHOLIC WORLD, but not until 1891 did the Reading Circle reach San Francisco. It is not a difficult matter to do the necessary reading, or to do the work required by our Circles. Any one can write, if only sufficient study and thought be given to become familiar with the subject.

As another matter for encouragement I would refer to one Reading Circle that has had marvellous and far-reaching results. In the days when our country was new and books were few, Benjamin Franklin and a number of his friends formed themselves into a society known as the "Junto," for reading and study and self-improvement. They brought their little store of books together for the better accommodation of each other, and from this small beginning the public library system as it now exists in America has been evolved. The library thus founded by the members of Franklin's small Reading Circle is known as the mother of libraries, the oldest library in the United States. In the year 1869 Dr. James Rush left his large estate, valued at $1,500,000, as an endowment to this library, $800,000 of which was expended in the erection of a library building which up to the completion of the Library of Congress was the most magnificent in the United States.

The first duty of Reading Circles is to cultivate and nurture a taste for reading and to prepare and put into the hands of readers the best possible selection of books. They aim to make the use of books a source of permanent benefit, and an active vital force in the lives of readers to encourage voluntary effort and to cultivate habits of individual research and thought. The work that we ourselves do in the way of study, inquiry, and research preparatory to the writing of our papers is usually the work from which we derive the most benefit. The gold that we ourselves dig out of the great mine of knowledge is the wealth that cannot be stolen.

We on this Western Coast are but just beginning organized co-operative work for higher education. Rev. Father Prendergast is the pioneer in this movement, the first Reading Circle having been organized by him a little over four years ago, and to his untiring energy and zeal we owe the successful realization of this, our first mid-winter lecture course.

With the energy, enthusiasm, and success of our Eastern friends to stimulate us, and the encouraging response and kindly reception that our first lecture course has met with here, our future should be assured. At present we have in San Francisco seven active Reading Circles. Various lines of study have been pursued; art, science, history, religion, political economy, and the social questions have been attempted by some, whilst others have taken but one book as a study.

We trust that while we may have in our midst a spirit of healthful rivalry, we may at the same time be ever ready to help each other in any and every possible way. Not what we give, but what we share, should be our motto. To the new members and to the new Circles that may be started should we be especially helpful. There is room for most earnest effort and much genuine missionary and pioneer work on our part. We are laying the foundations upon which others will build and much depends upon how these foundations are made. All the Circles uniting in a common interest for good and laboring earnestly, cheerfully, and untiringly for the attaining of the greatest good to the greatest number, we may justly hope for an ever-widening influence. As when a child throws a pebble into the water the first circle is small indeed, but this is succeeded by a larger and this one by another still larger, on and on, always widening and increasing, until the

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last circle is beyond the sight or ken of man and God alone knows its full circumference. Things small in themselves are often great in their consequences. Our common purpose in coming together is higher education.

Sir John Herschel says: "If I were to pray for a taste which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books."

* * *

Dr. William Lyon Phelps has attracted wide notice by his modern novel class recently established at Yale University. Numerous letters have reached him from persons anxious to start local clubs on similar lines. He has prepared a printed circular of information to answer the inquiries which came from the Sandwich Islands, Honolulu, Halifax, and other places less remote. At Cambridge University, England, a similar class has been started. Dr. Phelps is determined to make the study of the modern novel serious business for the young men at Yale. He allows his course to count as only one hour out of the fifteen in each week that the student may elect, which provides a safeguard against what is known as a "soft optional."

Each student is required to read one novel a week, and to write upon it, not merely a simple analysis but a critical judgment. Six of these papers are read anonymously before each lecture, and fully discussed. Then Dr. Phelps follows with a short account of the author, gives his own view of the novel, criticising the method of treatment, style, construction of plot, character-sketching, and quality of conversations, noting especially fine passages or strong situations. Two or three questions, taken from the semi-annual examination paper, indicate the line of instruction: "In what does the superiority of *Treasure Island* to ordinary tales of adventure consist?" "Granted that both the realist and romanticist admit that life is commonplace and sad, why are their theories of art so contrary to each other?" "What indications are there at present of a romantic revival in fiction?" Here are a few of the authors studied in the course this year, showing the comprehensiveness of range: Howells, Kipling, Mrs. Ward, Meredith, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Björnson, Daudet, Loti, Caine, Crawford, and Sienkiewiecz.

Mr. Arthur Reed Kimball—*Book Buyer*, April, 1896—is authority for the statement that Dr. Phelps's class is a veritable departure in that it is the only course given at any university which is confined to modern fiction, other courses touching on the modern novel incidentally. The class numbers one hundred and twenty-five juniors and one hundred and twenty-five seniors—the only two classes to which the course is open—besides about fifty others who attend the lectures from general interest and not because they are members of the class. Dr. Phelps is greatly pleased with the results thus far; the class was started at the beginning of the present college year. He finds that there has been a steady improvement in the character of the themes. He is also constantly receiving voluntary testimony from the young men of the value that the course has proved to them by increasing the interest of their general reading.

Dr. Phelps was led to make the experiment—it is simply supplementary to

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his other work: the Shakspere class for the sophomores, for example—from the feeling that the universal habit of novel-reading ought to be turned to good account. If the young men could be brought to appreciate the best novels, they would come naturally to choose good literature in place of bad. If their critical faculty could be cultivated, if they could be taught to enjoy novels as art, it would open up to them a new source of enjoyment. The modern novel is more and more reflecting all the various questions and tendencies of the day. Acquaintance with the best modern novels, therefore, means acquaintance with modern thought.

Professor McClintock, of the Chicago University, has given an opinion on the study of the novel in the college curriculum which is here quoted:

"I think a course in novel-reading is of the very highest moral benefit to students at a university. In fact it is the only way by which many of the men can be reached, for they will read novels when nothing in any other form of literature will appeal to them. But the course as outlined by Dr. Phelps in the Yale curriculum is not at all a new method in college instruction. Since the establishment of the Chicago University there have been plans of study similar to what is now being forwarded as unique in theory, and as early as 1893 I delivered a series of lectures on the development of the English novel from Richardson to the present day. The same year Professor Wilkinson conducted a course on the short story, illustrated by examples from modern fiction. In 1894 a course on the realistic school of novelists was announced for the following spring to be given by Dr. Triggs, so that Dr. Phelps's idea is scarcely new in college work. In order to enter the Chicago University it is obligatory for the student to have read several novels, so that the study of fiction and the classification of stories are important factors in our university curriculum."

* * *

Mr. F. Marion Crawford and the editor of the *Century Magazine* have not escaped adverse criticism in Catholic circles for the story of *Casa Braccio*. When the objections to it were first made known a gentleman who had seen the whole manuscript was authorized to publish this statement:

"Mr. Crawford is aware of the tone of criticism among his co-religionists, but he is assured in his own mind that they will be satisfied when they have read the whole work. It is only fair—in a work of art—to give him a chance to round it out. He makes Maria Addolorata's sin peculiar and terrible; it pursues its victim with the fury of a Greek Nemesis."

The Republic of Boston has rendered a valuable service to the Catholic reading public in making a critical examination of the whole story as now published in book-form. We recommend the verdict which is here given to the students of the modern novel at Yale and elsewhere.

Casa Braccio dealt principally with the elopement of a Carmelite nun with an infidel Scotchman and its consequences. Their crime was punished as the author promised. Our quarrel, however, was not with the main plot. There have been, alas! many nuns who proved faithless to their vows, and the narrative of their fall and its subsequent punishment, has often been effectively used to "point a moral and adorn a tale." But there never was such a convent as Mr. Crawford painted. There never was such a superior as he placed over the Carmelite band at Subiaco. For its unfair and untrue description of conventual life we could not but condemn Mr. Crawford's novel.

Had *Casa Braccio* been the product of a non-Catholic author we should not have been at such pains to expose its errors. The literature of the day is too replete with misstatements about Catholic subjects for any one to attempt to cor-

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rect them all. Ordinarily in such a case we are able to trace the errors to the ignorance or prejudice of the writer. But when the author is an intelligent Catholic the scandal which his calumnies spread is increased a hundred-fold. The great pity about such a novel as *Casa Braccio* is that it will naturally confirm the wrong impressions which Protestants entertain about Catholic convents. Marion Crawford is known to be a Catholic, and is probably regarded by Protestants as an authority upon all Catholic subjects. The evidence which he furnishes they will regard as undeniable proof that their suspicions in regard to the convents were well founded.

There is one fact in regard to *Casa Braccio*, however, which is comforting. Considered purely as a literary product, it is far below Mr. Crawford's standard. It will not live to blight his reputation for intelligence and fairness.

* * *

At St. Teresa's Ursuline Convent, 137 Henry Street, New York City, an industrious nun has just completed a work designed as a supplementary Reader, consisting of biographical sketches of very many of the Catholic women writers of America, with selections, in prose and verse, from their writings; making a veritable manual of literature. It is available in any grade. The plan has received encouragement from competent judges interested in educational and literary progress, and has been honored by an autograph letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

Before issuing, it is desirable to estimate the extent of the edition likely to be needed, and for this reason advance orders will be gratefully appreciated.

M. C. M.

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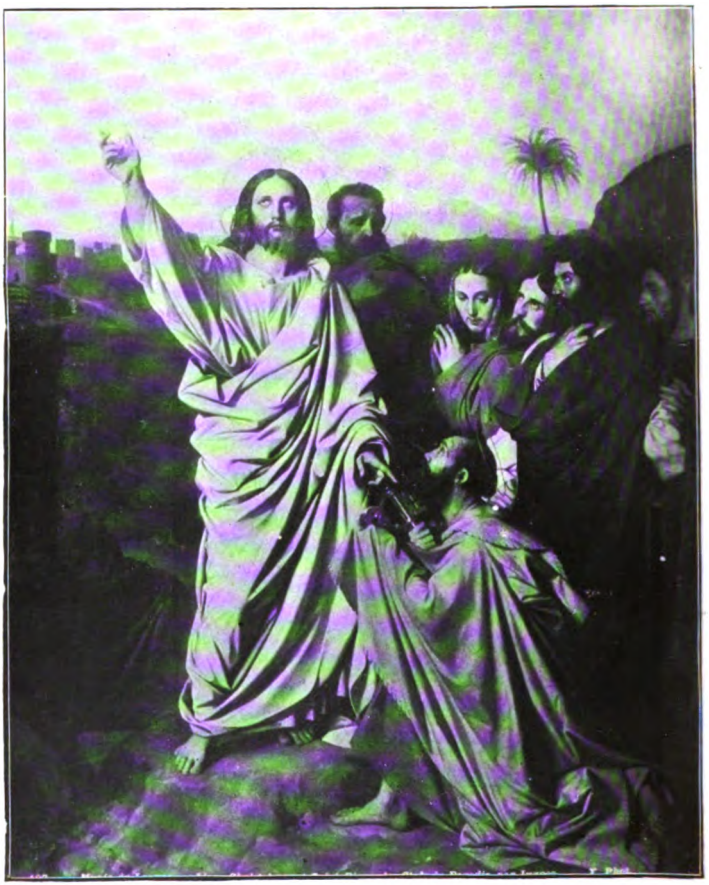

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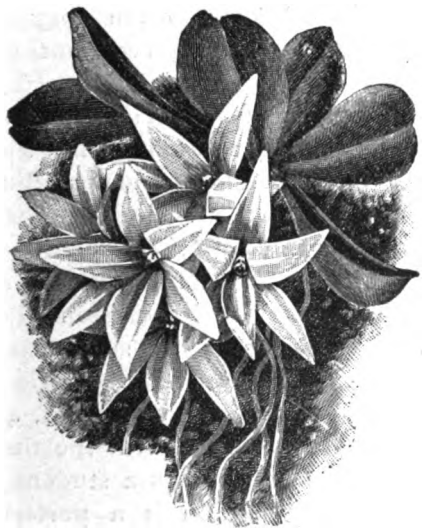
LOVE AND THE CHILD.

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON.



"WHY do you so clasp me,
And draw me to your knee?
Forsooth, you do but chafe me,
I pray you let me be:
I will but be loved now and then,
When it liketh me!"

So I heard a young child,
A thwart child, a young child,
Rebellious against love's arms,
Make its peevish cry.
To the tender God I turn:—
"Pardon, Love most High!
For I think those arms were even Thine,
And that child even I."

Creccas Cottage, Pantasaph, Holywell, N. Wales, England.

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THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL REFORM.

BY REV. FRANCIS HOWARD.

IN a progressive society there are always forces in operation which constantly produce modifications in the social structure, and effect changes in all the various social processes. Society is acted upon by external nature, and it reacts in turn on its environment; thus necessitating new adaptations and adjustments to new conditions, and bringing about many and constant changes in society. These changes are sometimes apparent and of minor importance, and more often they are hidden from the sight of the undiscerning observer, but produce far-reaching effects and profound transformations. This process of change is always in operation in society, and the social organism will cease to be continually reforming only when it ceases to exist. This state of constant change and readjustment is partly the result of forces inherent in society itself, and is partly due to the fact that society finds itself in relation to an ever-varying environment. Change and reformation are normal processes in every healthy society and are essential to its harmonious development. If society is to survive and flourish it must make use of new conditions, must get rid of old evils, must make changes in industry, in government, and in all the various social processes, in accordance with the times and prevailing conditions. One of the first things a student of society observes, therefore, is that reformation is a perfectly normal social process, and one constantly in operation.

AN INCESSANT PROCESS OF TRANSFORMATION.

These changes in society may be roughly classified as of two kinds, namely, those which take place unconsciously and those which are the results of the conscious efforts of the social mind. The fundamental and most important changes in society are usually brought about by forces which society does not consciously control. In society, as in nature, as shown more particularly in the science of geology, the force that does the most work is the one that acts in small and almost imperceptible quantities at a given moment, but whose operation is continuous over long periods of time and whose accumulated

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effect is enormous. These are the important social forces, and the study of them is a matter of much practical value. The growth of our economic system and the marvellous specialization of modern industry are mainly due to such causes. Some of these great transforming and adapting agencies in society are embodied in institutions. And among the institutions that wield great power in society the power of the Christian Church is deserving of the most attentive and careful study. There are also changes in social structure and social process brought about by the conscious effort of society. And when society puts forth special effort to effect such change, whether it be the removal of an old evil or adoption of some new method, the movement is popularly termed a reform. These conscious efforts of society are of two kinds. All the so-called reforms aim at bringing about increase of social well-being, but some of these efforts tend towards amelioration and many do not. Any change desired by the well-wisher of society is called a reform. But there is an easy assumption that every reform means amelioration, while an inductive study of the reform movements in modern times might well point to an opposite conclusion as the correct one. Such movements are often explosive in character, and are indications of weakness rather than of strength. Their chief utility, when their results are beneficial, is that they remove obstructions which impede the free operation of those deeper forces through which the favorable transformations of society are effected. The movement popularly known as a social reform is society working at high pressure, and such forces are temporary in their nature. The fundamental process in society is a process of equilibration. All the social forces are parts of this process, and the true object of wise social reform is to effect a harmonious balance of all the forces in operation in society at a given time.

FORMATIVE ACTION OF THE RELIGIOUS AGENCY.

No thoughtful student can look upon social phenomena and fail to be impressed with the vast importance of the part played by the religious forces in social life. These religious forces are enormous in their aggregate, and they have part in every conscious and unconscious transformation that takes place in society. It is not necessary to argue that the ideals, hopes, aspirations, and beliefs which result from the religious element of human nature do exert a great, and in many cases a predominant, influence on action. The greater portion of the forces

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originating in the religious feeling of humanity have been and are, in our Christian civilization, embodied and applied in the institution of the Christian Church, and if we estimate the amount of these forces by the time they command or the economic sacrifices they call forth, or the enthusiasm resulting from them, or their influence on general conduct, it may be questioned if any single institution in modern civilization can be named which exerts an amount of social force equal to that exerted by the Christian Church.

These religious forces, then, existing through all the mutations and reforms in society, exert an influence in the direction of social welfare or detriment, or they are neutral in their effect. On the one hand it may be argued that the religious forces in society have contributed to social welfare and conservation, while on the other hand it may be contended that these forces have not in any way contributed to social well-being, and society has survived in spite of their influences. Again, it may be said that so far as the welfare and life of society are concerned the religious forces exert no influence whatever. Now, on the theory of natural selection, the mere fact of survival is *prima facie* evidence of utility, and we need no other test to prove the social value of the religious forces. The mere fact that Christianity has survived in the midst of so many mutations, that it has persisted when so many other institutions have been discarded, is the strongest evidence we could wish to prove that it has discharged a social function of the highest utility, and has been an important if not the essential element in social survival. We need no stronger proof than this that the religious forces operate in the direction of social conservation, and that the religious forces in social reform tend towards social amelioration. Judged by the test of ability to survive, there is no institution in society to-day of greater vitality and social value than Christianity, and considering the many attacks made upon it and efforts to destroy it, its persistence is at least a remarkable phenomenon.*

ADVANTAGES OF THE CHURCH'S INDEPENDENCE.

It may be thought that the power of the church for social reform in our country is greatly curtailed because this power is exercised within certain limitations which formerly did not exist. Under conditions prevailing in the United States there is absolute

* This argument, as is well known, is developed by Mr. Kidd in his *Social Evolution*. The argument is also used by Professor Patten in his late work, *The Theory of Social Forces*.

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separation of church and state, and the church exercises no direct control whatever over any portion of the administrative machinery of society. It has no power to take measures to administer any reform in society which it might be disposed to recommend.

The law-making and executive bodies in our social system are disposed to resent any direct interference on the part of any church organization, and the "church in politics" is a phrase odious to all our citizens. The church lacking powers of this kind, is also free from responsibility. There are many reforms in which the church can exercise no direct influence, such as clean streets, good sanitation in cities, new methods of administration, tax reform, and many others. But while the importance of such reforms should not, on the one hand, be minimized, it is, as a matter of fact, too often overrated.

Now, it may be questioned whether the real influence of the church ever lay in any control which it possessed over administrative machinery of society. There is reason for believing that the real social efficiency of the church, and its power for promoting wise social reforms, is greatly enhanced for the precise reason that this alliance of the church and the administrative powers does not exist. There is no country where the real influence of the church is as potent as in our country, and there is good reason to believe that this is the result of the separation that exists between the church and state in this country.

FUTILITY OF LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENT.

There is always a disposition to exaggerate the importance of the administrative machinery of society. Men naturally attribute most importance to that which is most in their thoughts. A law is merely the expression of social choice, and both the law and the efficiency of its administration depend on the degree in which it reflects this choice. The important influences in society in those matters which are the objects of social consciousness are those which mould this social choice. And here is the legitimate sphere of the influence of the church, a sphere in which its influence is most potent for social welfare. It is an observation almost too trite to quote that good laws do not make good men, and that laws are the expressions of the moral feelings of a people rather than the cause of those feelings. The history of civilization shows that a good law will have no effect unless a people are prepared for it. Grave harm has often resulted in society from good laws which could not be enforced, and the history of legislation indi-

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cates that no law will be enforced unless it is the expression of the real social choice, and unless supported by the moral sense and intelligence of the community. Thus, some of the barbarous poor laws failed of enforcement because the people were not willing to tolerate their cruelty; and efforts to enforce good laws in a corrupt community will always end in failure. A law is of importance only as a declaration of public opinion, and it is often the culmination of long and patient endeavor. Society makes few important moves in the direction of social well-being which are not in a great degree affected by the influence of the church on public opinion. This is illustrated by the present status of the temperance movement in this country. There has been no dearth of good laws in the past, but what was needed was a public opinion that would support the enforcement of these laws. And among the influences which helped to mould this opinion, and to direct social choice in wise channels, the influence of the Christian Church has been the most conspicuous. It may not always be possible to trace the influence of the church on public opinion, but it is hardly too much to say that the influence of the church has been felt in nearly all laws that tend to promote social welfare, and in so far as it is part of the function of the church to promote social well-being, its influence is directed towards moulding social choice.

LARGE RESULTS OF THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

We have a number of ways of judging of the power of the Christian Church in the United States. The statistics of churches compiled by the Census Bureau contain a great deal of information that is instructive and valuable. This information is by no means so complete as might be desired, but it is perhaps the best that could be obtained, and is no doubt trustworthy within the limitations under which it was collected. An abstract of this information is contained in a smaller volume by H. K. Carroll, who had charge of the division of churches of the eleventh census. We have no very accurate means of estimating the total annual amount of money contributed by the people of the United States for the support of the Christian Church. But this annual amount must be very large. The churches are well maintained and the clergy have a decent and honorable living, and although it is not easy to make comparison by figures, yet it is not unreasonable to assert that the proportion of national income of the United States devoted to religious purposes is as large as the proportion devoted to

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these purposes in any European country. The church, moreover, is a purely voluntary organization, and the amount contributed for religious worship in America is freely contributed, since there is no law compelling men to contribute money for this purpose, and the total annual amount contributed for religious worship is a good indication of the strength of the religious forces in this country.

The value of the church property in the United States is also an indication of the strength of the religious forces of the country. Mr. Carroll, in the work above mentioned, states that "it is an enormous aggregate of value—nearly $670,000,000—which has been freely invested for public use and public good in church property. This aggregate represents not all that Christian men and women have consecrated to religious objects, but only what they have contributed to buy the ground, and erect and furnish the buildings devoted to worship." * The amount of debt on church property, in regard to which we have no accurate figures, should be deducted from this estimate, but it is the policy of nearly all church organizations to own their church edifices. And as a large part of this aggregate amount has been contributed by the present generation it is certainly an indication that the influence of the Christian Church is not on the wane in America.

CHURCH INFLUENCE ON THE INCREASE.

It is often asserted, however, that the influence of the church is declining, and that it is losing its hold on the people, and more particularly the laboring classes. So far as we can test such assertions by figures, the result is to show that these statements, which are so freely made, are without good foundation.

For the Protestant denominations of the country the census of 1880 gives 9,263,234 communicants, and the census of 1890 gives 13,158,363; an increase of 42 per cent. The increase of population for this decennial period is estimated at 24.86 per cent., showing a net increase over population of 17.19 per cent. The census estimates the increase of Catholic population at not less than 30 per cent. Leaving aside the question as to the accuracy of the above estimates, and the various circumstances that must be taken into account in judging them, they are adduced here simply for the purpose of showing that statements to the effect that the influence of the Christian Church is declining in

* *The Religious Forces in the United States.* H. K. Carroll. Introduction, p. xxxii. The aggregate value of church property is nearly $670,000,000. (See page 381.)

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this country are not supported by the only figures obtainable on the subject. Nor is there any good reason to believe that the church is losing its influence over the laboring classes. There are no reliable figures available on this point, and the statement is supported only by individual experience of those who make it.

Estimates are sometimes given of the numbers of church members in a given locality. These may show a defection or an increase. In large cities there are many lines of work in which men are compelled to labor every day in the week. There is always a large amount of labor that must be performed on Sunday, and this must prevent many from attending divine worship. But there is no evidence of general or growing antipathy or indifference to religion on the part of laboring men. There is no evidence that the families of working-men are less interested in religious affairs than formerly. Sentiments of hostility to religion would not be tolerated in working-men's assemblies in this country. Finally, there is no reliable evidence to show that laboring men have less interest in religious matters than formerly. The common complaint, however, is that the young people are becoming indifferent and falling away; but this has been a complaint in all ages, and in spite of such defections there has been a great increase in the religious membership in this country, and there is every indication of a continuance of this increase. It is safe to say that very few Catholic priests find these statements about the defection of laboring classes confirmed by their individual experience; and these statements often emanate from irresponsible and inexperienced men; from ministers sometimes who desire to proclaim their interest in the working-man's welfare by contrasting it with an alleged lack of such interest on the part of their brethren; or more often from newspaper men and others who, having themselves ceased to take interest in any religious matters, make society a mirror in which they see their own image. There is every reason to believe that the influence of the church in modern society is as strong as it ever was, and that its influence over the masses is growing rather than declining. And considered as an influence in social reform, and as a power adapted to direct social choice to wise and beneficial social ends, the church has never been as potent in our country as it is to-day. In this connection we may quote a few sentences from the work of Mr. Carroll already alluded to: "It is to be remembered that all houses of worship have been built by voluntary contributions. The government has not given a dollar

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to provide them, nor does it appropriate a dollar for their support. And yet the church is the mightiest, most pervasive, most persistent, and most beneficent force in our civilization. It affects, directly or indirectly, all human activities and interests."*

THE RÔLE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

It is perfectly obvious to any observer that the Catholic Church has played an important part in the development of this country, and will undoubtedly play an equally important part in its future progress. In point of numbers it is the largest religious body in the country, and its membership is largely made up of the laboring classes in society. To take the Catholic Church out of this country, would be to eliminate the strongest religious force operating in American society today. No religious body has been called upon to perform a task equal in magnitude and importance to that which the Catholic Church was called upon to undertake in this country; and it may not be invidious to claim that no other religious body could have accomplished that task so successfully. It was a task which only the Catholic Church could perform. The fathers of the Republic invited the oppressed of all nations to come and settle on our shores. None of the fathers appreciated the magnitude or the difficulties of the work they were undertaking. Statistics of immigration show that not less than sixteen million whites came to this country within a century. To make a homogeneous people out of such a vast number, differing in language, customs, and racial characteristics, was an experiment which had never before been tried on a scale so vast. The first step in the process came through the Catholic Church, and the first bond of union was a common religion. The work of Americanizing the foreigner was accomplished in great part through the church. The results have been astonishing and the experiment has been successful. History affords no parallel for the great American experiment of this century, and the part taken by the Catholic Church in this work is as great and honorable an achievement as any recorded in her history. The Catholic Church has a vast and important work before it in the future of this country. Change and transformation must continue in society, and the strong and conservative influence of the church can and will be most powerful in making social reform promote social well-being, and will prevent it from resulting in social injury and misadjustment.

* *Religious Forces in the United States*, p. lx.

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ALL THE PATHS ARE PEACE.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

HERE in the woods, where moss each footfall hushes,
Wind the dim paths whose pleasant ways are peace;
Sighing of pines, and love-songs of the thrushes,
Murmur refreshment, and of joys increase.

Flowers are there—pale, fair, and shyly tender,
Unseen of eye, untouched by mortal hand;
Dew of the dawn upon their petals slender,
Brushed with a bloom no passing wing hath fanned.

There lies a lake, its bosom deep, unbroken,
Veiled by a lace-work of o'er-arching limbs;
Low to the shore its virgin thoughts are spoken,
When the bright east the starry splendor dims.

Here in the road the sun mounts hot and higher;
Dust chokes a highway trod by many feet,
Blinded our eyes, and all our brain is fire;
There is no shade where rest might be complete.

Flowers grow here, gay, tall, and sweetly cloying,
Soiled by the hands that flout them as they go;
We too may pluck them for a moment's toying—
Not these the blossoms that our fancies know.

Here flow no springs; our fevered lips are burning,
Brazen the skies from which no rain-drops burst;
Light waves of laughter mock us in our yearning,
Laughter we echo with our souls athirst.

* * *

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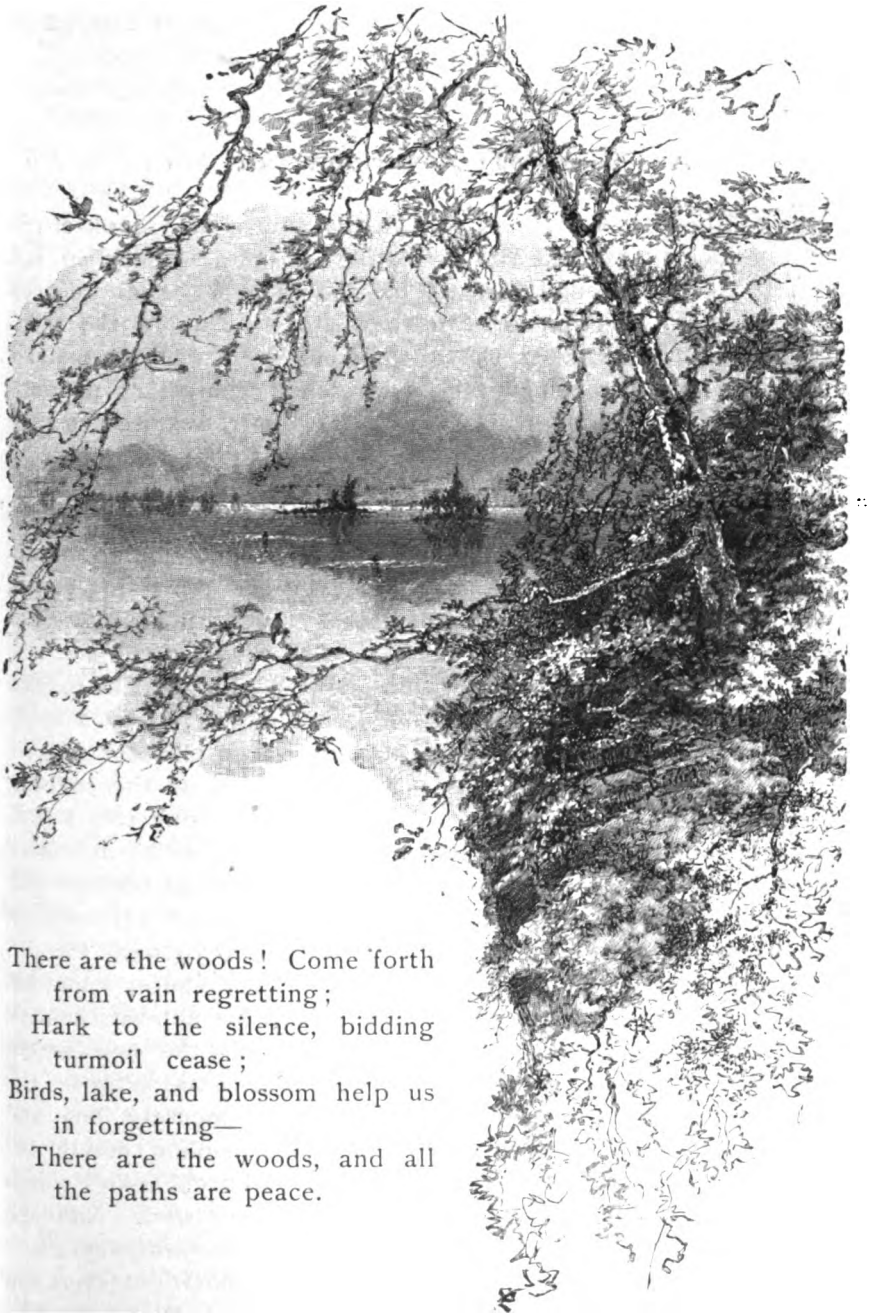

There are the woods! Come forth
from vain regretting;
Hark to the silence, bidding
turmoil cease;
Birds, lake, and blossom help us
in forgetting—
There are the woods, and all
the paths are peace.

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A SAINT.

BY PAUL BOURGET.

THIS story is told in the course of a book of travel in Italy, treating of the scenery in and around the city of Pisa and of its curious collection of foreign visitors. Among the sight-seers in the ancient city by the Arno the narrator meets a French youth—a wretched character: unprincipled, heartless, self-engrossed, and full of narrow spite and envy—whom he deems it his unpleasant duty to study as an ugly but interesting product of the days in which we live.

With a view to further acquaintance, he invites his querulous compatriot to join him in a two-days' excursion to a monastery in the mountains, where one of the few remaining monks has brought to light some priceless frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli.

The Frenchmen arrive within sight of Monte Chiaro, and the first glimpse of the good old father is greeted by a sneering remark from the ill-mannered youth. The narrator says:

It is true that, seen thus on the threshold of the convent, all the length of the avenue away, the poor monk was a frail, pitiable object. He wore a shabby soutane, which had once been black but was greenish now. He told me afterwards that the government had consented to his appointment as custodian of the abbey only on condition that he ceased to wear the picturesque white habit of his order. His lanky figure, somewhat bent with years, leant upon a staff. Even his hat was napless. His clean-shaven face, stretched out towards the new-comers, had, as Philip said, a certain likeness to a comic actor's. His nose—the typical snuff-taker's nose—was immensely long, and seemed the longer for his thin cheeks and sunken mouth, the front teeth of which were wanting. But the old man's glance quickly dissipated the unfavorable first impression. Although his eyes were not large, and their greenish hue was vague and misty, a light burned in them which must have cut short the youth's quizzing, had he had the faintest sense of physiognomical values.

The impertinence of his stupid jest shocked me all the more

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because the phrase was very distinctly uttered in the solemn silence of this late afternoon of autumn. . . .

The hermit, whose guests we were about to become, addressed us in the purest Italian: "You have come to see the abbey, gentlemen; but why did you not send me a word of warning?" Then, addressing the coachman, he asked: "So you never told these gentlemen, Pasquale, that I ought to receive a line beforehand?"

"But, father, I thought the gentlemen had written before the manager of their hotel handed them over to me."

"Well, well! Whatever there is they shall have," he said; and, turning to us, he added, smiling and lifting his eyes to heaven, "Come, first, and see your rooms. As a set-off to the bad dinner I will install you as abbots-general."

He laughed again at his innocent pleasantry, which at the moment I did not catch fully, for my attention was absorbed by the strange scene. Lit by the rays of the setting sun, the vast building was red all over. I could gauge its enormous extent and its utter solitude. Monte Chiaro had been built at various periods, dating from that day when the head of the Gherardescas—the uncle of the tragic Ugolino—withdrew, in 1259, with nine companions, to this lonely valley to give himself up to a life of penance. A century ago more than three hundred monks found ample accommodation there. The abbey was entirely self-sufficing, with its bakery, fish-ponds, wine-presses, and cow-sheds. But now the innumerable windows of this pious farming colony were all closed. The whitish tint of the shutters—green once—and the grass-grown terrace in front of the church proved the place all but abandoned. So also did the veil of dust that hung upon the corridor walls past which Dom Griffi led us. Every detail of the ornamentation spoke of the abbey's ancient grandeur, from the marble washing place with its lions' heads, at the entrance to the refectory, to the architecture of the three successive frescoed cloisters. A first glance at the paintings revealed the pedantic taste of Italian seventeenth century art. Perhaps, under these very conventional pictures, lay hid some other inspired masterpieces of a Gozzoli or an Orcagna.

We ascended a staircase the walls of which were hung with time-dimmed canvases—one of them representing a charming cavalier, by Timoteo della Vita, Raphael's real master. By what strange chance did this picture come here?

Afterwards we threaded our way through another corridor

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on the first floor. It was pierced with doors bearing such inscriptions as *Visitator primus*, *Visitator secundus*, and so on. We halted before the last door, over which stood a mitre and crozier. The father, who had not spoken since we crossed the threshold except to point out the Timoteo, now said, in a French which bore a trace of the Italian idiom, but hardly any foreign accent: "This is one of the places where I *quarter* guests"; and showing us in, "These are the rooms that the superiors occupied for the last five hundred years."

I glanced sideways at Master Philip, who began to look rather foolish on perceiving our guide's perfect knowledge of our tongue. Along the corridors he had again indulged in several jests of very doubtful taste. Had the father noticed? Was he now warning us that he understood our least word? Or was it merely his instinct of hospitality that prompted him to save us the trouble of foreign speech? His large, immobile features did not help me to divine his intention. The memories evoked by the great vaulted chamber appeared entirely to absorb him. A few modern chairs, a square table, and a couch furnished meagrely. An altar and some smoke-stained pictures could be seen through a half-open door in one of the room's angles, where, doubtless, the superior used to say his prayers. Another door, standing wide open, led into two rooms communicating with each other, and each having its iron bedstead, some chairs, and a basin on the top of a shabby chest of drawers. The tiled floors were not even colored. The warped woodwork of doors and windows was split open. But a sublime landscape lay without. A hamlet, a mere pyramid of masonry, was perched on the opposite heights; and thence to the abbey a marvellous forest spread downwards. No melancholy cypresses here, but oaks whose greenery was in parts turning purple. The lower valley was marked by a different sort of cultivation. It sloped sunwards, and olive-trees appeared beside the oaks. This was evidently the region where the religious exiles of this desert had labored their hardest. Beyond the oasis the mountains became still more lonely and barren. The highest peak of the Pisan range, the Verruca, towered above the scene. A ruined castle crumbled away on its summit. The square bastion of the monastery, built out towards the Verruca, must have been for defence against the lawless lord who made that hill-fort his lair. Beyond the window the reddish fortification's crenelated parapet was outlined against the blue sky and rosy clouds. My companion was no longer inclined to mock. He was touched

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to the core of his artist's soul—as I too was touched—by the grace and grandeur of the prospect that, under a similar aspect, must have been looked upon by so many monks, now dead and gone: some with no care but for the other world, and some who saw in the glowing, soft, pink skies a reflection of the roses of Paradise, while others, the ambitious spirits and born rulers, dreamt perhaps of a cardinal's hat, or even the triple crown, at this very spot, in this same wondrous silence.

Puis le vaste et profond silence de la mort.

Lines of the *Contemplations* come back to me whenever I have the painful sensation of being close to those things which have once been, and never again will be! It lasted but one minute, yet during that minute the whole of the ancient life of the abbey rose before me as it existed in the dreams—proud, or humble, as the case might be—of those whose sole successor was the old priest in the threadbare soutane and unpolished shoes.

He broke the silence with: "Is not that an admirable view? For forty years I have lived in the monastery without going out of it, and I never wearied of this prospect."

"Forty years!" I exclaimed, almost involuntarily. "And never to go away! But, surely, you travelled sometimes?"

"True, yes; I went away twice," he said. "Each time it was for six days. I went home to Milan when my sister died. She had a wish that I should administer the last sacraments to her. Dear, saintly soul! And I went to Rome to give back my monk's habit to my old master, Cardinal Peloro. Yes," he went on, gazing at some imaginary point in space, "I came here in 1845. How beautiful Monte Chiaro was in those days! How splendidly the High Masses were sung! To have known this abbey as I have known it, and to see it as I now see it, is like finding a soulless corpse where one had seen youth and life. But patience, patience!

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore.

"Now, gentlemen, I will leave you, to go and order your dinner. Luigi will bring up your luggage. In his case, you must know—patience, patience! One must close one's eyes, and ask the help of God!"

Dom Gabriele Griffi went out. He had hardly crossed the threshold when Philip dropped into one of the chairs, laughing his eternal, mocking laugh.

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"Faith," said he, "it was worth coming here only to see that ridiculous old fellow."

"I don't know what the priest has said to you that strikes you as ridiculous," I retorted. "He told you, very simply, the history of his abbey—which cannot but be a subject of grief to him; and he bears his sorrow with the hopefulness of a true believer. I'm nearly fifteen years older than you. I've tossed about the world, as you doubtless have done too, running after a good many will-o'-the-wisps, alas! And I know that there is no higher wisdom, and nothing grander on earth, than a man who gives himself to one task, with unfailing enthusiasm, in a single corner of the world."

"Amen!" sang out my young companion, laughing still louder. "Dear me! His grand High Mass! His master, the cardinal! The saintly soul, his sister! And on top of everything quotations from Horace, and the functions of a house-steward! After all, we shall pay for his hospitality. This hovel is worth a quarter-dollar per night," he went on, drawing me into the first of the sleeping-rooms. "But," he added, in mockery, "since this is displeasing to you, dear master—"

An odd fish! I cannot better describe the feeling he produced in me than by saying he was like a shutter that swings with rusty hinges on every wind that blows. At each new impression that he received his nerves seemed to vibrate to a false note. But the unexpected feature—one which I have not sufficiently brought into relief—was the cleverness of which he gave evidence between his spiteful sallies. (He was like a naughty, ill-bred child.) I omitted to mention that, on our journey, he had astonished me by two or three remarks on the geological formation of the country we were passing through; and now, stepping out on the little balcony which belonged to both our rooms, the abbey's square defensive tower set him talking about Florentine architecture like a man that had read carefully and had used his eyes well, too—a double course which is, unluckily, sadly uncommon. This kind of knowledge, which lay quite outside his professional studies, completely proved his astounding versatility. I had already discovered his vast stores of information regarding higher, and lower, contemporary literature. His intelligence, however, seemed to belong to him as a jewel might have done; or rather, as a machine might have been his. It was a thing apart from himself. He possessed it; it did not possess him. It gave him no power to believe, or to love. Involuntarily, I compared him with Dom Gabriele

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Griffi, at whom he had just been laughing. Undoubtedly, this poor monk did not shine by the subtlety of his intellect; but, from the first moment, he had impressed me with his true-heartedness, and his beautiful devotion to his mission—the care of his dear abbey until the hoped-for return of his brethren. Of these two, which was the young man, and which the old, if "youth consists in an ideal held with an invincible constancy"? My young companion, eaten up with irony and a precocious destructiveness and negation, was, at any rate, consistent. If he were the antithesis of the poor priest placed in charge of the empty monastery, he was at least frankly antithetical—the opposition of the latter half of the century to the pious and simple spirit of olden days. Was not my own case unhappier than that of either of them? For my part, I was capable of spending my life in analyzing both the criminal charm of denial and the splendors of profound faith, without ever adopting either stand-point for my own. Yet, these are as opposite poles for the human soul.

These reflections forced themselves upon me afresh when, at about seven o'clock, I was seated before the meal that the monks had prepared for us, in a great hall which, he told us, had formerly been the novices' refectory. A brass four-flamed lamp of antique form, having its accessory snuffers, pins, and extinguishers hanging to it by chains of the same metal, lit up with a somewhat smoky radiance the corner of a huge table, set out with flasks which bore the arms of the abbey. Each diner had two of them—one for wine; the other, water. These bottles measured the amount of liquid that the monks used to be allowed for the quenching of their daily thirst. A dish of fresh figs, and one of grapes, stood ready for our dessert. Plates already filled with soup were waiting for us; also some goat's cheese on a platter; and there was raw ham, which, with some stale bread, completed the bill of fare, of which the frugality called forth another Latin quotation like that which we had already heard.

He had said grace as we all sat down; and now, waving towards the dishes to which Virgil's words applied, he said:

"*Castanæ molles et pressi copia lactis.*"

"That is what I was expecting," whispered Philip; and then, in his gravest manner, he began to discuss with our entertainer the diet of the ancients. I feared, not without reason,

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that this seeming amiability was only meant to lead up to some hoax or petty persecution.

"But when you have no passing travellers you dine alone here, father?" he asked.

"No," answered the priest. "There are still two other brothers in the convent. We were seven. Four died of grief immediately after the suppression. We all fell ill, one by one, and we took what care we could of each other. It was not the will of God that we should all perish."

"And when you and the two brothers are no longer here?" Philip went on.

"*Con gallo e senza gallo, Dio fa giorno,*" the priest answered in Italian. A little cloud darkened his brow, but was gone again in a moment. The question stung him in his tenderest point. "Cock, or no cock," he translated, "God sends his daylight."

"And how do you fill up your time, father?" I asked, incited by curiosity at the sight of a faith so deep that I felt as if I were in the presence of a being belonging to the middle ages.

"Oh! I have not a moment's leisure," replied Dom Griffi. "Almost alone, as I am, I rent the farm, the abbey, and all the lands round it. I give employment to fifteen peasants' families. From early morning onwards it is like a procession, the people marching into and out of my cell. I never have an hour's peace. They bring their accounts; there are confessions to be heard; or some one wants some medicament. For I'm a sort of doctor, an apothecary, a judge, and a schoolmaster. Yes, I teach the children. Luigi, too, is a pupil of mine; not much credit to me, but a good fellow after all. And then, I'm the guide. I show the visitors over the abbey." . . .

Philip's eyes and mine met. I noticed the mischief gleaming in his, and listened to him with stupefaction. "We have had several highly edifying examples of holiness [in our country]; notably one Baudelaire, an author, and certain of his disciples. They are so humble that they call themselves *décadent.* They write hymns, and meet to recite them. They have their own newspapers, to spread the light. Nothing can be more edifying than such great faith among the young."

"Well now, I knew nothing of all this," the monk answered. "They call themselves '*décadent,*' did you say?"

"Yes; those who go down—who seek the lowly," explained Philip.

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"I understand," said the father. "They do penance—and rightly! We have an Italian proverb: *Non bisogna aver paura che de' suoi peccati* (We need fear nothing but our sins)."

In order to cut short the absurdities of my young companion I said, at the end of our frugal meal; "Good father, may we not see Gozzoli's frescoes this evening?"

"You won't be able to judge them fairly by candle-light," Dom Griffi answered. However, the pleasure of showing his recovered treasures decided him. "After all, you'll see them again to-morrow. Ah, how delighted the monks will be when they come back to find these beautiful paintings! I hope to have time this winter to finish cleaning them. Luigi, fetch the handle with the taper, my son. It is in the chapel. Here is the key," and he drew from his pocket a bunch of huge keys. "There is much locking of doors to be done here," he explained, "with the neighbors going and coming all day long. They are excellent people, to be sure; but it is wrong to tempt poverty."

Luigi soon returned with a sort of wax vesta tied to the end of a stick, evidently the lighter of the altar candles. The monk rose, said grace, and, with the gayety of a child, laughed: "I go before you, and as we shall go through a real labyrinth, you may say, with Dante:

"*Perla impacciata via, retro al mio duca*"—

(By the tortuous road, after my guide)."

"Dante again!" whispered Philip. "These creatures can do nothing—can't even eat a bit of Gorgonzola, that horrible green cheese of theirs—without inflicting on one some lines of their dolt of a Florentine, by name Durante; that is, French Durand. Did you know that? Vallès invented that capital joke. Imagine the *Divine Comedy* signed *Durante!* I think I'll tell our host—"

"I think you'll make a mistake," I put in. "I have told you already how much I admire their great poet."

"Oh, I know!" he asseverated. "That is the priestly, slavish, idolatrous side of your character. But I, you see, belong to a generation of iconoclasts. *There* lies all the difference."

We exchanged these remarks in an undertone, as our guide's soutane, oddly lit up by the unprotected and flickering flames of his lamp, preceded us through interminable corridors. We went up one staircase. We descended another. We passed through a pillared cloister. Sometimes a night-bird flew off at our approach, or a stealthy, frightened cat fled away. Had

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there been ever so little moonlight, we should have touched the heights of romantic effect, and the walk through the enormous abbey might have furnished us with the seed of countless nightmares. In my thought I conjured up the monks of old who used to pass the same way during the dark hours, going to the night services in the chapel. I could see our guide himself, forty years earlier, threading his way behind the brethren—young, full of fervent faith, and in love with his order. What memories must be his—almost the only one left in that vast deserted building! Well, perhaps not! For he seemed light-hearted under misfortune, almost jovial—his trust being so sure. What a power there is in the mysterious phenomenon of belief; absolute, entire, impregnable Belief!

But Dom Griffi had stopped before a door. He searched for another key in the jailer-like key-bunch which he held in his free hand. The old lock screamed with rust, and we entered a large apartment, where the four uncertain flames of our lamp vaguely lit up two frescoed walls, and another, which at the first glance seemed only whitewashed.

"My son," said the priest to Luigi, "give me the taper that I may light it. You would let the wax fall on my soutane again, and it does not need that."

He set down the lamp on the floor, and carefully examined the fastening of the taper. He then lit the small wick, and began to pass the flame along the wall. It was magical to see the old master's work coming to life, bit by bit, under the light. The monk lit up the first wall, and we saw Christ's bleeding side; the Apostle's hand tearing wider the cruel wound; the sorrowful glance of the Saviour; and on St. Thomas's face an expression of mingled remorse and curiosity. Angels carried the instruments of the Passion heavenwards, while the tears coursed down their delicate cheeks. On another wall we were shown each detail by itself. Gondoforus' gold-embroidered, green tunic; the precious stones brimming over the vases which were offered to the apostles; while the peacocks spread their gorgeous tail-feathers on the balconies; brilliantly-colored parrots perched on the tree branches; and great lords went a-hunting on the mountain-side, leading leopards by the chain. The little flame ever wandered about, like a will-o'-the-wisp. When it had passed by, the corner brought out of the vague shadows fell back again into sudden gloom. So treated, it was impossible to judge of the general effect of the work; but, caught by glimpses, it had a strange, fantastic charm, in harmony with

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the time and the place. Dom Griffi, thus exhibiting the two frescoes, was childlike in his expansive delight in them. He rejoiced in beholding them, as a miser rejoices in handling the diamonds in his horde. Were not these precious jewels, with which he had dowered his beloved monastery, his very own—for had he not re-created them? And he talked, dramatizing his phrases by the aid of his wrinkled and expressive face. "Look at the apostle's finger—the hesitation expressed in it; and our Lord's gesture, and his mouth! That is what one does, don't you see? when one is suffering very much, and that the doctor touches one.

"And the landscape in the background! Don't you recognize Verruca, and Monte Chiaro here? Just look! There, on the right, are your rooms. And see how small the angels' eyes have become! They are crying, but they don't want to let their tears fall—so! And their noses pucker up—like this! Then the black king; look at his earrings. One of our fathers, who died here after the suppression (God rest his soul!), had made some excavations in the neighborhood of one of our abbeys, near Volterra. He discovered an Etruscan tomb, and earrings just like those lying beside the head of a skeleton. I have them still. I'll show them to you. And here!" he turned round, at this moment, and threw the light upon a spot on the right, where I had supposed at first that there was only a blank wall. The magic flame lit up half a hand's-breadth of the white space. As luck would have it in an attempt to clean a spot, and before an interruption came obliging him to give up his task, the old monk had revealed just half the face of a Madonna—the line of the chin; the mouth, nose, and eyes. The smile and the glance of the Virgin, looking out from the great white-washed wall, startled as a supernatural vision might startle. The little flame wavered somewhat, held as it was at the end of a long pole in the hands of an old man, and it seemed as if the Madonna's lips moved; she breathed; the pupils of her eyes trembled. One might well think that a living creature stood there, who would shake off this winding-sheet of plaster and appear before us in the unencumbered grace of youth. Our host was now silent, but his countenance betokened such profound piety and admiration that I quite understood why it was he did not hasten to remove the rest of the fresco's white veil. His natural artistic instinct, and his fervent faith, made him realize all the poetry of the divine smile and eyes imprisoned, as it were, in their rough cerecloth. We were all quiet; Philip

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at last conquered by the strong, the impressive. I heard him murmuring: "Why, this is out of Edgar Allan Poe! This is a thing of Shelley's!"

The father, who assuredly knew neither author, answered innocently—never suspecting that he was pronouncing the finest critique on the phrases and feelings of his young neighbor: "Oh, no! this is Gozzoli's. I can show you the proof in Vasari. And what, think you, remains behind? Well, it must be the miracle of the girdle!"

"What miracle?" I asked.

"What!" he cried, with vast surprise, "have you never seen the dome at Pistoja, with the painting of the Blessed Virgin throwing down her girdle to St. Thomas after her Assumption? He was not there when she was assumed into heaven in presence of the other apostles. He came back three days after; and as, again, he would not believe what he had not seen, Our Lady had the charity to let the girdle fall down before him, so that he should never more have doubts."

He told us this legend—which proves, by the way, that the early Christians foresaw the sceptical analytic mind, and held its salvation possible—while he was blowing out the taper, which he handed over to Luigi, and rebolting the door. The simplicity of conviction with which he spoke of the miracle was proof that he lived in an atmosphere of the supernatural, just as we, children of the century, live in an atmosphere of restlessness and mocking denial. I could not but compare him, mentally, to the frescoed fragment he had but now shown us on that third wall. This scrap of painting was enough to animate the vast sheet of white plaster; and Dom Gabriele was, by himself, enough to animate this great desert of an abbey. He was, indeed, the true soul of the place. I felt this now; a soul, too, which *represented*, in the exact meaning of the term, the souls of all his absent brethren. When I was a child I saw an officer of the *Grande Armée* pass along a paved-way in our town. The old soldier walked lame. He was poor, for his rosette graced a very shabby coat. Nevertheless, for me, he was an epic poem of the empire. Had not the emperor, with his own hand, given him his Cross of the Legion? And now I experienced much the same feeling as I followed Dom Griffi. He seemed to wear his whole order in the folds of the old soutane of which Luigi took so little care.

Such is the grandeur conferred by absolute self-renunciation in the cause of some great and lofty task. We give up our

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own will, and grow great in so doing, by a law strangely misunderstood by modern society, which is in love with a vulgar individualism. The worth of a man can be measured by his devotion to an ideal.

What would Dom Griffi have been without his abbey? Probably a narrow-minded antiquary, cataloguing some small museum. For, when his enthusiasm abated, while we were going up again to our rooms, he talked like an ordinary collector, forgetting essentials in a work of art, to discuss mere accidents, resemblances, or genuineness.

"The subject of the girdle and St. Thomas has been painted often," he said. "You'll find in the Florentine Academy a delightful bas-relief by Lucca della Robbia, where Our Lady, surrounded by angels, presents her girdle to St. Thomas. Francesco Granacci treated this subject twice; and Fra Paolino of Pistoja; and Taddeo Gaddi; and Giovanni Antonio Sogliani; and Bastiano Mainard—the last-named at Santa Croce. . . . But will you come into my cell, and see the earrings and Dom Pio Schedone's little collection?"

We agreed. Philip was possibly influenced by an archæological bent, which underlay his character of budding author; and I was impelled by a curiosity to know among what class of objects our host lived. The first room we entered betrayed the utter carelessness of the grotesque servant who went by the name of Luigi. Books were heaped up here which, judged by their bulk and bindings, could only be the Fathers of the church. Lying with these a pair of pincers, hammers, and a boxful of screws, proved that, in case of need, Dom Griffi could mend locks and furniture without the help of any workman. Flasks, covered with stained and blackened straw-plait, held samples of the last oil and wine harvests; some lemons were drying on a plate. An earthen jar of the sort that Tuscan women call *scaldino*, and which they fill with live coals, warming their hands as they hold it, was the only thing that spoke of comfort in the little brick-floored study, where a black cat lounged lazily. Some English lady, his grateful guest, was doubtless the giver of the sole luxurious feature of this cell in Topsy-turvydom—a small silver tea-set. But Luigi had carefully abstained from polishing the tea-pot, which therefore stood blackening on its shelf. A large crucifix on a pedestal towered above the papers on the writing-table. There lay below a mass of little sheets covered with bold, decided characters.

"Those are my master's sermons. I am ordered to copy

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them," said Dom Gabriele. "He wishes his book to be published before his death. He is eighty-seven. Ah! his writing is terribly *perfide*," he added, using a new-fangled Italian word; "and I have so little time! Fortunately, I only need four hours' sleep. . . . Nero, Nero, get off that chair! Away, *micino!* away, *mutzi!*" He talked to the cat as Pasquale had talked to his mare; and Nero sprang right in the midst of the manuscripts—the old cardinal's brevet of immortality.

"Good! Now sit down," he said to me; "and you, Signor Filippo." At the beginning of dinner he had asked our Christian names, so that he might use them, as is the friendly custom of his country. "Where on earth is that terrible little casket? Ah, here—below the volume of the Fathers where I was searching St. Irenæus through, the other day, for that passage against the Gnostics. You remember, the Basilidians maintained they might escape martyrdom on the plea of not making known their beliefs to the vulgar crowd. Ah, pride! pride! You find it at the root of every heresy and every sophism. And faith is such a good thing! Above all, it is so easy to believe. But here's the box. I keep it unlocked. I need shut up nothing here, because all belongs to me and not to the abbey. Now then, where are those earrings?"

As he spoke he drew out a coffer, the fastening of which originally must have been so complicated that, once out of order, it would have been quite beyond the skill of the poor workmen of this out-of-the-way place to mend it.

When he lifted the lid we saw within a considerable number of small objects carefully folded up in endorsed covers. The round shape of most of them plainly proved that the late Dom Pio Schedone's collection consisted principally of coins.

It astonished me to find that the workmanship of the Etruscan earrings was first rate. I took up one of the small, round packets, and read outside *Julii Cæsarius Aureus.* On examination the coin seemed undoubtedly genuine. I held it out to Philip, who called my attention to the reverse, saying, "It's a splendid specimen and extremely rare."

I took up a second, a third, and, with amazement, lit upon a Brutus of which I chanced to know the value, in this wise: Looking for New Year's gifts the year before, it occurred to me to select rare old coins for certain hostesses at whose houses I had often dined. These things answer for pendants for bangles or bracelets. My good friend, Gustave S——, one of the greatest numismatists of our time, brought me to an anti-

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quary's. I had been much taken with a gold piece bearing on one side the head of Brutus the younger, and on the other that of the elder. My friend could not help smiling at my ignorance when I said, "I shall be delighted to have this one," and the antiquary answered, "For you, sir, on account of your friend here, the price will be thirteen hundred francs."

And this coin, the value of which I knew, lay there, with some sixty others, in Dom Pio's little case. I could not refrain from an exclamation as I showed the Brutus to Philip, telling him what I knew about it.

"I can quite believe it," he returned, "for I know something about coins; and, as you see, it is in perfect condition. The coin, too, is from an unworn die-stamp."

"You have a real treasure here, father," I said to Dom Griffi, who had listened as if he only half-believed in my being in earnest. I went on to explain how it was that I came to know the value of at least one of his coins; and I assured him that my companion was capable of forming a sound opinion.

"You say just what Dom Pio was always saying," he replied; and, little by little, his expression changed. "He had gathered these coins, here and there, in his excavating. Poor Pio died when things were at their worst with us here; and I have been so busy that I have put off having his collection examined by Professor Marchetti, whom you must have met at Pisa. Indeed, I had quite forgotten it; and had it not been for King Gondoforus I should never even have thought of looking at them. The other day, though, when pulling about these old books, I remembered having seen some odd-looking earrings in Dom Pio's hands. I searched the case, found them, spoke of them to you. Faith," he added, rubbing his hands joyfully, "I should be heartily glad if you were right. There is a terrace near the keep which threatens to fall down, and the government refuses a grant for repairs; but, if I had four thousand francs, it could be all put right. However, four thousand francs!" He shook his head incredulously, pointing to the casket.

"Why, bless me!" I exclaimed, "in your place, father, I would consult that professor; for I see there a gold piece, a Domitian, with a temple on the reverse, and I am sure I have seen it placed alongside the most valuable coins."

"Exceedingly rare," Philip chimed in. He was closely examining the coins. "This Julian is also of great value, and

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this Didia Clara. They are magnificent specimens. Like enough some peasant near Volterra simply lit upon the treasure of a beaten legion and sold the lot to Dom Pio."

"If it be true," the priest said, again rubbing his hands, "it would prove once more the truth of the dear cardinal's favorite saying: *Dio non manda mai bocca, che non manda cibo.** I have prayed so hard about this terrace! It was where the sick brothers used to go and sit in the sunshine when they were getting better. So I'll write to Signor Marchetti to pay me a visit as soon as he can. Ah! that is a true friend. He loves to be at Monte Chiaro. To-morrow morning, when I say Mass, I will thank God for this; and I will pray for you. Well now! I was just going to forget to tell Luigi to be ready to serve Mass at six o'clock. At seven there are people coming by appointment."

A little later, when I was bidding Philip good-night, I said to him: "Don't you think it easy to understand how circumstances can seem quite providential? Look at what has just happened! The poor monk is in need of money for his monastery. He prays to God with all his strength. Two strangers prove to him that he has the sum there, under his hand—"

"A stupid chance!" cried Philip, shrugging his shoulders. "Did you ever in your life hear of a talented youth, like me (who only wants a small amount of money in order to show what he is made of), finding the sum? Or of a great writer winning a prize in a lottery? Well, I've known business people, rich and stupid enough for anything, down in my part of the country, whose Paris bonds were drawn, bringing them in two hundred thousand francs. A cousin of mine left me one of those bonds in his will. Luckily, I sold it. But do you suppose that ever, in ten weary years, it was drawn? Not it! Not to bring me in six thousand francs, or two thousand, or one! And there's that donkey of a monk who will have them—six thousand francs! And what will he do with them? Mend an old terrace for monks who will never come back! Bah! Chamfort said the world was made by the devil gone mad. Had he said gone helpless, gone idiotic, *that* would have been more like the truth!"

"Meantime," I put in merrily, in the tone of one talking to a sick child and determined not to be vexed with what was, after all, a justifiable complaint—"meantime, go to sleep yourself; and let me do the same."

* God never sends the mouths, but he sends something to fill them, too.

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The wind had risen, a melancholy autumn wind, which sighed softly and sadly round the abbey, and I found it hard enough to put in practice my own part of the programme, and sleep on the somewhat hard bed of the abbot-general. I heard Philip tramping up and down his room, and I wondered if, in spite of his scoffing—which was too exaggerated not to be factitious—he were not touched by the sight of such a pious, resigned life as that of our host. The priest's words about certain providential occurrences came back to my mind. Can we reflect deeply and sincerely upon our destiny, and that of those belonging to us, without realizing intuitively that a spirit disposes of us, leading us, often by crooked paths, towards things which we do not comprehend? But, above all, in the punishment which waits on wrong-doing does this mysterious spirit reveal its presence. The moralists in all times granted thus much—from the Greek poets who adored Nemesis, the dim, universal equity, down to Shakspere and Balzac, the great masters of the modern art-world. Does not the idea of Justice, final and grand, enwrapping round the existence of man, tower above all else in their works? And then I set forth objections, impelled by the analytic habit of mind, which cannot be cast off as easily as our host averred. I pondered on that other law which decrees that all things shall fade and perish, even what is best among human institutions, from a moral entity, such as an abbey, down to the masterpieces of art. Benozzo's frescoes had just been found again after four hundred years, to disappear anew in another few hundred years; but, this time, to be destroyed by the invincible work of time. Ah, yes! all things perish; and everything springs up afresh. Dom Griffi had spoken of the Basilidians, of their fine-spun theories, and of the pride which lies at the root of all heresy. I recalled the astonishing similarity (borne in upon me during my study of the Alexandrine philosophers) between their paradoxes and the moral maladies of our own day. Was not my young compatriot a case in point? Had he not defended just the sophism the Gnostics delighted in, regarding the lie of contempt, when we discussed the relations between writers and readers? And all this time I heard him tramping up and down (what trouble could be preying on him?) until, in spite of the argumentative contradictions that beset me, I shut my eyes; and when I woke in the morning it was the innocent Luigi who stood by my bed, laden with a coffee-tray. Almost at the same moment the monk came into my room:

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"Bravo!" he cried, with his pleasant laugh. "You have slept well, and have given the lie to the proverb, *Chi dorme non piglia pesci**; for a countryman has brought you the very freshest of trout for your breakfast. As for Signor Filippo, he is already climbing the mountains. As I came from Mass I saw him mounting up in the direction of the village, as active as a cat. When you're ready we'll go see the Benozzos by daylight. I'm sure Signor Filippo will be back then. You must see the abbey library, too. Ah! if you only knew how rich it was before the first suppression—Napoleon's! But patience—since we are going to have our terrace! *Multa renascentur*, you know."

An hour later I was up; had drunk, without making too many faces, Luigi's coffee (which consisted mainly of chicory), and the father and myself were again before the Indian king, Gondoforus, and the Virgin's smile. Dom Griffi had found time to show me the greater and lesser refectories, the libraries, fish-ponds, cisterns, and the little nursery-garden where he was growing tiny cypresses, to be transplanted later. Philip had not returned. Had he lost himself? Or had he such an unconquerable antipathy for the conversation and society of the priest as nervous subjects like himself are prone to feel? I confess these speculations would have troubled me little, so much had his perpetual sneers jarred upon me, but that, about eleven o'clock, as we returned through the monastery, a small matter literally struck terror into me. The thing was unexpected. I had not had the smallest foreboding. Dom Griffi begged me to excuse him; he was obliged to leave me alone till the *déjeûner*. I had no books; for a wonder, I owed no letters. "If I might look again at the coins!" I thought; and I begged to have the casket, which the priest himself brought me. In the quiet of my room I unfolded the papers one after another, admiring here the laurel-crowned profile of an emperor, and there a Victory. I don't know why a longing came once more to see the golden Cæsar with Anthony's head.

But I sought in vain through the coins for this piece. I took them out, one by one, and nowhere was the name of the dictator to be seen. "We put them in the wrong papers," I said to myself, and I patiently unfolded them all. But there was no Cæsar! And there was no Brutus, either! I think I never in my life felt an agony to be compared to the agony that wrung my heart when I perceived that the two coins

* The sleepers catch no fish.

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(value *for, ce* rtainly, two thousand francs) were now gone, although late last night they had assuredly been there. I had held them in my hand. I had conned over the details as if with a magnifying glass. I had myself named their approximate value to the monk. And now they were gone! I had a hope that he might have laid them aside to send to Pisa at once, thus to have an earlier opinion as to their authenticity; and I ran to his cell at the risk of disturbing him. To remain in suspense upon this point would have been quite intolerable.

Dom Griffi was busy. There was a heavy-faced, red-haired peasant with him, and the difficulty appeared to be to extract a debt from his grasp, for he held a case, drawing from its pockets, with comic reluctance, now a five-franc note and now a ten.

The priest saw by my face that I was the bearer of grave tidings. "Your friend is not ill?" he asked quickly.

"No; but I must put a question to you, father," I answered. "Did you take any of the gold pieces out of the box we looked at last night?"

"Not one," replied the good old man frankly. "The casket remained here just as we left it."

"Good Heavens!" I cried, in terror. "Two are missing; and two of the best—the Cæsar and the Brutus."

I had hardly said the words when I realized the terrible meaning of them. Until we came nobody suspected the money-value of Dom Pio's collection. Cæsar and Brutus were just the two coins we had most noticed. Now they had been taken. Luigi would not have been clever enough to select those from amongst the rest, neither would peasants, like the rustic now before me, counting over his dirty little bank-notes with horny fingers. For my part, suspicion could hardly rest on me. I was in bed when the priest had said his Mass—the period at which his cell was left empty. Since then he and I had not parted company. The glimpse of an atrocious possibility made me cry aloud:

"No, no; it is impossible!"

I imagined Philip, after our yester-night's talk, tempted by the nearness of this little treasure. The tramp of his feet, deep, deep into the night, echoed in my mind with a sinister significance. He had spoken so much, on our journey, of his need of a small sum to give him a start in Paris. The sum had been within his reach. He had struggled and struggled. He had at length succumbed. He had actually committed this theft. It was so easy a crime and so doubly odious—for the

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poor old monk was our host. All that was necessary was to get up a little before the hour of Mass; to leave his room; to slip into that of the priest. He knew which coins were best worth having, and took them—doubtless with some more besides. Afterwards he had gone off into the country. For one thing, the walk would explain his morning's absence; and again, it would give him time to grow calm. There is a whole abyss between talking in unprincipled paradoxes about conduct, and doing such a shameless action. The odious possibility overwhelmed me so thoroughly that my knees trembled under me, and I had to sit down, while Dom Griffi, in his gentle way, was saying to the peasant: "Wait for me in the corridor, Beppe. I'll call you, my son."

When we were quite alone he began, in a tone I had not till then heard him use—the priestly tone, instead of that of the kind host: "Now, my child," and he held both my hands, "look me full in the face. Don't you know perfectly well that I feel it was not you? That's all right; don't speak; don't explain anything. Just promise me one thing."

"I'll force the poor wretch to give you back the coins! Yes, father, if I have to drag them from him by force, or give him up to the police!"

He shook his head: "You don't take my meaning. Give me your word of honor not to say one word that can lead to a suspicion that the disappearance of the coins has been discovered. Not a word, you understand, and not a sign. I have the right, have I not, to ask this of you?"

"I don't understand," I interrupted.

"*Pazienza*," he said, repeating his favorite word. "Just give me your promise, and let me finish with my terrible Beppe. Ah! men like Beppe will be the death of me before I can welcome back the brethren! They fight over every five francs of their rent. But you know what one must do—close one's eyes and commend one's self to the Almighty! You promise?"

"I promise," I said, conquered by a kind of authority which went out from him at the moment.

"And please bring me the case at once."

"I will go now for it, father."

Notwithstanding my pledged word, I could hardly contain myself when half an hour later I was with Philip, who had at last returned from his walk. To his honor be it said, his face told plainly of a troubled spirit. Had I had any doubt as to his guilt, that face would have settled it. He ought, however, to

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have felt very safe in his secret, for it was by a mere chance that I had looked into the casket again; and no one else would have missed the stolen coins. We had talked so rapidly Dom Griffi would hardly have remembered their names. Thus it was not the dread of discovery that threw over his intelligent brow and bright eyes such a dark, uneasy expression. I felt that he was simply torn by shame and remorse. In spite of his cynical mask, he was still so young! Though his mind was already perverted, he had not outlived the early home influences; and he had been fed upon honesty, for was he not country-bred? Something sad in my way of looking at him must have struck him; but if he attributed my melancholy to the true cause, the silence which I had promised to maintain must have reassured him.

"I had a splendid walk," he said, though I had not asked him how he had spent his morning; "but I lost my way, and now I am too late to go over the abbey. Well, I don't much care! I half fear spoiling last night's impression by seeing the frescoes by daylight. What time do we start?"

"About half-past two," I said.

"Then, if you please, I'll go close my bag."

He thus found a pretext for going into his own room. I heard him walking up and down, just as he had done the night before. How would it be when he met the priest again? I looked forward with an uneasiness that amounted to actual pain to the moment when, sitting once more at the novices' old table, we three would be obliged to converse—the father and I knowing what we knew, and Philip with this weight upon his heart. Some curiosity was mixed with my uneasiness. When Dom Griffi begged me to be silent, he had certainly devised some plan of action.

Would he try to make the young man confess without humiliating him too much?

Or had he decided to pardon the culprit silently, calculating that what remained of Dom Pio's treasure would pay for restoring that famous terrace? (There was enough goodness revealed by his faithful eyes to promise this course.)

In any case, breakfast-time came—the hours unfailingly follow each other!—and Dom Gabriele came to call us in the old gay and cordial tones.

"So, Signor Filippo!" he cried, "are you not hungry after your walk?"

"No, father; I think I caught a cold."

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The priest had taken Philip affectionately by both hands. The kindly grasp seemed to embarrass the guest.

"Then you shall drink some of my 'holy wine,'" answered the monk. "Do you know why we call it 'holy wine'? We hang up the grapes to dry till Easter; and then they go to the wine-press. There is a Tuscan proverb: *Nell' uva sono tre vinaccioli* (there are three pips in a grape), *uno di sanità, uno di letizia, ed uno di ubbriachezza* (one for health, one for mirth, and one for intoxication). But in my holy wine only the two first are left."

And so he talked all the way through our meal, kindly and merrily. We breakfasted on the promised trout, cooked chestnuts, an omelette with fried accompaniments, and thrushes—those thrushes that have such a royal time of it in autumn in this happy part of Italy—full-gorged with grapes and juniper berries.

"I never could eat one of these little birds," said the priest. "I see them flying about too near me here! But our peasants catch them with bird-lime. Have you never seen them go by with a tame owl? They lay sticks coated with bird-lime the whole length of a vineyard. Then they place the owlet on the ground, tied to another stick. It flutters here and there. Other birds come near out of curiosity. They have but to touch the rods and they are caught. I have always wondered why no poet ever make a fable out of this pretty picture."

But never an allusion to the lost coins! Never a word, either, to show that he made any difference between his treatment of me and of my companion. If anything, he was a little more caressing in manner towards Philip, who seemed crushed by the affectionate attentions of our treacherously-used entertainer. Twenty times I saw tears glitter in the youth's eyes. Evidently he was not born to be a rogue. Twenty times I was on the point of saying: "Come, now, beg this good priest's pardon! Let there be an end of this!"

But Philip would expand his nostrils and contract his brows; Pride's fires dried his eyes, and the conversation continued; or rather, Dom Griffi's monologue went on. He was comparing Monte Chiaro with Monte Oliveto, and spoke tenderly of his dear friend—my friend also—the good monk who filled there a guardian's office, like his own. Afterwards he told us all sorts of anecdotes about his abbey, some of them deeply interesting; as, for instance, one about a visit of the Constable de Bourbon when marching upon Rome, and of his secretly bespeaking a

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Mass for the day after his death; and others were childlike stories about artless legends. We had finished breakfast, and were back again in our quarters, before I understood his plan. None but a father-confessor could have seen deep enough into the human heart to form such a design. He had left us a few moments when he returned with Dom Pio's casket in his hands. I looked at Philip. He was livid. But the wrinkled face of our host did not threaten any severe cross-examination.

"You taught me the worth of these coins," he said simply, pushing the box across the table. "There are a great many more than I want for repairs. Allow me to ask you each to choose two or three of them. They will serve for a remembrance of the old monk who prayed for both of you this morning."

He looked at me as he spoke, and I could read in his glance a reminder of my promise. He went out and we remained there, Philip Dubois and I, motionless. I trembled lest he should guess that I knew his secret. Dom Griffi's sublime magnanimity—which was about to produce repentance that was crushing and overwhelming in proportion to the terrible shame involved—could only work its full effect upon this soul in distress through the bitterness of a wounded self-esteem.

Just to break the silence I said: "What a grand thing a good priest is!"

Philip made no answer. He had turned towards the window and was gazing, in a deep reverie, at the green landscape that we had admired, the evening before, on our arrival. In obedience to our host's wishes I had opened the casket, and had taken, at a venture, the first that came of the coins; and then I went into my own room. My heart beat loudly. I heard the youth run out of the sitting-room, and his steps went quickly, quickly towards the monk's cell. The proud spirit was humbled. He was going to give up the stolen coins and confess his crime. How did he bear himself towards him whom he had at first so insolently compared to the old comic actor?

How did the monk reply?

I shall never know.

But when we were both in the carriage, and Pasquale had said to his mare, "Now then, Zara, show your paces!" I turned for another glance at the abbey we were leaving, and to bow once more to the venerable priest, and I saw, in the look that my companion bent on the simple monk, *the dawn of a new soul.*

No, the age of miracles is not past. But, for miracles, we must have saints; and these are all too rare.

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THE "CONVERSION" OF PRINCE BORIS.

BY B. MORGAN.

IN a recent article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD* the fact is stated, and illustrated by two lamentable examples, that during the present century "the Muscovite dominion has menaced the peace of the church as well as the peace of Europe." Since the article appeared an event has occurred which not only emphasizes the statement, but opens up a vista of gloomy possibilities for the future of Catholicity wherever it comes into contact with Russian influence.

For more than a year past vague rumors have been ventilated, from time to time, in the European press that Prince Boris, the elder son of Ferdinand I. and heir-apparent to the Bulgarian throne, was to be "converted" from the Catholic to the Eastern schismatic church. Catholics generally, and, as we now learn from the *Osservatore Romano*, the Holy Father himself, were for a long time disinclined to attach much importance to the report. Their scepticism was apparently justified by the purely speculative character of much of the news continually being circulated concerning the Eastern question, but more especially by the fact that both the child's parents are Catholics.

Nine years ago, when Ferdinand of Coburg was called by the enthusiastic choice of the people, under the vigorous initiative of the ill-fated Stamboloff, to the principality of Bulgaria, left vacant by the abdication of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, his name was in the world's mouth as a brilliant, courageous, sympathetic young prince in whose hands the national independence and development of Bulgaria were perfectly safe. From the beginning the European powers were quite ready to recognize his election. Russia alone evidenced a distinct disinclination to abide by the Bulgarians' decision, and Russia's abstention was ample reason for the sultan to withhold his official sanction.

Had the Muscovite policy promised to be one of mere abstention the national government might have pursued its path in peace, but it soon became evident that Prince Ferdinand and his advisers must be prepared to brunt the ill-concealed hostility of the czar. The country soon became honeycombed

*January, 1896, "A Century of Catholicity."

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with Russian spies, the officials of church and state were bribed with Russian gold and seduced by Russian influence, and Ferdinand was unsparingly denounced as an usurper by the Russian press. Various reasons for this unrelenting rancor were alleged by the correspondents of the European papers, but the govern-

PRINCE FERDINAND OF COBURG, OF BULGARIA, AND HIS SON PRINCE BORIS.

ment of the czar preserved a sphinx-like silence as to the real cause until it had fully taken the measure of the man with whom it had to deal. Then Ferdinand was informed that the price of Russian friendship for himself and Bulgaria was the removal of Stamboloff—the man who had drawn order out of

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chaos, and who was regarded as the most powerful promoter of Bulgarian nationality. Stamboloff was removed, effectually enough, by dastardly assassins, and the name of the prince who entered on his career eight years before with such golden promise has been linked, wrongly let us hope, with a suspicion of at least tacit connivance in the murder of the man who had seated him on his throne.

Assuredly it was a bitter, a grievous price to pay, but the elusive friendship was not yet gained. There was another condition still left unfulfilled. The Bulgarian prince and the European correspondents had apparently overlooked or forgotten a little incident which occurred two years previously when the prince's marriage called legislative attention to the question of the succession.

Ferdinand and his wife being Catholics, the Bulgarian government frankly accepted the conclusion that the offspring of the union were to be brought up in their parents' faith—a conclusion rendered inevitable, to all seeming, by Ferdinand's openly expressed determination and his solemn promise to his betrothed, Louise of Parma, before the marriage. It became necessary, therefore, to repeal Article 38 of the Constitution of Tirnovo, which guaranteed that the princely house should belong to the orthodox church. The Sobranje (the Bulgarian parliament) had entered upon its deliberations on the matter when a *communiqué* was received from the czar's government, on February 21, 1893, reminding the Bulgarians that they owed their emancipation to Russia, that the orthodox faith was a surety for the "spiritual ties uniting indissolubly Russia and Bulgaria," and warning "all Bulgarians, without distinction of party, of the danger threatening a nation which was ready to renounce its most sacred and ancient traditions."

In the light of recent history he who runs may read the sinister significance of this imperial message. It was disregarded at the time. Prince Boris was born in February, 1894, and another son the following year, both being duly baptized according to the Latin Catholic rite. Stamboloff's "removal" was now on the tapis, and the czar's interest in the religious communion of the Bulgarian children suffered an eclipse. Shortly, however, after the first event in the Russian programme we begin to be conscious that the vague rumors mentioned at the beginning of this article have been floating about. As time goes on they gather in volume and coherency, and eventually it becomes known that Prince Ferdinand is about to visit Rome to see the Pope on the subject.

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It would be amusing to the Catholic reader, were not the whole subject so painful, to follow the sagacious surmises of the non-Catholic "special correspondents" for the European press concerning the probable motive and outcome of this visit. Some of them brilliantly guessed that Ferdinand's object was to obtain the Pope's permission for the little prince's "conversion" to the Bulgarian Uniate rite, which is in communion with Rome, in blissful ignorance that such a conversion would be infinitely more objectionable to the czar than the *status quo* of Latin Catholicity. Most of the scribes, however, were aware that the prince desired the Pope's approval for his son's admission into the orthodox faith, but gravely "doubted whether it was likely," or "thought it improbable," that the Holy Father would acquiesce—"at least positively." But if we feel a half-amused pity for the usual, and perhaps hopeless, blunders of Protestant writers when discussing even the *a b c* of Vatican policy, what must our feelings be for the wretched prince who, Catholic as he was, could approach the Holy Father on such a preposterous errand? Hitherto apostates had renounced their faith ostensibly for the sake of conscience and truth, but here was a man bartering his son's innocent soul for material advantage—avowedly bartering it, and asking the Vicar of Christ to sanction the unholy traffic! Forsooth!

The prince left Rome a sadder but not a wiser man, and immediately on his return announced to the Sobranje his intention of handing poor little Boris over to schism. A telegram was immediately sent to the czar acquainting him with the decision and requesting his imperial majesty to stand sponsor for the child in the approaching ceremony. The answer was not long in coming nor ambiguous in its text; it warmly congratulated the prince "on his patriotic resolution" and graciously acceded to the request.

On February 10 Ferdinand, in reply to an address from the Sobranje, declared that "he had made a sacrifice for the fatherland so great, so cruel, and striking so deeply into his heart as to find no parallel in history. He had given his own child as a pledge for the welfare and happiness of Bulgaria, and had thus loosened all family ties—broken all the ties which bound him to the West. *In return* (for the barter will out) he demanded from the Bulgarian people, not noisy receptions and hypocritical homage but respect for and confidence in his person." He might have added to his speech, without adding to the general information—"and the recognition by Russia of my

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own position." Truly history would not be adorned by parallels of this description!

Four days later, on the feast of the Purification, the "conversion" was solemnized. Little Boris was confirmed according to the schismatic rite, a Russian general (significantly enough) standing proxy for the imperial godfather. Prince Ouhtomosky, one of the most influential of Russian journalists, and of course himself a schismatic, describes the ceremony as "a mockery of religion and a blasphemous misuse of sacred things for the purposes of personal ambition and to mask a political trick," and we may be content to let it pass at that. The one consoling feature about the whole sad business is the conduct of the princess. Like the noble woman and true Catholic mother she is, she struggled and prayed, while there was hope, for the faith of her firstborn, and then, finding her efforts unavailing to prevent the issue, left the country with her second child. The wretched father is surely welcome to what comfort he can take in the smiles of czar and sultan. The Bulgarian Slavonic Society, notorious for the last eight years throughout South-eastern Europe as the centre of all the intrigues carried on against the principality, was among the first to congratulate the prince on obtaining Russian protection for Bulgaria, and to "humbly thank his majesty for again taking Bulgaria under his mighty protection."

PRINCE BORIS, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF BULGARIA.

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But Ferdinand had not made his "sacrifice for the fatherland" for the sake of empty congratulations. Within twenty-four hours of the ceremony at Sofia the news was announced that the sultan, with the approval of the czar, was prepared to accept the Coburgian dynasty, and on February 19 the acceptance was formally published.

The foregoing facts, we take it, prove one thing to demonstration, viz.: that the Russian government strongly objects to a Catholic dynasty for Bulgaria. But why? And what are the probable consequences of the successful enforcement of this objection? A brief glimpse into the salient features in the national and religious history of the Bulgarian people will, we think, give a solution to both questions.

During the fifth century we hear for the first time of the Bulgarians, a mixed race of Hungarians and Slavs, as settling at the mouth of the Danube. Four centuries later their king, Bogoris, was converted, with the entire nation, by the great apostles of the Slavs, Sts. Cyril and Methodius, who, it is interesting to note *en passant*, at this early age became the fathers of Bulgarian literature by the composition of what is known as the Cyrilian alphabet and the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the vernacular. The patriarchal See of Constantinople was then in union with the Apostolic See of Rome. The Bulgarians were therefore Catholics, and we find, as we might have expected, that their first Christian king at once put himself into relationship with the Father of Christendom. He despatched ambassadors to Rome to beg the Holy Father to send Latin bishops to his country, and to ask for the solution of certain cases of conscience which exercised him. Pope Nicholas answered Bogoris in a decretal which has since become celebrated, and acceded to the king's prayer by sending a Latin bishop, with some missionaries, to further the interests of the faith in Bulgaria.

Unhappily it was precisely at this juncture that Photius, the patriarch of Constantinople, broke with Rome and inaugurated the great schism of the East. The Bulgarians, still young in the faith, naturally fell under the influence of the patriarchal see, and thus followed Constantinople into the deplorable defection. In a generation or so the heresy of the Bogomilæ bred intestine strife, and produced a national weakness which culminated in 968 in the destruction of their autonomy. Curiously enough, their first vanquishers were a horde of Russians, egged on by the Greek emperor, Nicephorus Phocas.

A new Bulgarian kingdom was established in Macedonia

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and Servia, but this too was ruthlessly destroyed by Basil II., another of the Greek emperors.

The third kingdom was founded in 1186, and lasted, under the rule of five successive kings, until 1393, when the last of them was defeated and put to death by the Turkish sultan Bajazid I. From that date until the year 1878, when the treaty of Berlin declared their political independence, the Bulgarians remained under the immediate dominion of the Turkish Empire.

Meanwhile two centuries of schism had proved to them that the patriarchate of Constantinople could be a hard task-master, and in the reign of Joannice, the third and best king of their third kingdom, the whole people again recognized the spiritual supremacy of the Church of Rome. A second time the Mother of Churches was doomed to be robbed of a whole people. Without rhyme or reason, and in direct violation of the pope's expressed wishes, Baldwin, the Latin emperor of Constantinople, declared war on Joannice. The war was deservedly unsuccessful, but it unhappily constituted the cause of the relapse into schism of Joannice and his people, and engendered a bitterness against Rome which has taken centuries to obliterate.

From the beginning of the fifteenth century almost down to our own days the hapless Bulgarians have been galled by a double yoke, the Turkish in politics and the Greek in religion; of the two the latter was perhaps the more grievous, since their religious task-master abused their subjection to the Turk to treat them as a conquered people and denationalize them as far as possible. Greek bishops were imposed on them whose sole object in life seemed to be to wring money from their pockets, and their spirit as a people from their hearts. They were forbidden the use of the Slav language in the liturgy and of the Bulgarian in the schools, so that up to the middle of the present century the people remained in an almost incredible state of abasement.

The Crimean War, in 1854, was the clarion-call of new life to the various Christian peoples living under the sway of the Turk. The Bulgarians especially felt the spirit of freedom flow within them, and with a bold and united front pressed the amelioration of their religious grievances on the patriarch. They demanded bishops of their own nationality, together with a Slav liturgy and a Bulgarian school. Their demands being rejected, they resolved to shake off once and for ever the yoke of Phanar, and for the second time in their schismatic existence their faces were turned longingly Romewards, though their aspira-

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tions were doubtless prompted by a national impulse rather than by religious feeling.

Still, if their motives began poorly, they might evolve into something higher in time, and meantime the political consequences of the nascent movement towards the great church of the West bade fair to be of vast importance. Had the five or six millions of Bulgarians boldly thrown aside their schism and wedded their growing spirit of freedom with the Catholic Church, those "spiritual ties uniting indissolubly Russia and Bulgaria" had disappeared for ever, and their disappearance, as Said Pasha declared twenty years afterwards, meant the ruin of Panslavism and a practical solution of the Eastern question. Situated between the Danube and Constantinople, a free and independent nation of six million Bulgarians, deaf to the delusive shibboleth of Panslavism, formed a potent barrier against the czar's path to that capital.

METROPOLITAN CLEMENT, THE HEAD OF THE BULGARIAN DEPUTATION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Rome in her unerring wisdom saw the golden opportunity and welcomed it; Russia, with the diplomatic genius which is stamped on every page of her modern history, perceived the danger and took precautions to avert it. The story of the movement, perhaps the most dramatic of our time, is but little known, and is indispensable for a correct appreciation of the significance of the forced perversion of Prince Boris. The two incidents are links in the same chain.

Clearly, a consideration of great importance for the success of Bulgarian Catholicity was to secure the active co-operation of Catholic France against the anticipated opposition of Russia —indeed it may be said that such co-operation would have been an almost certain guarantee of triumph for the movement. Unhappily, the misfortune which has dogged every attempt at Bulgarian union with Rome again showed itself. French inter-

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ests in the Orient were at the time in the hands of M. Rouvenel, an unsympathetic free-thinker, who took no interest in Bulgarian autonomy and failed to grasp the full significance of the appeal addressed to him. The Bulgarians were perforce compelled to rely on their own unaided resources and the moral encouragement of Rome.

France's refusal was really a death-blow to the movement, but an attempt was valiantly made to dispense with all extraneous assistance. The new Catholic rite, to be known as the Bulgarian Uniate, was authorized, and Joseph Sokolski, one of the new Uniate priests, was chosen bishop and consecrated in Rome, in 1861, by Pius IX. In spite of the opposition of Russia, the Porte immediately gave formal recognition to the new community and conferred the imperial *bèrat* on Monseigneur Sokolski. Within a month 60,000 Bulgarians had entered the new community, and everything seemed to indicate that the Bulgarian nation was about to become Catholic *en masse* when a mysterious blight appeared in this new field of the church.

Disquieting rumors concerning the bishop began to gain currency. It was whispered that Russian agents and spies were incessantly at work around him. In another month the extraordinary news was published that Monseigneur Sokolski had disappeared, and a few days later it became known that he had been seen leaving the Russian embassy by night and embarking for Odessa. The remainder of his life was passed in a monastery at Kiev, where no Bulgarians were permitted to approach him. How he was worked upon to abandon his cause and his people will, perhaps, never be known; but his defection was fatal to the immediate success of Bulgarian Catholicity. The numbers of the Uniates dropped suddenly from 60,000 to 4,500.

The people, dismayed by the loss of their chief, and determined at all hazards not to fall again under the Greek bondage, made a successful application to the sultan for recognition as an independent branch of the Eastern Church under the title of "The Bulgarian Exarchate." The schismatic patriarch of Constantinople, and all the orthodox patriarchs except Jerusalem, promptly excommunicated the new exarch, but the Russian government was quite satisfied that the "ties of orthodoxy" were unbroken, and at once set about purchasing the friendship of the exarchate by defending it liberally with gold and influence against its enemies.

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In 1865, when Raphael Popoff was chosen to succeed Monseigneur Sokolski, the shattered Uniates were apparently beneath the czar's contempt. Two years later, however, Monseigneur Popoff's little flock had doubled; and devoted bands of Lazarists, Resurrectionists, and Augustinians had begun to establish missions and open schools for the scattered members of the rite throughout the country. The increase since then has flowed in a strong, steady current until the Catholic Bulgarians to-day number, probably, 80,000—the great majority of whom belong to the Uniate rite. It is no straining into prophecy to assert that such a marked tendency towards Catholicism in the face of difficulties of all kinds would soon burst into an actual torrent were a popular native prince of the Catholic faith and Bulgarian Uniate rite to be set at the head of the nation. Obviously Russian influence would find itself checkmated in such a contingency. Hence the necessity for the "conversion" of Prince Boris; hence, too, a definitely expressed policy of Russia to eat her way towards Constantinople by buying up the schismatic churches and employing every species of intrigue against Catholicity, when it stands in her path.

As Catholics we have no concern with the purely political aspect of the question as to who shall sit in the halls of the Sick Man when he is no more, but looking at it from a religious point of view we must hope and pray, for the sake of the church, that it may not be the Muscovite. Its possession, as is well known, has been his dream since the days of Peter the Great. If the dream ever come true—and never, it must be confessed, did it look more likely than at present—it will mean a modern restoration of the Byzantine Empire; the displacement of European equilibrium; and, what directly concerns us now, the ultimate ruin of Catholicity in the Orient. During the present century the Muscovite has had dealings with the Catholic Church in Russia, Poland, and Bulgaria. In Russia, a flourishing community of Ruthenian Uniates, numbering 650,000, has been blotted out of official existence, so that to-day its scattered members number less than 100,000; in Poland the Catholics, up to the death of the late czar, were being hurried out of existence, and we have just seen how Russia has nipped a great future for Catholicity in Bulgaria.

Absit omen!

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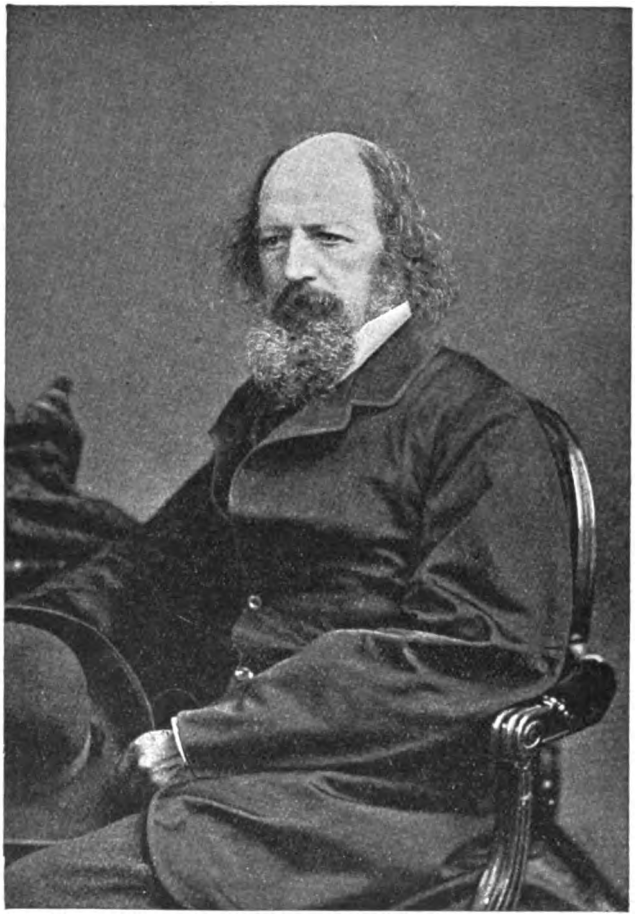

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

TENNYSON'S IDYL OF GUINEVERE.

BY P. CAMERON, D.C.L.

THERE lingers yet in the gardens of poetry, in one walk or another, some little aroma of the long-gone ages of chivalry; ages yielding to our fairer sisters much of a graceful courtesy, and that from the hands of men rough in exterior, with the sword ever girded on the thigh, and brave to a fault. Sentiment was then in the ascendant, linked to a faith which if unbounded yet was sincere, and which grasped the sword-handle (invariably resembling the holy Cross) of a sword ready to defend the oppressed or smite the Eastern infidel in a holy crusade—and in the sands of whose far-off lands the

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planted sword became a sacred symbol to the mail-clad knight at his orisons. Many a sincere prayer ascended under the blue sky of Palestine to Christ and his Mother from the lips of the shield-bearing warrior.

There have been many great poets, but of whom can it be said, as is true of the author of the "Idyls," that his works all have a good moral—nay, a religious bearing—and that no one idea is meretricious or doubtful in purity. As was said, Scott's works have no moral weight, and the talented Byron was, in spite of his mighty genius, distinctly immoral and evil in his works. We place only these three poetical giants in our view, in this particular connection.

Scott shows us that, like Tennyson, he admired the middle ages—none knew them more thoroughly. It seems to require a peculiar receptivity of mind, embracing an element of love and devotion, to become imbued with the ideas of the days of yore —days the antitheses of the nineteenth century, with its steam, electricity, and hurry; the repose is gone from us, and a feverish living is with us. In Scott we have many a knightly scene, but none of the exquisite refinements of Tennyson's pen —a pen which, if it pictured in dark colors the sin of the erring one, yet called on us to hope for better, and to watch the penitent, guilty yet groping his or her way, through prayers and penance, to a better life. It was his delight to lift up poor humanity, bleeding and bruised, if it lay near him. If the Queen sinned, the Queen repented; if Lancelot erred, yet Lancelot at the end died a holy man.

Tennyson believed in the necessity of penance; doing a something practical and outside the horizon of a Geneva-born, mere mentality of esoteric penitence. He saw the necessity of good works as well as pious ejaculations, and of bitter tasks which the sinner had to perform at the bidding of his spiritual advisers. Who but a holder of such views could picture as he St. Simeon Stylites, where the hermit says:

> "For not alone this pillar-punishment—
> Not this alone I bore: but while I lived
> In the white convent, down the valley there,
> For many weeks about my loins I wore
> The rope that haled the buckets from the well,
> Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose,
> . . . until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,
> Betray'd my secret penance, so that all
> My brethren marvell'd greatly."

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Or follow the holy Nun in the convent in his "St. Agnes' Eve":

"Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven, like vapor, goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
. . . For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin."

Again, in "The Passing of Arthur," where the King says:

". . . But thou—
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

We could cite more to the same effect, but for brevity's sake refrain, only asking attention, when the time shall come, to the words of supplication from the heart-broken wife of King Arthur at the convent gates.

Poetry every refined mind must love, not only for its beauty and softness but its veracity, as the great Catholic writer, W. S. Lilly, reminds us (as in Plato's profound remark) when he says, "Poetry comes nearer vital truth than does history." It is older than prose: the two oldest books, the Bible and Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are mines of poetry; the Rig-Vedas of India are full of it. Of the great poets it is strictly true, "Poeta nascitur non fit."

Tennyson was the greatest thinker in poetry England ever had, or perhaps the world ever saw or will see again. A visitor to him tells us that nothing could excel the effect of his rendition of the Idyl of Guinevere (now particularly to be spoken of), his voice tremulous with emotion as he read "Let

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no man dream but that I love thee still" (addressed to the Queen by her Royal Consort as she wept at his feet in conventual walls), and all the noble context glowing with a white heat. He, alluding to his own death, wishes

> "Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me;
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea."

Edwin Arnold, after the great poet died, exclaims:

> "No moaning of the bar! Sail forth, strong ship,
> Into that gloom which has God's face for a far light:
> Lamping thy tuneful soul to that large moon
> Where thou shalt quire with angels. Words of woe
> Are for the unfulfilled—not thee; whose moon
> Of genius sinks full orbed—glorious—aglow—
> Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,
> And Christ, thy Pilot, to the peace to be!"

The love of poetry attended Tennyson in his last hours. He asked for "Cymbeline," that he might carry the noble thought of its lines while memory lingered in the shadow of Death's valley:

> "Fear no more the heat of the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone—and ta'en thy wages."

As Mr. Waugh says, "The Idyls are of a deep-mouthed music, which is even Homeric."

Poetry is older, as was said, than Prose. Before man formed a written or graven character the history, deeds, and the pictured thoughts of great men were entrusted to the memory of bards—singers and minstrels—the traditions of the aged went from the pious death-bed to the listening friends. The hearts of nations registered themselves on the rolls of the singer's memory, and chiefly in the middle ages did their songs keep alight the fires of an enthusiasm doomed without such an aid to ruin, decay, and death. Knights and ladies got by heart these songs, and often, amid the gloomy walls of the strong castle, sang them afresh to their sons and daughters.

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The sweet singer of Israel, and the triumphant notes of Biblical Deborah, had long given examples.

Whether a Homer ever lived or a Troy ever fell, or a beauty as false as Helen ever deceived, is of as little consequence as an inquiry whether a queen like our Guinevere was false to a large-souled hero like Arthur, with his Knights of the Round Table. The beauty of imagery is held to our eyes, whether in the sweet-sounding Greek or the refined elegance of the Tennysonian Anglo-Saxon tongue; be it our pleasure to taste the honey with grateful lips. It may, we hope, prove a pleasure to our readers, as intense as to us, to turn for once from the din and the strife and the whirl of life to-day, with its too often "cold gray light," to the scenes that are gone, and yet so skilfully painted as to carry ourselves, and we hope our indulgent readers, to where "the time was Maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed," while Arthur's ambassador (Lancelot) was leading the affianced Guinevere to the King's camp, and where,

> ". . . far ahead of his and her retinue moving,
> They, rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
> And sport and tilts and pleasures, for the time rode
> Under groves that looked a paradise
> Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth."

Practical and utilitarian as the century forces us by its crushings to be, human nature all along the lines is ever the same, and we with the Greeks admire beauty, but with the old Romans prefer integrity; but to us has it come, as Cardinal Gibbons insists in his "Christian Heritage," that the mild rays of Christianity have softened the heart to the wail of the penitent and the suffering, and of these the Idyl in view gives us pictures vivid enough to bring down the tear for the unfortunate girl-queen.

Among the legendary heroes of chivalry none shone out as did Arthur of England. With his Knights of the Round Table our youth has a close acquaintance. Pure were they in life; brave to redress wrongs; upholders of the ladies of their choice, both as to fame and beauty; and above all simple believers in their fair father Christ, and earnestly devoted to their Mother Church—the one Catholic and Undivided and Universal; there were no wretchedly isolated sectarianisms of that day; all England worshipped at the one shrine.

The Round Table (see "the Holy Grail"), suggested by the

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movements of the Great Bear around the Pole-star, was not uncommon in feudal times, and Tennyson on this—

> ". . . Then came a night
> Still, as the day was loud; and through the gap
> The seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round—
> For brother, so one night, because they roll
> Thro' such a round in heaven, we named the stars,
> Rejoicing in ourselves and in our king."

Here they assembled in common friendship, all brothers in arms, all loyally devoted to the presiding Arthur.

Each, no doubt, recounted his experiences; each sword was ready for the command of the sovereign to wage battle or rescue the distressed; many a song of romance ascended to the old rafters, and when pleasure was done many a heart-felt orison ascended from knightly stalls in the sacred chapel, where the prayers and blessings of the officiating chaplain went heavenward amidst the smoke of offered incense. Simple faith, clear honor, and brave hearts were there.

Little did they think what was coming! Even Lancelot, the next in rank to Arthur, while in pursuit of the "Holy Grail," was unable to forget the lovely but frail Guinevere. Holy and unholy passions were to grapple, and the worst was for awhile the victor.

The Idyl is simply a romance sung in poetry. All of the companions were as one, till another "Helen of Troy," with all her dangerous beauty and her "golden hair," came on the scene.

It is the old, old story. Given an Eve, there looms up a tempter. Arthur, though knightly in honor and pure in thought, was cold in his integrity, calm in exterior, while Lancelot, who as we shall see was chosen by him to bring the affianced girl to the royal demesne, was, on the contrary, though honorable, yet gay. The King was "that pure severity of perfect light," while "she wanted warmth and color, which she found in Lancelot." Both chivalrous and brave, yet in the blind confidence of a man ignorant as to such dangers, he sends a loving, warm one like Lancelot on such a message. He is in error, an error which brings ruin all round.

They rode long together, as we said, but when

> "The Queen, immersed in such a trance,
> And moving through the past unconsciously,

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Came to that point where *first* she saw the King
Ride towards her from the city—sighed to find
Her journey done! glanced at him—thought him cold,
High, self-contained, and passionless; not like *him*,
Not like *my* Lancelot."

These are the memories we shall come to as they trooped through her, meditating on the guilty past, in the sacred walls of the Almesbury convent. The Queen has never seen Arthur face to face previous to Lancelot's embassy, and naturally takes the ambassador for the king, allowing his fair exterior to get to her heart—here, so far, she is guiltless; the fault to be committed is still in the future.

Lancelot allows this to go on, "and faith unfaithful keeps them falsely true." A horrible character, a "Sir Modred," is shown—a spy, a deformity like Shakspere's "Richard the Hunchback," with "his evil eye," who fastens himself in the path of Lancelot and the Queen, and hostile to Arthur—

"Couchant with his eyes upon the throne."

Plotting, ever plotting for the ruin of all three, and working worm-like in the dark with all his slyness, the woman's instincts warn her to beware of him; and these, sharpened by the sentiment of love for Lancelot, mirror to her the black future which evil Modred was weaving round her King, her Lancelot, and last, and to her mind least important of all, *herself*.

Having outlined the story, we hope plainly enough to be followed by those whom time has not allowed to peruse it, by those who have forgotten it, or by those to whom it may be more familiar, it is our pleasing duty to invite all to the rich repast which the great master of poetry has furnished to the world for all time, in the sublime strains of classical verse.

He gives us the Queen in the Holy House at Almesbury—weeping, none with her save a little maid, a novice.

"One low light between them burned
Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.
For hither had she fled. Her cause of flight, Sir Modred."

Lancelot having caught the spy, "Sir Modred," in his vile tricks, had chastised the worm. Told of what was done by Lancelot, she laughs briskly and lightly:

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"Then shuddered, as the village wife who cries
'I shudder—some one steps across my grave.'"

Then laughed again—but faintlier, for indeed

"She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,
Would track her guilt until he *found*."

This stings her like an adder, vexing and plaguing her gay life, and we are told that

. . . "Many a time for hours,
Beside the placid breathings of the King,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her; . . . or if she slept, she dreamed
An awful dream; . . . and with a cry she woke."

And it went on and on—

"Till ev'n the clear face of the guiltless King,
And trustful courtesies of household life,
Became her bane; and at the last she said,
'O Lancelot! get thee hence to thine own land,
For if thou tarry we meet again;
And if we meet again, some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze
Before the people, and our lord the King.'"

Rumors, apparently not to her credit, were moving round the court circle; Lancelot's name and her own doubtless had been joined; and, at all events, the spy had caught her in association with "a lissome Vivien" of her court, the wiliest and the worst—bad news grows—and we have had the Queen's thoughts of dismay as she showed them to her lover Lancelot; for such he now clearly is—she loves *him*, not her husband.

To this earnest appeal from a mind to which "coming events were casting their shadows before" the gay Lancelot "ever promised, but *remained*, and still they met and met."

Conscience and fear were not yet at rest; they both tugged at her heart-strings, and more fervent and urgent she appeals—

"O Lancelot! if thou love me get thee hence."

They agree on a night, when Arthur would not be at court, to have one long, last parting, and part for ever!

If Arthur had been a little more worldly-wise, a little less self-contained, a little suspicious, what ruin could have been averted; but such, alas! was not to be. They met—

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"Passion-pale they met and greeted—
Hands in hands, and eye to eye,
Low on the border of her couch they sat,
Stammering and staring. *It was their last hour,*
A madness of farewells."

The spy is on them; his creatures are with him for a witness—

"And crying with full voice,
'Traitor! come out; ye are trapped at last!'
Aroused Lancelot."

He leaps on Modred, who is borne off, wounded, by his creatures.

"And all was still."

Then does Conscience lash with her scorpions over the royal breast; she realizes the abyss before them both—

"The end is come, and I am shamed for ever!"

Let us pause. Sterne long ago pictured the Recording Angel while, as duty compelled, he enters on the book a sin committed, at the same time blotting it out with a tear. We feel like doing this for Lancelot as he answers,

"Mine be the shame! Mine was the sin."

Unfortunately he stops not here, but plunges again in the old, old way of vice. One wrong step leads as surely to another as the laws of nature are sure. To cover what is gone is ever present at a tempter's hand, even if it leads, as invariably it will, to deeper depths of woe and sin; and therefore he says

". . . But rise,
And fly to my strong castle over-seas.
There will I hide thee till my life shall end;
There hold thee with my life against the world."

The dialogue is skilfully drawn: he urges flight; she dwells on herself as the cause of the trouble, shifting the blame altogether from Lancelot:

"Mine is the shame—for I was wife, and *thou unwedded.*"

At this crisis we rejoice to find her, though late, entering upon the path that alone leads on to better if bitter days. She seems at once to arise and wish to go to her Father in Heaven with the cry of a prodigal of old, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight." To Lancelot,

". . . Yet
Rise now, and let us fly;
For I will draw me into *sanctuary*, and bide my doom,"

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is the cry of the heart-broken woman. They rode together on their last journey—parting in tears—he back to his lands, but she to Almesbury—

"Fled all night long, . . .
And in herself she moaned 'Too late! too late'!"

Flying from the wrath to come of an avenging God and an outraged husband, hope seems to open the door, the only door, of a mediæval sanctuary, and to her this is the one gleam of sunshine.

She by no means, when at the portals of the convent, lets the holy sisters know who she really is—a queen and the wife of the great Arthur.

"And when she came to Almesbury she spake
There to the nuns, and said, 'Mine enemies
Pursue me; but, O peaceful sisterhood!
Receive and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name to whom ye yield it—till her time
To tell you.' . . . And they spared to ask it."

Tennyson tells that she abode there a long while unknown, mixing with no one, but communing only with the little maid, the novice "who pleased her with her babbling heedlessness."

Even to the sacred retreat of these walls winged rumor flies as to Sir Modred usurping Arthur's sceptre, and of the King warring with Lancelot.

The prattling of the innocent child comes on, ignorant of her hearer's name and rank. In agony the Queen begs of her to

"Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep."

The fountain of tears is opened; the maid consoles her, telling "there is penance given. Comfort your sorrows, for they do not flow from evil done; right sure am I of that, who see your tender grace and stateliness."

The little prattler, with kindest intent, wings to the heart a shaft which must draw blood, when she exhorts her royal listener:

"But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's;
And, weighing, find them less; . . . as even here
They talk at Almesbury about the good King
And his wicked Queen."

Perhaps in none of her sorrows was the heart so full as now. The mirror held to her gaze by the innocence of childhood—of herself, the stately, the beautiful, the might-have-been

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proud consort of a king whose fame all England repeated; and to be told by a child that it was impossible for one who, in the maid's eyes, stood out so grandly could by any chance be guilty of a portion even of what conscience was throbbing out stroke upon stroke, "Thou thyself art the woman!" Death, if sudden, would be incomparably better. She can bear it no more.

"Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?"

is repeated to her heart only; but aloud she exclaims,

"What and how can you, shut in by nunnery walls,
Know of kings and Tables Round, and signs and wonders?"

The maid explains how it was rumored that on Arthur's marriage strange and awful things occurred, portents and signs, that bards saw in visions, "that foresaid this evil work of Lancelot and the Queen."

Lancelot is depicted, as he seemed to the innocent maid, as a vile traitor to the best of kings—

"The most disloyal friend in all the world."

Woman-like, Guinevere rushes to his rescue, and in the noble nature of a true and tender piety exclaims:

"If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him, that he 'scape the doom of fire;
And weep for her who drew him to his doom."

Noble self-abnegation which takes to herself all the blame, covering and shielding, with a misplaced though deep love, the fault and sin of her companion.

But humanity can stand no more stabbing torture; the Queen's storms of anger burst forth, and she commands the maid to leave her.

Left alone, the work of introspection is begun: *first* the gone beauty of the glimpse of Lancelot the ambassador; the journey of both to the royal camp; the talks of love, of chivalry, of tournaments—all rapture to be killed by the first sight of the "high, cold, passionless" Arthur.

"Not like *my* Lancelot."

"While she brooded thus and grew half-guilty
In her thoughts again, . . .
There rode an armed warrior to the doors. . . .
Then on a sudden a cry 'the King!'
She sat stiff-stricken, listening."

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It was entirely forbidden for any man to enter within the holy retreats, but by dispensation kings were excepted from this rigid rule. Arthur evidently had traced her flight, and cannot in the nobility of his nature refrain from once more, if truly for the last time, seeing his beautiful but frail consort, and bidding her a long, a last farewell.

The by-gone scenes to which her mind harked back vanish at once when

> "Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
> Rang armed feet coming."

She falls to the ground, grovelling, with abject penitence, to the floor.

> "There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
> She made her face a darkness from the King."

A terrible silence; then—

> "A voice, monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
> Denouncing judgment." . . .
>
> "Liest thou here? So low!—the child of one
> I honored, happy, dead before thy shame!
> Well is it that no child is born of thee.
> The children born of thee are sword and fire,
> Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws!"

He tells how he has come from a hostile engagement with Lancelot; of Modred's vile conspiracy against the throne; of the thinning to nearly nothing of his companions, Knights of the Round Table, by death in battle—some, alas! disloyally going to Modred's camp; yet in his grandeur of soul, though only a remnant of warriors is with him—

> "Of this remnant will I leave a part,
> True men who love me still, for whom I live,
> To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
> Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.
> Fear not! Thou shalt be guarded till my death.
> Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me
> That I, the King, should greatly care to live;
> For thou hast spoiled the purpose of my life."

This is god-like, and exquisitely touching. He recites for her the happy days he and his co-knights had spent before he saw her; how innocent their lives, how open their hearts each to each, how valorous their deeds, how pure their escutcheons.

> 'And all this throve until I wedded thee!"

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Then opens out to her Lancelot's sin, her own sin with him, the disloyalty of others his soldiers, till life is valueless to him —a life

"I not greatly care to lose."

He tells her, perhaps for the first and only time, what he ought long ago to have pictured out, of his great love for her:

"For think not, tho' thou would'st not love thy lord,
Thy lord hast wholly lost his love for thee:
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet I must leave thee, woman, to thy shame!"

Alas! poor suffering Queen. Heaven was laying on the rod with bitter strokes. Yet the chastisement, if heavy, was due; if in anger, it was righteous; it was necessary to taste the bitter of repentance before the sweets of forgiveness. Penance most mighty had still to be endured before the soul could be purified even for the new life.

The King pauses. In the pause she creeps nearer, and lays her hands about his feet. But the trumpet is heard without sounding "To horse!" the charger neighs impatiently, and the King must be gone—gone to the bloody field of battle. The last words have to be spoken, and they are sublime in their grandeur—too grand almost for even such a man as Arthur:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes.
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere—
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
. . . . . .
And all is past; the sin is sinned, and I—
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God forgives.
Do thou for thine own soul the rest. . . .
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine—
But Lancelot's; nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand—that too is flesh,
And in the *flesh* thou hast sinned. . . .
My doom is, I love thee still.
Perchance—"

And here let us pause. In the weighty words he is showering down there is still lingering the kind Christian sentiment of forgiveness; and more, a pointing unto penance—to the Cross of our great Saviour—

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"And so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before High God—and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope!"

He speaks of his charges at the door; of his going to battle; death or some mysterious doom awaits him.

"And while she grovelled at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest."

Gone—the King! She flies to the casement; if, perchance, she might see him once and not be seen!

The sad nuns, each with a torch, stood near him, and to their tenderness he commits his Queen,

"To guard and foster her for evermore";

while mounted, "even then he turned." In remorseful agony she speaks:

"Gone!—gone, my lord:
Gone through my sin, to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak
Farewell! I should have answered his farewell.
His mercy choked me! . . . how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution!"

Suicide (the suggestion in many a case like hers) looms up—a suggestion of the tempter. She repels this by reasoning that, no matter if she yielded to it, her fame, or ill-fame, would go down the centuries—

"And mine will ever be a name of scorn."

A light from Heaven illumines, and a hope gleams in, that she may live down the sin and be

" . . . His mate hereafter
In the heavens before High God."

Regrets of the past rush in:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known;

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It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot—nor another!"

To her now a weeping novice comes; then glancing up, she sees the holy nuns shedding their tears of sympathy. Her heart is loosed, and, weeping with them, she unveils herself as the wicked one who has spoiled all the vast designs of her king, her husband; and in agony of repentant tears exclaims her prayer to them, the holy sisters. This we must be pardoned if we quote in full; to shorten is to destroy its pitiful beauty:

"So let me, if you do not shudder at me,
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you;
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be prayed for; lie before your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransomed us, and haler too than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own:
And so wear out in alms-deed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."
She said:
"They took her to themselves; and she
Still hoping, fearing 'Is it yet too late?'
Dwelt with them, till in time their abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the rank she bore,
Was chosen abbess—there, an abbess, lived
For three brief years, and thence, an abbess,
Past to where beyond these voices there is peace."

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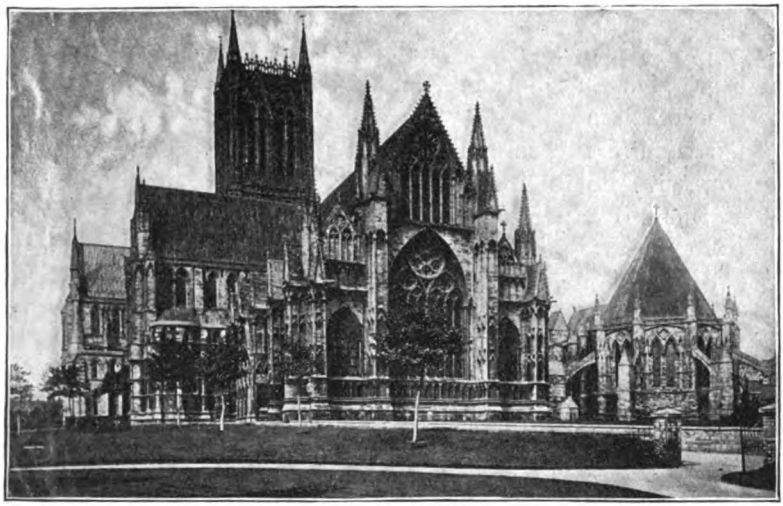

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL AND CHAPTER-HOUSE.—EAST VIEW.

AN EXTINCT RELIGIOUS ORDER AND ITS FOUNDER.

BY J. ARTHUR FLOYD.

AT the troublous period towards the close of the reign of William the Conqueror, and when the rapacious rule of his godless son and successor, the brutal Rufus, was soon to commence, St. Gilbert of Sempringham, the founder of the only purely English religious order, was born in the Lincolnshire village from which he takes his name. The exact date of his birth is not known, although Alban Butler says he died "on the 3d of February, 1190, being 106 years old"; this would give 1084 as the year of his birth. A later writer, however, in a history of *St. Gilbert, Prior of Sempringham*, published under Tractarian auspices in 1844, gives the 4th of February, 1189, as the date of the saint's death, and says "he was above a hundred years old when he died," and that the year of his birth is not known. The principal source of information regarding the saint is a manuscript life, by an unknown contemporary writer, published in *Dugdale's Monasticon* from the original in the British Museum. From these authorities we learn that St. Gilbert was the son of Sir Jocelin of Sempringham, a Norman knight whose services in the armies of "the Conqueror" had been rewarded with estates in Lincolnshire which included the

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villages of Sempringham and Tissington. He married the daughter of a Saxon thane, and of that marriage St. Gilbert was the sole issue.

In early life the saint appears to have been of a sickly constitution, with no inclination for rough sports or manly exercises, and his mental capacity poor. We may well suppose that such a son would not please Sir Jocelin, who had lived in an atmosphere of war, and had carved out his own fortune with the sword. It was, too, the age of the Crusades, a movement, pregnant with true charity and a simple, earnest faith, that had brought out the chivalry of the period in a guise even more noble than it usually bore.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

A change came over Gilbert, or it may be his dulness had been more apparent than real. He began to study; and at last entered what was at that time the most flourishing school in Europe, and which at the beginning of the next century developed into one of the earliest of the European universities—that of Paris. Unfortunately Sir Jocelin's little regard for his son showed itself in an ill-supplied purse which necessitated great economy on Gilbert's part, and that, too, at a time when the other English students were notorious for their prodigality. However, he managed to keep his head above water, and made up by industry for any lack of early training or natural ability. But few records of his Parisian career have come down to our own time; enough, however, remains to justify a very high estimate of his character. "Amidst all the dangers which surrounded him," says one writer, "by a severe purity he offered up his body as a sacrifice to the Lord, and thus the grace of God trained him for that work he was destined to perform in the church." The "severe purity" of Gilbert's youth was never sullied throughout his long life. The day came at last when the hard-worked-for doctor's degree was won, and, having also obtained a license to teach, he returned to his Lincolnshire home. He at once found that his newly-won honors had produced quite a revolution of feeling in his favor; the contempt and neglect of former days now gave place to a hearty welcome. Even doughty old Sir Jocelin seemed not insensible of the distinction won by his son in the world of letters, though it is more than probable he remained of opinion that the logic most seemly for a gentleman's son to make himself proficient in was such as could be driven home with a battle-axe.

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THE SYSTEM OF LAY IMPROPRIATION.

One source of income granted to Gilbert by his father at once claims our notice. We refer to the donation of the livings of Sempringham and Tissington, of which Sir Jocelin claimed the advowson. Now, Gilbert was as yet unordained, and, at first sight, it seems hardly consistent with the purposes for which churches were founded and endowed that a layman should be placed in possession of revenues provided for the maintenance of priests and the service of the church. Such benefactions were commonly made in favor of monastic orders, and usually the transfer was advantageous to the church and parish, for the monks were the school-masters of mediæval Christendom, and none were so well able to look after the welfare of the people and to celebrate the Mass with becoming dignity and grandeur as the regular clergy, well trained in liturgical observances, with their vast resources and that freedom from self-interest which their vows insured. It was also a law of the church of those days that cathedral chapters should grant a benefice for the maintenance of a school-master "because the Church of God, as a pious mother, is bound to provide for the poor, lest the opportunity of reading and improving themselves be taken away from them."

What has been said sufficiently justifies Gilbert's acceptance of the two livings; his freedom from any suspicion of cupidity is evidenced by the fact that, after his installation by the Bishop of Lincoln, he gave up entirely out of his own hands the revenues from Tissington, and distributed amongst the poor all that could be saved from Sempringham. He secured a priest to serve the village church and to be his own chaplain; together they carried on the parochial work, and conducted the school, which included young men and women, almost as though they and their pupils were members of a monastic order, with the result that it was soon said that a "parishioner of Sempringham could at once be known from any other by his reverential air on entering a church."

A DISTURBING ELEMENT.

One would naturally have supposed that under his improved surroundings Gilbert would have been glad to make his home in his father's comfortable hall. This, however, he did not do; together with his chaplain he lived with one of the house-holders in the village, both leading a life of great simplicity

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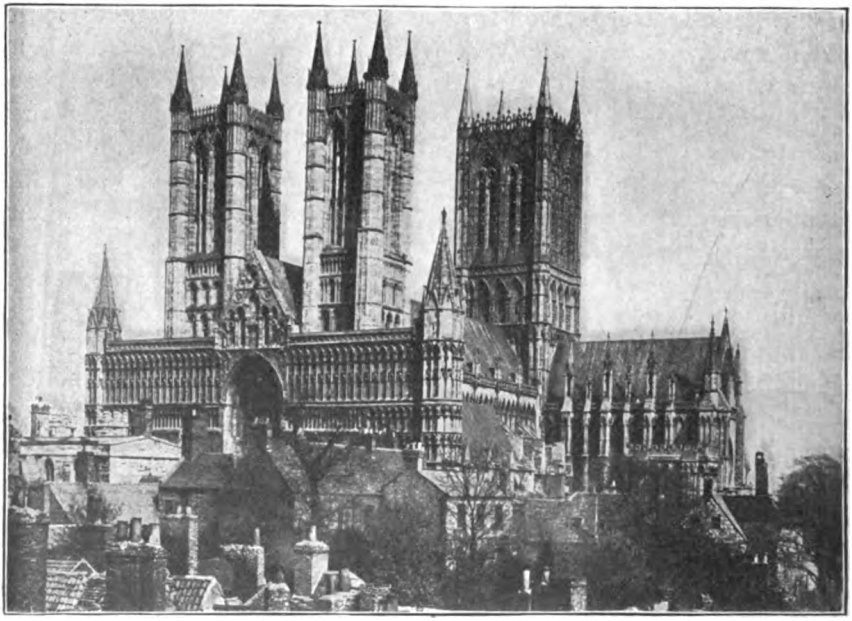
and devotion. A daughter of this Sempringham householder—a fair, chaste maiden developing into womanhood—began to cause some disquietude in the mind of Gilbert. Doubtless it was his guardian angel who warned him in a dream of the impending danger. At once he and the priest left the village household, and, as the Church of St. Andrew at Sempringham —like many of the old churches that have come down to our times—was provided with one of those quaint rooms that were then often built over one of the porches of the churches, they took up their residence therein.

A PROTOTYPE OF WOLSEY.

At or about the time of Gilbert's birth the episcopal throne of Dorchester was removed to Lincoln by St. Remigius, who



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL—SOUTH-WEST FRONT.—THE NORMAN FAÇADE DATES BACK TO THE TIME OF ST. GILBERT.

thus became the founder and first bishop of the latter see. He died in 1092, and was succeeded by Robert Bloet, who had been chancellor of England under Rufus, in whose reign he was raised to the episcopate. In his latter days he fell under the displeasure of Henry I., by whom he was stripped of much of his wealth. It was he who had instituted Gilbert into the livings to which his father had nominated him. After he

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had lost favor at court, and had, in consequence, more time to devote to the cares of his see, the transformation effected in Sempringham probably led him to wish that other parts of his diocese should be subjected to the same good influence. Be this as it may, we know that he sent for Gilbert, placed him in his own household, and raised him to minor orders. Bishop Bloet, at his decease in 1123, was succeeded by Alexander de Blois, a prelate who, by his great generosity, had earned for himself the name of "Alexander the Benevolent." Unfortunately with him, as with so many of the dignitaries of the church of those days, the baron's sword too often usurped the place of the bishop's crook, and his commendable taste for architecture as frequently found expression in raising and fortifying castles—nominally for the protection of the diocese—as in the building of churches. Soon after the death of Bishop Bloet the cathedral was in great part burnt down, and, to prevent a repetition of a like disaster, Bishop Alexander had it rebuilt with an arched stone roof. He is said to have "set his whole mind upon adorning his new cathedral, which he made the most magnificent at that time in England." He quite shared his predecessor's estimate of Gilbert's worth, and having raised him to the priesthood, he then made him a sort of penitentiary of the diocese. The tremendous power of the Keys was thus delegated to St. Gilbert; difficult cases of conscience and those reserved for the jurisdiction of the bishop were referred to him, and often within the walls of his own cathedral the bishop might have been seen seeking counsel, penance, and absolution at the feet of the humble rector of Sempringham.

A GREAT TRANSFORMATION.

Gilbert's unwillingness to accept any high dignity in the church showed itself in a very marked way towards the close of his official connection with Lincoln Cathedral. One of the seven archdeaconries into which the diocese was in Catholic times divided—that of Huntingdon—fell vacant; it was a princely position, and the bishop knew no one so worthy to fill it as St. Gilbert. The saint, however, "felt himself totally unfit to rule so many; his path, he thought, lay among the poor of the earth, among simple rustics and children; he trembled at the thought of being set on high among the clergy." Henry of Huntingdon speaks of one of these archdeacons of Lincoln as "the richest of all the archdeacons of England." The bare thought of holding such high office filled Gilbert with conster-

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nation, for he loved a simple life and holy poverty, and, consequently, he declined the proffered dignity. Soon after, his parents having died in the meantime, he determined to return to Sempringham, and to devote to the service of the church the large patrimony he had inherited from his father. Many years had passed since, in obedience to his bishop's bidding, he had torn himself from his school and parish to take his place in the episcopal establishment at Lincoln. Returning to the old home once again, he takes a position in the parish that had not been his in his earlier years. Instead of as a lay-rector his people now look up to him as their spiritual father, invested with all the authority of the priesthood supplemented with the experience gained as a diocesan penitentiary. Many of those who had known him in the by-gone days had by this time found a resting-place beneath the turf in the church-yard, and on the altar of the village church he might offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of their souls. The modified conventual discipline of his school had borne fruit, and seven maidens of its pupils had been filled with a determination to dedicate their virginity to God—one of their number being the above-mentioned daughter of Gilbert's quondam Sempringham host of past years. Their resolution was no mere passing fancy, it was a true religious vocation manifesting itself as the result of long and mature consideration; it came, too, at an opportune moment, since it provided a channel into which Gilbert might divert part of the wealth he had decided to dedicate to God and his church.

A SPIRITUAL "HAPPY FAMILY."

The origin of the Gilbertine Order was not the result of a carefully worked-out, prearranged plan; on the contrary, had its founder been told that the plan he had in contemplation to enable seven of his female parishioners to carry out their religious vocation would result in the formation of a new religious order, with many subordinate houses throughout the whole district, he would, in all probability, have stood aghast at the bare idea of such an undertaking on the part of so humble an individual as himself. The first step taken was to consult the bishop of the diocese—that same Alexander of Lincoln with whom the saint had already had such close relations. The bishop's esteem for his late diocesan penitentiary had not lessened with the severance of their more intimate personal connection; he proved a sympathetic adviser, and, when the order had developed, he

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gave to it, "for the soul of King Henry, and my uncle Roger, sometime Bishop of Salisbury," a plot of land surrounded by marshes and a river that formed an island known as Haverholm, on which a priory of the order was subsequently built. With the bishop's approval a cloister was erected adjacent to the north wall of the parish church of St. Andrew at Sempringham, and in it, after they had taken their vows at his hands, the seven virgins were enclosed. Almost at once a difficulty presented itself as to how communications were to be carried on between the cloister and the outer world—for food and other necessaries had to be procured. To obviate this difficulty lay sisters were instituted, who assisted the choir nuns with the

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL—CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

rough work and carried on such outside intercourse as was indispensable. Another development soon suggested itself. The new convent had made it possible for certain devout pupils of the Sempringham school to carry out their religious vocation; it had also rescued from many of the troubles and temptations of life a number of poor girls who, as lay sisters, found conventual discipline not so hard to bear as the condition from which they had been drawn. But, as neither nuns nor lay sisters could till the convent grounds and lands, the saint enlisted the assistance of a number of serfs from his estates, beggars from the highways, and others who, for love of God, took monastic vows, and, as lay brothers, cultivated the farms and

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lands belonging to the order and thus supported the convent. The brothers "had a chapter of their own, like monks," and "services proportioned to their condition in life, and their spiritual director guided them in the narrow way which leads to everlasting life." The nuns followed the rule "of the monks of the Cistercian Order, as far as the weakness of their sex allowed." The convent was now self-supporting, and in making it so St. Gilbert had performed an heroic act of self-renunciation, and shown the reality of his love of holy poverty by putting into practice the divine precept "go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor." His was no mere *post-mortem* benefaction involving little or no sacrifice, but a bequest, made in the prime of life, that deprived him of all the pleasures that wealth could procure. And now, as the order increased and spread abroad, he began to feel the spiritual direction of the increasing numbers too much for his own unassisted efforts.

GILBERT A FRIEND OF ST. BERNARD'S.

At this time "the last of the Fathers"—the great St. Bernard—was approaching the end of his earthly career. The miracles wrought by his intercession, as well as the reclaiming effects of his eloquence and sanctity on the heretics of Southern France, together with his having been instrumental in healing a schism in the church by securing Innocent II. in undisputed possession of St. Peter's chair, had won for the sainted Abbot of Clairvaux the reverence of Christendom. Already St. Gilbert had been assisted by the Cistercians of England, and now he determined to repair to their great leader in hope of inducing him to procure the admission of the Sempringham institute and its offshoots into the Cistercian Order. The date of this journey into France was singularly opportune, as, in the general chapter of Citeaux then being held, not only did he find St. Bernard there present and three hundred abbots of the order, but sitting amongst them was another Cistercian—Pope Eugenius III. The proposal to hand over the Sempringham institute did not find favor either with the chapter or Eugenius, and in the end that pontiff, having confirmed the new order, he by his supreme apostolic authority invested its founder with the chief rule thereof. Both St. Bernard and Eugenius conceived a great personal esteem for the saint, and the pope declared that if he had known him before he had filled the recent vacancy in the English episcopate, caused by the deposition of St. William from the metropolitan see of York, he would have

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appointed St. Gilbert to that archbishopric. Gilbert had been unsuccessful in the primary object of his visit to Citeaux, yet the journey had not been fruitless, for the pope's confirmation had raised the Gilbertine institute into one of the recognized orders of the church, and the grant, by the same supreme authority, of jurisdiction to govern the new order had invested its founder with great dignity, and a right to command that he had not previously possessed. The full responsibility and care of the order was thus left upon his shoulders, and that in spite of his strenuous efforts to induce the Cistercians to undertake its government. Under these circumstances he determined, with the approval of the pontiff, to further extend it by an addition of a number of canons who should follow the rule of St. Augustine and lighten his own duties by acting as confessors to their respective convents. "The canons and the nuns never saw each other, except when a nun was at the point of death and the priest entered to administer extreme unction, and to commend her soul into the hands of God. The nuns were unseen when they made their confessions or received Holy Communion, for which purpose a grating was constructed. . . . There were two separate churches, and across that of the nuns was built a screen"; they were thus enabled to hear Mass shut off entirely from the view of the celebrant and his assistants. We may observe, in passing, that double monasteries had existed at an earlier age in England, as well as on the Continent. Lingard goes so far as to say that, "during the first two centuries after the conversion of our ancestors, the principal nunneries were established on this plan; nor are we certain that there existed any others of a different description." We may cite, as examples, St. Hilda's at Whitby, and St. Etheldreda's at Ely.

DAYS OF MARTYRDOM.

It was in Gilbert's latter days that the state, under Henry II., attempted to fetter the church in England with the Constitutions of Clarendon. From the conflict that resulted from that attempt the church emerged victorious, but at the cost of the life of one of the noblest of those whose names are written in letters of blood in the calendar of the saints. At an earlier stage in this contest between the king and St. Thomas of Canterbury, it was one of the Sempringham brotherhood who guided the future martyr when "he rose at night from his couch in the priory church of St. Andrew at Northampton to betake himself

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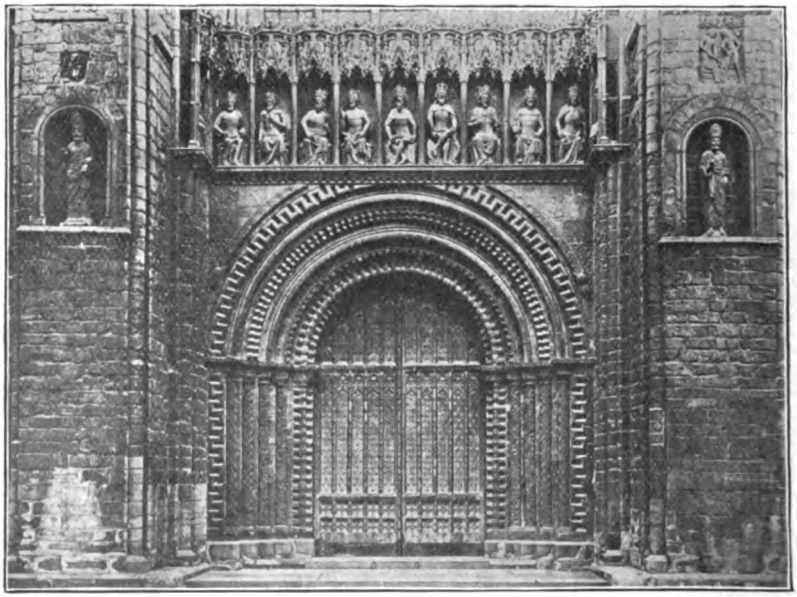
to Lincoln. Thence, with his trusty companion, St. Thomas made his way by boat for forty miles to a secluded cell among the swamps, where he abode in safety for three days among the Gilbertine canons, who had made those watery wastes their own. Their priory at Haverlot, near Boston, was his next resting-place, and thence he made his way, travelling by night for fear of recognition, till he reached the Kentish coast and passed unharmed to France."

The known sympathy of the Gilbertines with the archbishop and his cause drew the attention of the civil authorities and brought trouble to the brotherhood. St. Gilbert and the priors



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL—MAIN PORCH, BEING PART OF THE ORIGINAL BUILDING AS IT STOOD IN ST. GILBERT'S TIME.

of the order were summoned to appear in London to clear themselves by oath from the suspicion of having sent monetary assistance to the exiled primate. When brought into court the saint refused to take any such oath, since he held that St. Thomas had every right to expect the assistance of the church whose rights he was upholding, and a purgation of himself and the order, in the way suggested, would be looked upon as an avowal of the unlawfulness of compliance with such a claim. The king was at this time in France, and, when the above refusal was made known to him, he decided that the matter should

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stand over till his return to England. Then, when he could do so without a seeming repudiation of the archbishop's cause, St. Gilbert declared of his own free will that he had not sent him assistance.

CANONIZATION.

The saint died in 1189 or 1190. Almost at once miracles wrought through his intercession in favor of those who came to his tomb for help began to be noised abroad; the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities was drawn to the matter, and resulted in an inquiry made, in 1201, by commissioners of Pope Innocent III. The evidence adduced was not drawn from remote antiquity; on the contrary, the witnesses may have known St. Gilbert in life, and their testimony related to matters of fact taking place in their own day. Early in the following year he was raised to the honors of the altar by the same pope, and still later on in the same year, 1202, his relics were translated into the priory church at Sempringham.

At the time of the Reformation the Gilbertine Order was entirely swept away, but St. Gilbert's reputation will never die. His life of humility, self-sacrifice, and devotion to the church remains for our emulation, and his name "shall be blessed for ever."

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WAR AND PEACE.

TWO men, fate-born on either side of a pass,
Battled, in hate, till their life-blood reddened the grass:
A century gone—when lo! from their mingled clay
A lily arose and gave new light to the day!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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THE AMERICAN CELT AND HIS CRITICS.

BY WALTER LECKY.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for March Henry Childs Merwin presented a study of "The Irish in American Life." This paper is the first of a promised series on "Race Elements in American Nationality." It has attracted wide attention and criticism from representative Irish-American journals.

The writer of the paper evidently desires to be fair, but this is not possible, owing to the limited qualifications he brings to his study. A perusal of his article shows that Mr. Childs Merwin has in his mind the political agitating Irishman as a type of the race. It is dangerous to judge a nation by a selection which for many reasons is attractive to a critic of Mr. Merwin's disposition. It gives him that valued privilege—something to attack. The political Irishman, with his engrafted peculiarities, presenting a variety of knots and boles to the critical chopper, has long been in demand. He has been an incubus on his race. His malformity has been lovingly saddled on his people by that vast body of critics whose dictum is, "Judge the summer by the first swallow."

Mr. Merwin begins his paper by telling us that, "since the settlement of this country we have received nearly, if not quite, four million immigrants from Ireland—a number about two-thirds as large as that of the present population of Ireland. To understand what part these people have played in American life, it is necessary to inquire what were their antecedents and what was their national character." He answers the first by informing his readers that they were "the most Irish of the Irish." They have come mainly from the western counties—from Clare, Kerry, Leitrim and Galway, and Sligo, and these are the counties in which the inhabitants are most nearly of Celtic descent."

This statement was necessary in order that Mr. Merwin would have his genuine "Celt" to dissect. It is unsupported by a single statistical fact, and Mr. Merwin should know in these days we are sceptical of assumptions even when they come from great men.

To say that an Irish immigration of nearly, if not quite, four millions "have come mainly" from five counties in Ireland is absurd. Ireland has twenty-seven counties over those men-

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tioned by Mr. Merwin, and among these a few counties whose immigration is equally as great as that which flows from the counties named by Mr. Merwin. Let us have the statistics. Mr. Merwin here purports to write history, and our age asks, not personal assumptions but Ranke's test of documentary proof.

The second inquiry, as to their national character, is answered in a long string of adjectives—that picturesque mode of criticism. "A Celt," says Mr. Merwin, "is notoriously a passionate, impulsive, kindly, unreflecting, brave, nimble-witted man; but he lacks the solidity, the balance, the judgment, the moral staying power of the Anglo-Saxon." To clear away these adjectives, the simple statement would run: "The Irishman is insane; the Anglo-Saxon is sane." Unreflecting is certainly no badge of sanity. "The judgment" marks sanity. To put forth the astounding statement that in the race elements in American nationality there is an insane constituent, namely, that of the Celt, proves the inherent prejudice and the logical looseness of Mr. Merwin. "Kindly" and "brave," adjectives denoting qualities that are justly cherished and esteemed by the race to which they are prefixed, are worthless in Mr. Merwin's text. The word "unreflecting" is the kick that spills the milk.

To point out Mr. Merwin's reckless use of the adjective, let us take "nimble-witted," used in the same phrase as "unreflecting." "Wit," says Locke, "consists in assembling and putting together with quickness ideas in which can be found resemblance and congruity, by which to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Nimble-witted would be a quickness of faculty in associating ideas in a new and unexpected manner. Surely this requires reflection.

How a nation may be unreflecting and nimble-witted at the same time requires a Merwinian commentary. I am reminded of a story told by a well-known literary New-Yorker, who, after having listened to that New England peripatete, Bronson Alcott, informed the philosopher that his adjectives were too much for him, that they so confused him that he lost the discourse's meaning. "I thought you would," was the peripatete's calm reply.

Conan Doyle and Grant Allen have at length shown how mythical is the term Anglo-Saxon. We might pertinently ask here how much of the "moral staying power of the Anglo-Saxon" might be allotted to the Celt? "The Celts," says Mr. Merwin, "so far as their history is known, have been as unsuccessful in war as they have been brave in battle. Their history is a history of defeat." And he emphasizes this by a quotation:

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"They went forth to war, but they always fell. As far as their history is known"; that is, as far as Mr. Merwin knows it, which I take to be, from the above, from the conquest by England. Yet Ireland has authentic history prior to this epoch. The battle of Clontarf, and the quick subjugation of the Danes which followed, is not defeat. The battle waged against England, it is true, ended in defeat; but the same might be written of Scotland, Wales, French Canada, India, Ashantee, and possibly the Transvaal. It was the fight of a well-fed cat against a starved church-mouse. It adds nothing to the intellectual stature of Mr. Merwin's Anglo-Saxon. Russia is not a beacon-light of intellectualism, yet she can boast of such conquests. Had England, in Ireland, been a civilizing power, instead of a barbarizing one, "the moral power of the Anglo-Saxon" might go unquestioned. What England has she owes to the shrewdness of a few statesmen who taught, what has been since incorporated into her statecraft, that nations are more easily held by civil dissensions than by bayonets. The recent stirring of strife between Uitlanders and Boers, to the reader of her past, is but her preliminary to future conquest. The plunder of the monasteries, in which were housed the centuries of gold-collecting made into implements of worship, threw into her coffers, at a time when maritime discovery was the world's dream, that which was able to purchase squadrons and man them with the adventurous spirits who cared little for the means by which conquest might be achieved. These historical facts must be kept in mind in a survey of the great Anglo-Saxon. "Intellectually," says Mr. Merwin, "the Celt is fundamentally different from the Anglo-Saxon. He proceeds by intuition rather than by inference, and he is usually unable to state the process by which he has reached a given conclusion in such a way as to be convincing, or even comprehensible, to an Anglo-Saxon antagonist."

The reader will note the constant use of such qualifying adverbs as mainly, usually, etc. To support this "intuition rather than by inference" we have the sole testimony of the undistinguished writer.

The Celt has been distinguished in pure mathematics, which is certainly not an intuitive subject; in law, which asks for inference more than intuition; in sciences, which require fact-building. That the Anglo-Saxon does not understand the Celt's reasoning oftener arises from disinclination to listen rather than from any auricular malformation. The Celt has been for cen-

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turies asking for the removal of certain civil disabilities, and he has brought to his suit unanswerable reasons not only to the Anglo-Saxon mind but to any mind balanced by justice. Now, the Anglo-Saxon mind sneeringly remarks that these arguments are not comprehensible; its press takes up the cry, and by its machinery the superficial, and that is the majority, have another proof that the Celtic mind is not one of inference. It has been the way of the world for the conqueror to depreciate the vanquished. It has been the way of books, from Cæsar to Froude, to paint the conquered race given to vice rather than to virtue.

Take the present agitation for Home Rule. Does Mr. Merwin delude himself that the Anglo-Saxon does not understand the process by which the Celt has come to his conclusion—that his arguments are not comprehensible? I do not think that Mr. Merwin would debar Mr. Gladstone, John Morley, and the late Cardinal Manning from coming under Anglo-Saxon, yet they have been converted by Celtic arguments which must have been comprehensible. This is another case of Mr. Childs Merwin's reckless use of words. Mr. Merwin continues:

"I was present once at a long discussion between the most brilliant Irishman whom I ever knew and an American of great talent. After it had come to an impotent conclusion, one of the disputants declared, 'It is useless for us to discuss, for we really cannot understand each other'; and that was the truth. It was this fundamental difference that a great English writer had in mind when he said, after a residence of some length in Ireland, 'It becomes more clear to me every day that, in their ways of thinking, in their ideals and mental habits, these people are as different from us as if they belonged to a different world.'"

This duel of a "brilliant Irishman" with the "American of great talent" is a bit of padding; it proves nothing. You cannot predicate a something of a race which you have remarked in the lone individual. The brilliant Irishman, whom we may suppose to have argued "intuitively," may have been obstinate and stubbornly held to his opinions when the "inferential" American had the best of him. It was an Anglo-Saxon who wrote:

> "'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
> Are just alike, yet each believes his own."

It is a common occurrence for two brilliant American senators not to understand each other. After their impotent conclusion, who thinks of drawing any racial reference? Who the "great English writer" was we are not told, yet we have a

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right to know. It matters much whether it was Mr. Froude or Mr. Morley. We want to know the writer's antecedents. Is he impartial? or is he one of strong rancorous prejudice? Did he conform to the habits of the people, and from their own plane judge them, or did he ask them to conform to his?

Mrs. Trollope; Charles Dickens, a great English writer; Hamilton Aide; Paul Bourget, a great French writer, "after a residence of some length" in America, have given us their impressions, and we have smiled at the vanity which prompted them to do so. Let an English author use these impressions, and we at once set up the claim as to their uselessness. Mr. Merwin's "great English writer" would have written his quoted sentence of any country outside of his own land:

"Mr. Arnold, in his acute essay upon Celtic literature, says that if we are to characterize the Celtic nature by a single word, 'sentimental' is the word that we should choose; and, adopting the happy phrase of a French writer, he speaks of 'the Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact.' It is this inability to see facts as they are, to realize their consequences and to submit to them, which more than anything else has impaired the efficiency of the Celtic race. For instance, to attempt, as the Fenians did, the conquest of England by throwing a handful of soldiers across the line between Canada and the United States was a signal example of 'reaction against the despotism of fact.'"

The despotism alluded to is the contiguity of Ireland to England. This is one of those smart phrases which sounds well, but will not stand analysis. Gibraltar by "the despotism of fact" should belong to Spain; by the despotism of arms it belongs to England. What may look like facts to one nation, another may plead inability to see in the same light. The Anglo-Saxon sought to teach the Celt that he was conquered, and should abandon his race and religion and be adopted by sister England. His inability to do so has not impaired the race, which has many a morrow under better circumstances to fructify. Other nations show "a vehement reaction against the despotism of fact," as Poland, Norway, Hungary.

"The Celt is essentially a social creature, loving society and hating solitude; and this trait has determined to no small extent his career as a citizen of the United States."

The inference is here that the Irish population in our cities is owing to the Celt's love of society and hatred of solitude, which is an entirely erroneous theory. His crowding in cities

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arises from circumstances over which he had no mastery. Barbarized at home, he knew nothing of land-tilling, had no money to invest; his passage often defrayed by a sister who had readily found domestic service in the cities, he remained where he found something to do. He was not an artisan, like the emigrants of other nations; he had no colonization societies to help him to a hold in the soil. If he left the city his service was worthless, so he wisely remained where there was a market. There is no doubt but he often longed for the rural solitude of his early years. The traveller in Ireland who visits Galway or the mountain fastnesses of Donegal will smile at Mr. Merwin's idea of the Celtic love for society. In these lonely regions the Celt toils from year to year; he will pass his life without having seen a city. The Celt in America taking up the abandoned farms of New England, with the earnings that his family has rigorously saved, and the quick transformation of his sons into brawny farmers, tells that his city-crowding was in nowise his fault. What reflection does Mr. Merwin make on the descendants of the Puritans, who are abandoning their ancestral homes for the toil and grime of the city? This city-crowding has often given the Celt power, and as he was human he used it just as the other races do. He has been the victim of cunning, devising men, who have used him as a ladder to eminence, and from their heights thanked him with scorn; some of his own whom he elevated became loathsome creatures, and the burden of their sins fell on his shoulders. Prejudice heaped on the race the sins of the individuals.

"A quality of deceit, of unveracity, such as is always found in a race long under subjection," is another specimen of Mr. Merwin's hasty generalizations to fit the character formed in his mind of what the Celt should be. Here the critic again saddles the politician as the race type. Deceit, unveracity are of the nature of politics, and blossom in every land. Has Mr. Merwin read the lives of Warren Hastings, Talleyrand, Metternich, etc? Does he not know that in every little town in the States there is a clique of deceitful, unveracious politicians? The present writer lived in a thoroughly "Yankee" town, and witnessed for years men of standing in that town buying votes on election-day, through agencies that they only knew that day, for money or whiskey. The cartoons representing a politician wading through mire the day before election to greet the American farmer, and the day after not knowing him, were a telling rub at American politics. The Irishman coming to

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America found politics unveracious and deceitful. When he decided "to have a hand in them," to use a phrase, he had "to join the gang." Their effect was baneful to his character, an odium prejudicially cast upon his race.

Travellers in Ireland have found the people there an eminently religious race, and of such people lying cannot be specified. Being an imaginative race, the language will naturally be rich and full of color. It will not be stingy of words; facts can be clothed in rich robes, I remind the critic, as well as in plain kirtle.

The "Irish, notwithstanding their intense love for Ireland," who "have always exhibited a certain shame at being Irish instead of American," are an ignorant few found in most races. A few ignorant Germans and French Canadians change their name, anglicize it, and claim to have had relations aboard the *Mayflower*. Who thinks of judging the Germans or the French Canadian by this scum? Certainly not the philosophic historian. It would be ignoring the beauty of Apollo to scan a wart on his toe.

As to an "inferiority of condition," how could it be otherwise?

Mr. Merwin's "Anglo-Saxon" was rooted in the soil, maker of laws and keeper of the good things. Exiles driven from their homes, penniless and scantily clad, with eyes to see and intelligence to discern, must have readily come to the conclusion of an inferiority of condition, but, as Mr. Merwin well says, not one "of nature." This was evidenced by their manner of setting to work in order to destroy this inferiority of condition.

Considering the extent of their undertaking, and the distance of their competitors, the present position of the race needs no apologist. Rome was not built in a day, and the way from poverty to opulence is beset with many hardships requiring reasonable time to conquer them. As to the incident related by Mr. William O'Brien, it but proves to what a low condition the "Anglo-Saxon" had reduced the race by centuries of penal enactments.

In our own day we have the same effect: French Canadians foolishly pretending forgetfulness of their mother-tongue, because those who are superior in condition ignorantly sneer at it. A similar case may be found in Germany during the reign of the great Frederick, who, says Adolph Stahr, "despised the German language."

During his reign, says Karl Hildebrand, "foreign manners, foreign language predominated everywhere." Voltaire writes: "Je me trouvé ici en France. On ne parle que notre langue. L'allemand est pour les soldats et pour les chevaux."

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It was the bitter remembrance of those times that made Schiller sing:

"Kein Augustisch Alter blühte,
Keines Medicäers Güte
Lächelte der deutschen Kunst.
. . . .
"Von dem grössten deutschen Sohne,
Von des grossen Friedrich's Throne
Ging sie schutzlos, ungeehrt." *

This shame is entirely human, and not in any way a racial characteristic. Learned and ignorant alike despise with power and laugh with sarcasm. As to the term "Paddy," it was given by the "Anglo-Saxon" in derision to the race and religion, just in the same way as Catholics, in derision of their religion, are called Romanists. Their resentment was just. It came to their ears just the same as frog-eater to the Frenchman's, as a term of inequality. I cannot see the point in one Irishman using it as an opprobrium to another. The sting was put there by Mr. Merwin's "Anglo-Saxon."

"Another Irish trait, often exhibited in American life, is a morbid sensitiveness, a readiness to take offence and to suspect insult or unkindness when none is intended; and this, too, is the badge of a conquered race. This failing has been shown most conspicuously in political matters. When Mayor Hewitt, of New York, refused to permit the Irish flag to be hoisted over City Hall upon St. Patrick's Day, the Irishmen of New York received the refusal with a tirade of abuse. A Democratic governor of Massachusetts once declined to review an Irish society because its members paraded under arms, which was contrary to the law of the State. This was a just and manly act on his part, and one from which he, being a Democrat, could gain no possible advantage; but the Irish, with Celtic impetuosity and with the supersensitiveness of a conquered race, overlooked the motive, and took the act as an intentional insult."

I must again remind Mr. Merwin that his paragraph refers to the political Irishman who is always on the alert to make capital out of his resentment. The industrious Irish-American does not give three straws for an Irish flag floating over a city hall on the 17th of March. He does not believe in parades. The politicians, who are mainly rum-sellers, do; in the hopes

* "No Augustan age flourished, the kindness of no Medicis smiled on German art. From Germany's greatest son, from the throne of the great Frederick, she went unprotected, unhonored.

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that it may bring grist to their mill. At the time of Mayor Hewitt's refusal many letters appeared in the metropolitan press from Irish artisans declaring the mayor within his right. Politicians disturbed in their plans generally hail their disturber with "a tirade of abuse." The gradual extinction of parades is an index of the Irish-American feeling on this point.

"Finally, our Irish immigrants have been almost universally Catholic in religion, and to the difference in religion between them and native Americans, more than to difference of race or of temperament, is due the fact that they still form a distinct though integral part of the community. However, the American people, though Protestant, had ceased, at the time of the great Irish immigration, to be aggressively Protestant. They had also become much easier to live with, more flexible, more open-minded, than the Englishmen from whom they were descended; and, on the whole, the two races—Anglo-Saxon, American, Protestant, on the one hand, and Celtic, Irish, Catholic, on the other—have lived and labored side by side with astonishingly little friction. There was, to be sure, the Know-Nothing movement of 1854–55, but that was a short-lived affair, and the present efforts of the A. P. A. are less effective, and bid fair to be equally transitory. The argument against the Irish, as Catholics, is that they owe allegiance first to the pope, and only secondarily to the government of the United States; but if these two powers ever come in conflict, it is safe to assume that national feeling will prevail, and that the pope will be disregarded. In the middle ages the authority of the pope was far greater, national feeling was far weaker, than is the case now; and yet the history of the middle ages is full of instances where the pope attempted to carry out some anti-national policy and failed. To what, indeed, is the present isolated position of the Holy Father due except to his vain resistance of that national feeling which produced United Italy."

Mr. Merwin is not a clear writer. It is difficult to ascertain what he really means in writing such a sentence as "They still form a distinct though integral part of the community" while treating of the Celtic race element in American nationality. What about the German Catholics, Poles, French, etc.? They form, I presume, a distinct though integral part of the community.

What then of the Catholics, descendants of those who came from England with Calvert, or of converts whose sires were Plymouth fathers? When he tells us that the "American people, though Protestant, had ceased, at the time of the great

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Irish immigration, to be aggressively Protestant," we beg leave to question the most interested parties.

Mr. Merwin gives the Protestant side of the issue. The old adage runs: "It is good to hear the other side." In my researches I was recently led to examine files of journals, mostly sectarian, covering the period referred to by Mr. Merwin.

These are convincing of the unabated aggressiveness of Protestantism. To this proof I might add the oral tradition of those who sought employment during those times. They had to suffer. Times had changed. Protestantism was well to do, and beginning to look down with contempt on domestic service. The Irishman was tolerated as a menial. Soon he became a necessity; and as he did, the Anglo-Saxon's flexibility and open-mindedness followed. As his competence increased, and his inferior condition wore away, the friction naturally became less. Nations that treat inferior nations with contempt, when the inferior shows equality, polish their manners. Japan of yesterday sneered at, Japan of to-day praised, is a good example.

"The argument against the Irish, as Catholics, is that they owe allegiance first to the pope, and only secondarily to the government of the United States." Who makes this argument? Surely no man of education, who can distinguish between the material and the spiritual. The Catholic Church teaches that the pope is the visible Head of the Church, the successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ, to whom allegiance in spiritual matters is due. Catholics, let it be emphasized for the benefit of those who clamor of "allegiance to the pope," hold that their religion is supernatural. If this fact be thoroughly digested, they will not be attacked for holding that duty to God precedes duty to country, yet they may be both consonant. Ignorant Protestants imagine the pope as a foreign potentate, who aims at establishing a material kingdom. They lose the supernatural point of view, and hence lose all knowledge of the subject. History is a complete vindication of how thoroughly Catholics kept clear the difference between the temporal and spiritual powers of the Papacy. This same charge might equally be made against the Catholics of other denominations, against various other religions and societies whose heads are Europeans. It is an objection that the Celtic race rightly ignore, after their services of many years to their adopted land. If acts do not satisfy contentious bigotry, words are useless. Here is how Bishop England, many years ago, dealt with "the allegiance first to the pope, and only secondarily to the government of the

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United States": "His (the pope's) jurisdiction is only in spiritual and ecclesiastical things. The American Constitution leaves its citizens in perfect freedom to have whom they please to regulate their spiritual concerns. But if the pope were to declare war against America, and any Roman Catholic, under the pretext of spiritual obedience, were to refuse to resist this temporal aggressor, he would deserve to be punished for his refusal, because he owes to his country to maintain its rights. Spiritual power does not and cannot destroy the claim which the government has upon him." The news, for such it is, that the present isolated position of the Holy Father is due to his vain resistance of that national feeling which produced United Italy smacks of the journalistic dogmatism of the day.

"Saloon-keepers are notoriously Irishmen; and what more social occupation could there be than keeping a saloon. In the Boston directory are the names of 526 persons who sell liquor at retail, and of these names 317 are unmistakably Irish."

Mr. Merwin is here fitting his words to his premeditated belief in Celtic sociability.

Let us at once admit the woful preponderance of Irish in the liquor-traffic; it does not prove the sociability theory.

The Irish, coming here unskilled, are, like Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. They became bartenders, not from choice but from compulsion. They had no friends and were compelled to find bread-employment at once.

Entered in this business, which was eminently respectable in their native land, the temptation to embrace an easy-going life was strong. This same fascination applies to all races. Irish as bartenders, owing to their using the mother tongue, were in greater demand. Customers would not wait patiently for Jacques or Rudolph to learn English. The Irishman's ready wit was also an attraction.

Brewers not of his race, distillers with names suggesting the landing at Plymouth Rock, offered this obscure bartender a cozy nook, elegantly fitted up and well supplied with all kinds of liquors.

He could be master of all this loveliness, quick possession, on condition that he sold their liquors. He acquiesced, and the reformers ever since have smiled and prayed in the halls of the tempter, and poured the vials of their wrath on the tempted. His townsmen from the old land, who were engaged during the day in the most ceaseless toil, were glad to leave their squalid homes in the rickety tenements and hasten to the sumptuous,

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dazzling barroom of Pat and Mike. They saw him wax rich; a few would become his apprentices, who would later follow the master's calling. Pat or Mike, growing rich, open-hearted, laughter-loving, became ambitious, founded this or that club, giving it a name attractive to his countrymen; finally running for office. His friends rallied to his support; he was elected, and became the dupe of cunning men who, when later on their trickery came to light, coolly saddled it on the "ignorant Irish politicians." The press was in the hands of his enemy; the comic papers held him up as the *bête noir* in American politics. He soon learned their theory. Politics, he found, was an old Saxon game of helping yourself, as the saying goes, first, last, and at all times. This apt student of the American political school, formed in an "Anglo-Saxon" mould, is the specimen Irishman in American life so lovingly hugged by the critics as the genuine Celt.

"The Irish have not yet realized the American idea, that the people are themselves the government, and that he who holds office is administering a trust for the whole people, of whom he himself is a part. Political dishonesty is hardly more of a crime to an Irishman than smuggling to a woman."

So runs Mr. Merwin's airy generalizing. Would Mr. Merwin name a single city ruled by the Anglo-Saxon where the politicians in practice teach his American idea, that he who holds office is administering a public trust? Take Vermont, and we find that every little town has its political clique which holds in practice that a public office is a personal "grab."

The present legislature of New York is not Celtic. Hear an "Anglo-Saxon" critic on its idea of administering a trust for the whole people. Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in a speech at Plymouth Church, March 23, 1896, thus described the Anglo-Saxon legislature:

"When two sets of thieves cease to discourage one another's rapacity, you always know there is an amicable understanding as to the lootings. That is legislation. That is the sort of unctuous maw that is even now watering with beastly voracity at the succulent prospect."

It is evident from this divine that the "American idea" has not been mastered by the "Anglo-Saxon."

The New York *Harper's Weekly*—a publication that carefully eschews all things Celtic and takes evident pains to laud the "Anglo-Saxon"—writing of a late piece of legislation by this "Anglo-Saxon" legislature, says:

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"No more prolific source of corruption, and no more nefarious engine of political tyranny than this bill could have been contrived by the most inventive genius of mischief."

"If we say that the course which the Irish have taken in politics has been more uniformly and consistently bad than that pursued by native Americans, we shall probably state the truth."

In the light of these extracts where is the probability?

Mr. Merwin sees the race through the Tammany corruption of a few discredited Irish politicians. Has he plummeted the depth of corruption in that Native-American city of Baltimore?

"Among Irish politicians there is an almost entire absence of that reform element which has always to be reckoned with in the case of native Americans."

The reader will again note Mr. Merwin's saving use of adverbs. This is a baseless assertion, as is evidenced from the thousands of Irish votes that were given to what they honestly believed to be the Reform cause in the last city elections, thus electing the ticket of Strong and Goff. Irish-Americans are conspicuous in the Good Government Clubs. Judged as a race, they are in political honesty certainly not below the native American. Political morality is so low that the least said the better. Mr. Merwin's native American, if wisdom is one of his accomplishments, will avoid boasting. A calm reading of the recent enactments passed in the various States, at the suggestions of capitalists and with the help of "boodle," will be an effectual guard on his tongue.

"The herding of the Irish in our large cities, and their sudden contact with new social and political conditions, have made the average of pauperism, crime, and mortality very high among them. For example, in the year 1890 the number of white paupers born in the United States, but having both parents foreign-born and both parents of the same nationality, was, so far as it could be ascertained, 3,333. To this number the Irish contributed 1,806, whereas the Germans contributed only 916, although the Germans in this country outnumber the Irish by more than a million. A table which indicates, not the pauper but the criminal element, is even more significant. In 1890 the number of white prisoners who were born in the United States, but who had both parents foreign-born and both parents of the same nationality, was 11,327. These were distributed, so far as the Irish and Germans are concerned, as follows: Irish, 7,935; German, 1,709."

I cannot do better in answer to this paragraph than to

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quote an "Anglo-Saxon," Rev. Alfred Young. The extract is taken from a chapter of his book, *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*, entitled "The Alleged Criminality of the Irish People":

"If statistics give a large number of Irish criminals and paupers, the sociologist will tell you why it is, and why it is quite reasonable it should be so, despite their nationality or religion. These Irish criminals and paupers in this country are the dregs of an enforced emigration of a population degraded by oppression, reduced by torturing poverty, and stimulated to violent reprisals against their oppressors, flying from one form of grasping landlordism to another in this country which drives the lower classes of them into a compulsory order of social life and environments which cannot but breed crime, fostered and increased by a base, conscienceless class, composed of their own fellow-Irishmen and others, who defy the most solemn entreaties and denunciations of their religious superiors, and the laws of the state; and who, carried away by the popular passion for amassing riches, open their convict and pauper-making drinking saloons, and there devour the substance of their hard-working, and too free-handed fellow-countrymen. The Catholic Church has no more unworthy representatives on the face of the earth of her true moral influence than these drinking-saloon breeders of crime and poverty." For Catholic Church let the reader read Irish race, and he will enter fully into my mind.

To the above extract I might add the suggestive sentence of Mr. Howe Tolman: "The rich can shield and shelter their children, but alas for those of the poor!" Thus pauperism and crime are not, then, racial, but the outcome of the liquor-traffic and environment which came from their penniless expulsion to our shores. The liquor-traffic, that terrible bane, must be grappled by the race at once, and subdued. Already the race has taken the initial step by holding up the traffickers to detestation. I might mention the work of such men as Archbishop Ireland and Father Cleary, the numerous temperance societies, the millions of leaflets annually distributed, and, above all, the actions of beneficial unions disbarring rum-sellers as members. This is conclusive evidence that the Celt has become weary of the politician and saloon-keeper, and at all hazards is determined to destroy his influence. We speedily hope for the result.

"If you take up a book written by a genuine Irishman, you will find, as a rule, that it is more witty, certainly more eloquent and imaginative in style, than the ordinary English or

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American book. But read on a little, and you are almost sure to come upon some statement so careless, so exaggerated, so *outré*, or so illogical that the effect of the whole is spoiled. The Celt, though artistic by nature, is almost never a good artist. He has the sense of beauty—that is the gift of nature; but the sense of form, which is only in part the gift of nature, and which depends upon a trained judgment, upon self-discipline, upon hard, continuous work, he lacks. Ireland is running over with poetic feeling, but where are the Irish poets? The liveliness and sociability of the Celt, which make him a dweller in cities, also tend to repress the literary instinct. He has not that brooding, meditative spirit which is nursed in solitude, and which is necessary to the development of literary genius."

The Celt lacks the gift of form; but inasmuch as this depends, as Merwin admits, on trained judgment, self-discipline, etc., it is not racial, unless these qualities are predicated as beyond the power of the race—surely an insane predication. Has Mr. Merwin read the songs of Thomas Moore? Are they formless? Has he read the balanced periods of Shiel? Does he consider the writings of Mahaffy wanting in artistry?

A late American book, *Phases of Thought*, by Brother Azarias, shows trained judgment, self-discipline, hard, continuous work. Yet this Brother Azarias was a pure Celt. Mr. Merwin evidently bases his dictum on some hasty, hurriedly gotten-up, catch-penny Irish selections, where ignorant Celtic rhymers run to riot.

No critic would utter such a dictum whose knowledge of Celtic literature was in anywise profound. Let me remind Mr. Merwin that that consummate artist and stylist, Renan, was a Celt. To produce literature (I use the word in its true sense) requires culture and leisure. The Irish-American, as yet, has been too busy in home-making to have these requisites. What has the native American done? Produced a Concord sage, whose form is imperfect if judged by long standing literary canons, and a chaotic Walt Whitman, who is the god of the younger school of native American poetry—a poetry which "is running over the country."

Mr. Merwin should avoid criticism; he is strangely unfit for its office. I lay down his article with Matthew Green's shrewd couplet in my mind:

> "And mere upholsters in a trice
> On gems and paintings set a price."

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"SURGE, AMICA MEA, ET VENI!"

BY "ALBA."

RISE, and come away!
  Why art thou ling'ring there?
Life is too short a day
  To waste on empty air.
Long have the world's vain joys
  Tempted thy soul to stray;
Leave, now, those aimless toys.
  Arise, and come away!

Arise, and come away!
  Leave, now, the darken'd land
Of lying Heresy,
  In Sion's light to stand.
Let not thy heart despair,
  Though grievous be the way;
My Voice shall guide thee there.
  Arise, and come away!

Arise, and come away!
  Unbind each earthly tie;
Quit life and all things gay,
  The flesh to crucify.
Where home-affections shine
  Others may guiltless stay;
But thou art seal'd for Mine.
  Arise, and come away!

Arise, and come away!
  Life's hour of longing past,
Cloudless Eternity
  Bursts on thy gaze at last.
Mine through the tearful night—
  Mine through the Endless Day—
Bride of Salvation's Light,
  Arise, and come away!

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THE GREAT REPEALER, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE UNJUST STEWARD OF THE NATIONS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

ENGLAND is the richest empire in the world to-day. At no period in her history have her fortunes been so high. While the rest of the globe has been suffering from a protracted visitation of commercial distress she has prospered abnormally. After expending nearly a hundred million pounds for her public service in the past year, her Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself now in possession of more than four millions of a surplus. But side by side with England is her oppressed sister, Ireland, sunk at this moment in the most woebegone condition of all the countries in Europe. Her fortunes were never in so desperate a plight. In inverse ratio to England's rise has been that unhappy country's downfall. She stands at this moment as a ragged and starving beggar from the

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Whitechapel slums beside a silk-robed, gem-decked, over-fed dame from Belgravia. Her ruin is almost complete. Her population has fled, her fields are depastured, her revenue has dwindled down to the lowest point. Between the remnant of her people and the horrors of another famine there stands but one precarious harvest. If the coming summer prove unfavorable to Irish husbandry, the population will be once more dependent, to a large extent, on the bounty of outsiders.

There is no difficulty in finding the cause of this shameful spectacle. It is described in two words—English rule.

A hundred years ago Ireland was fairly prosperous. It had a population as numerous, or rather a little more so, than that of to-day. It had a large share of manufacturing industry to help its agriculture. It had its own Parliament developing the resources of the country as no other power before or since has attempted to do. It had a resident aristocracy spending its money lavishly in the country. Now it has none of these things save the agriculture. The union with England—a fatal marriage of a verity—has swept them all away. It has reduced her simply to beggary and helplessness, a monumental disgrace to the rich, remorseless nation beside her, who insisted on making herself her weaker sister's keeper.

England is now at the bar. She has been called upon to give an account of her stewardship, and she has been proved guilty of fraud—fraud so enormous as to take one's breath away. Before the Royal Commission on Financial Relations, by the mouths of such consummate masters of figures as Sir Richard Giffen and the Accountant-General, Sir Edward Hamilton, as well as other capable experts, she has been proved to have wrung from the Irish population, for the purposes of her government in Ireland as well as at home during the past fifty years, a sum in excess of Ireland's just proportion of taxation which, if capitalized, would amount to two hundred million pounds, or a thousand million dollars!

The statement is enough to take one's breath away. It must seem to many a huge exaggeration—a mere rhetorician's figment. But it is nothing of the kind; it is downright sober truth. Its absolute accuracy has been established on oath, by the testimony of English officials of the highest position, who could never be suspected of any prejudice in favor of Ireland's claims, but whose honor as English gentlemen could not sanction any evasion of the facts when called for by the assent of Parliament.

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PURPOSELY TANGLED ACCOUNTS.

It was not without the greatest difficulty that any inquisition was at last got to probe the matter. Many attempts had been made in earlier years by Sir J. N. McKenna, Mr. Mitchell-Henry, and other Irish members of Parliament, to get the government to assent to an inquiry into the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, but it was not until a couple of years ago that any success crowned such attempts. The Irish people owe it to the inclusion of Mr. Thomas Sexton, one of the ablest of the Irish representatives in the *personnel* of the Royal Commission, that the truth was at length dragged to the surface. The records had been in some cases hidden away for years, and the accounts had got into a state of almost hopeless confusion. To what extent this prevailed may be estimated from the fact that, in drafting the financial portion of his Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone was led into an error whereby Ireland would have been called upon to pay annually a vast sum more than her proper share in the public burdens, all because of this confusion in the mutual accounts.

The public are indebted to one of the English Liberal members of Parliament, Mr. Thomas Lough, for a valuable commentary upon the situation now created.* Mr. Lough is a justice-loving man, apparently, and he feels keenly the disastrous effects of his country's scandalous misgovernment of Ireland. Towards the close he makes some practical recommendations for the rectification of the injury inflicted upon Ireland. But he does not go far enough in his recommendations. What difference is there between individuals and communities or states, in the matter of dishonest dealing? The same moral law applies no matter what the number of people engaged in a dishonest transaction. When one man takes from another by force what is that other's property, we call it robbery, and the dishonest one is bound to expiate his crime and make full restitution if he is able. Great Britain is more than able to repay what she has unjustly wrung from Ireland. She is called upon to make restitution or stand outside the pale of honest society. "Ireland is a nation starved in the midst of plenty." This is the terse way in which Mr. Lough sums up the results of the Legislative Union. And why is she so situated? Simply and solely because of her enforced connection with Great Britain. She has always produced, especially in flocks and herds, far more than

* *England's Wealth, Ireland's Poverty.* By Thomas Lough, M.P. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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sufficient for the material wants of her population, but these have long ceased to feed Irish stomachs or clothe Irish backs. "Sic vos non vobis, vellificatur oves." They cross the seas to England's markets, and by the workings of the ingenious economic system which England has established English ships bring back in return Indian corn for the Irish to eat and English shoddy wherewith to clothe them. The Irish, not relishing this mode of exchange, would fain shake off the economists who maintain it, but in order to prevent them, and make them bear it willy-nilly, an English army, military and constabulary, of forty-four thousand men is permanently maintained, and a number of spacious jails, with judges and hangmen, are also provided, to give a legal flavor to the oppression. For all these things, and many more collateral ones, Ireland is called upon to pay. The consequence is that while the taxation of Ireland, which amounted to only nine shillings per head at the Union in 1800—when Ireland was in easy circumstances and well able to pay—foots up now to a total of forty-nine shillings per capita. "The result of the whole century has been," says Mr. Lough, "that the inhabitant of Great Britain has had his especial taxation cut down to half, while the inhabitant of Ireland has had his *doubled*."

PITT'S FALSE PRETENCES.

In proposing the union of the legislatures to the English House of Commons, William Pitt put forward not only high political grounds for the change, but material and moral ones as well. The material grounds were the advantages that must accrue to Ireland from the introduction of English capital and industrial energy, and the consequent increase to Irish trade and commerce; the moral ones, the advantages to the Irish Catholics of having their claims to religious freedom discussed by a Parliament remote from the scene of sectarian animosities and actuated, as he loftily put it, by a spirit of wisdom and toleration. Similar reasons were put forward in the Irish Parliament by Lord Clare and Viscount Castlereagh, but the material argument was instantly met and refuted there by the reminder that the aim of commercial England always had been to destroy Irish trade, not foster it, and only too successfully so, as in the case of the woollen industry. The Irish legislators who resisted the union proposals foresaw only too plainly that the withdrawal of the Legislature from the Irish capital must be followed by the flight of the money, and the decline of the many industries which the presence of a resident aristocracy

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and a Parliament had created there. These dismal forebodings were realized even more swiftly than they had anticipated. Within a couple of years after the closing of the Parliament

FAMOUS FRIENDS AND OPPONENTS OF THE UNION.
1. Duke of Leinster. 2. Lord Clare. 3. Henry Flood. 4. Henry Grattan. 5. Hussey Burgh. 6. Hely Hutchinson. 7. Lord Charlemont.

in Dublin a vast number of its traders were bankrupt and an immense number of mills and factories closed. "Thirty-three years of union," remarks Sir Jonah Barrington in the introduction to his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, "have been thirty-three years of *beggary and disturbance*."

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How the beggary came to exist has been well developed by the Royal Commission; why the disturbance was not more violent than that which he had witnessed arose not from want of will but of means.

THE REAL CAUSE OF IRELAND'S RUIN.

Many causes have been assigned by learned speculators for the now perennial poverty of Ireland. Want of manufactures, some have alleged; the absence of coal and iron has often been pleaded, in the teeth of the fact that coal and iron are more cheaply landed in Dublin or Belfast than in London, from any of the great English mines. The chronic indolence of the Irish peasant is another excuse—one of those which did not hesitate at a wholesale slander. Some bold theorists even go so far as to allege that the religion of the great bulk of the people has no small share in the responsibility, inasmuch as the Irish Catholics observe a few holidays more than other denominations do. After the evidence given before the Royal Commission no one can blink the fact that the cause of Ireland's poverty is that the country is unjustly fleeced in order to support an alien system of rule, as well as to pay for England's wars abroad. To escape this fleecing those of her population who can escape leave her shores in thousands annually, throwing the burden on the ever-diminishing number at home, staggering year by year more painfully under the ever-increasing weight. Year by year, simultaneously with this flight of the peasantry, thousands of acres of land go out of cultivation. The abomination of desolation is widening over the land. The contrivers and upholders of the Union have done their work well. They have made a desert, but they can hardly call it peace.

It is necessary, in order to gain a clear view of the pauperization of Ireland, to go back a couple of years before the date of the so-called Union. To effect this transaction, the darling project of William Pitt, it was necessary to resort to extraordinary means. These means included the goading of the country into a state of rebellion by acts of barbarity, and the sending of English troops to suppress this rebellion on the pretence that the Irish government was unable to deal with it. Then, the Irish Parliament being hostile to the proposals of Union, it was necessary to seek out its weakest, vainest, and poorest members, and bribe these with money and titles, in such number as would give a majority on the question when it came to a final vote in Parliament. This was done, and

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when the infamy had been accomplished the cost of the whole enterprise was saddled upon Ireland. As Daniel O'Connell remarked when exposing the transaction, it would have been just as reasonable to ask Ireland to pay for the knife with which Lord Castlereagh committed suicide.

THE HALCYON DAYS OF IRISH FINANCES.

Previous to the insurrection of 1798 the public debt of Ireland amounted to only four millions of pounds; the suppression of the insurrection, and the buying of placemen and others to carry the Union, added twenty-two millions to this. Every penny of this charge was saddled upon Ireland, in order to give its people a lesson in the true meaning of British fair play. The public debt of great Britain, on the other hand, was at the date of the Union over four hundred and fifty millions. A separate system of taxation was provided for Ireland, in order to make it appear that she was to be exempt from the responsibility of the larger debt until such time as her separate debt had attained a certain proportion toward the British account; then her taxation was to be amalgamated with that of the rest of the kingdom. The amalgamation took place in 1817, and the desired end had been attained by the ingenious process of placing upon Ireland year by year a load of taxes which no squeezing could get from the people, for the very simple reason that they were unable to pay, and then allowing the uncollected portion to mount up year by year as outstanding arrears. In 1801 the Irish debt stood to that of Great Britain in the ratio of sixteen to one; by the process described this proportion had in seventeen years been altered to seven and a half to one.

A FALSE RATIO OF NATIONAL REVENUE.

It is necessary to go back again before the period of the Union to arrive at a just appreciation of the extent to which Ireland has been swamped by that ruinous tie. Pitt and Castlereagh, in seeking for a basis for a proportional scale of taxation for Ireland, took for that purpose two abnormal years—namely, 1799–1800. In these two years the English Exchequer had piled on the shoulders of Ireland the whole cost of suppressing the rebellion of England's own making, and of the bribery for the purposes of the Union. This sum ran up the public debt of Ireland from a mere bagatelle to a sum of nearly thirty millions, and the annual payment forced from the people for this these unprincipled statesmen seized upon as the

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normal ratio, making one audacious piece of dishonesty the ground for perpetrating another still more injurious because more lasting. Ireland had practically no debt until then. Her taxation did not often exceed two millions per annum. In order to pay off the new burdens imposed upon the country the taxation all at once was nearly doubled, while the resources of the people, as a direct consequence of the Union and the rebellion, diminished at a frightful rate. The result was an enormous deficit every year until 1817, when the piling up of the recurring deficits had resulted in the levelling of Ireland's public debt to the proportion whereat a junction with the English debt had been provided for in the articles of Union.

THE FIRM OF WOLF AND LAMB.

Had the accounts remained separate, Ireland's debt at the date of the junction could hardly have exceeded forty millions. The amalgamation of the two exchequers capped the climax of financial wrong-doing. Cold-blooded as Pitt was, he never contemplated making Irish burdens more than the country could bear; hence his provision in the Act of Union for keeping the accounts of the two countries distinct. The amalgamation of the customs services was another step in the direction of making things incurable, by so mixing up the accounts of the two countries as to make it impossible to ascertain the separate revenue of each. Later on—in 1853—a gross violation of the provisions of the Union was perpetrated. The income tax, it had been explicitly declared, should at no time be levied upon Ireland, but in that year Parliament tore up this stipulation and made Ireland pay her share of this tax. Then the government began a policy of piling on duty on whiskey which has gone on steadily ever since. This is a method of impost which had many specious arguments in its favor. Moralists and reformers have defended it, as tending to diminish the consumption of alcohol; but the result shows that it has not in reality any such tendency. An analysis of this branch of the subject proves that the consumption of spirits in Ireland, per head, is little more than half that of Great Britain. The entire consumption in Ireland amounts to only an average of a gallon per head in the year. The average cost of a gallon of spirits in Ireland is twenty shillings, and of this sum twelve and sixpence goes in duty to the state. An Englishman, under the same rule of taxation, pays to the state only twopence on a gallon of beer, whereas were the test merely

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alcohol, and not any particular medium for it, the Englishman's mulct would be six times the amount it now is.

It is astounding what a number of fallacies have been

FRIENDS AND OPPONENTS OF THE UNION.

1. Lord Edward Fitzgerald. 2. W. Conyngham Plunket. 3. Charles Kendal Bushe. 4. Lord Castlereagh. 5. John Egan. 6. Dr. Patrick Duignenan. 7. Lawrence Parsons.

resorted to in order to bolster up the monstrous injustice of the system under which Ireland has been bled to death. Decline in the population has been welcomed by many purblind economists as a blessing insuring prosperity to the remainder. But the lesser the number of tax-payers grew the greater

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became their burdens. Four millions and a half of people are now bearing much the same load that eight millions bore half a century ago.

BANKRUPTCY PLUS BARRACKS AND POOR-HOUSES.

Another glittering fallacy is that as nearly all the money raised in Ireland as taxation is spent there on the support of the army and the maintenance of military stations, the taxpayer suffers no loss. The answer is that the army is a luxury with which Ireland can entirely dispense. The maintenance of forty thousand mere idlers on her soil is a thing she herself would never dream of indulging in. It is for Great Britain's imperial policy these men are there, and Great Britain should in all conscience pay for their keep.

To arrive at a clear understanding of the financial position as between Great Britain and Ireland to-day, it is not necessary to follow Mr. Lough in all his analyses. It may give some notion of that position to take a few leading statements. One of the most vivid is the comparison of the respective taxable capacities of the two countries. These are in the ratio of 15 (Ireland) to 1,092 (Great Britain), or 1 to 73. Yet the net result of the concurrent taxation of the two countries for the past ninety-five years is that the individual Irishman pays forty-nine shillings per year now, whereas in 1800 he paid only nine shillings; and the individual Briton's poll-tax remains just where it was. How enormous a sum this difference made in the whole ninety-five years may be estimated from Mr. Lough's calculation of two hundred million pounds as the capitalized value of the fraudulent imposts during the past fifty years. For one-third of the preceding half-century the proportion of extortionate taxation had been much higher than during any portion of the period under his immediate purview. "If you take the excess at two millions a year payable for ninety years since the Union," said Mr. Murrough O'Brien, an eminent authority, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, "with three per cent. compound interest, it would amount to over a thousand millions."

One stands aghast when confronted with such appalling facts. Had this money been applied to the elevation and development of the country, rather than to the barren task of keeping it down and driving out its population, how different a spectacle would Ireland and Great Britain present before the world to-day! And what volumes of mournful tragedy speak

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from the tabulated pages of the blue books which epitomize this story of failure and ruin!

WILL ENGLAND MAKE AMENDS?

There are men in England who will feel the disgrace and shame of the revelation. But when even such Liberals as Mr. Lough dare not propose the only adequate atonement—that is, reparation as far as lies in the offender's power—what are we to hope from the majority who are now in the place of the lawgivers? Moral density and mulish obstinacy are the characteristics of the English Tory. There is no hope of grace or repentance in that breast of triple brass. And yet the fact that "Banquo's in his grave"—that the generations of starved and exiled thousands can never trouble him more—may not be altogether an unalloyed satisfaction with him. Recent events have shown him that there is some strange quality in the dry bones of the banished and buried Celt capable of revivifying their scattered particles, whenever and wherever the day of retribution presents itself:

"Et orietur ex ossibus ultor."

Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and the other Liberal chiefs had read the Sibylline books to some advantage; but to Lord Salisbury and his henchmen their pages are as unintelligible as the handwriting on the wall to the Babylonian revellers. A few years more, they say in their hearts, and the Irish question will be settled as the Georgian question was settled by Russia. But they may be deceived. The Celt dies hard. For nearly three hundred years the predecessors of the Salisburys and the Balfours have been trying to eradicate him in Ireland, and the end is not yet.

FREE WILL.

THE barbèd crown of curs'd humanity,
The soul's dread dower—
The peerless power
To win or scorn eternal ecstasy!

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

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SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

THE Empire State Express was skimming over its well-ballasted road-bed. The telegraph poles seemed fleeting ghosts that stretched out their long, thin arms in an ineffectual attempt to stay the progress of the flyer.

In a corner of the *Puritan*, the first of the Pullmans, sat a young man whose twenty-five years rested lightly on his broad shoulders. His eyes were keen and eager; yet he saw nothing before him while he thoughtfully bit the brown moustache that barely covered his well-cut lip. He looked young and unfinished. There were no lines on his face, no depth to his clear eyes, nothing but promise in the crude grace of youth that lit up his boyish countenance.

His thoughts were as fleeting as the telegraph poles, but more varied. All the time, however, he was conscious of the strong emotional undercurrent beneath the lighter subjects on the surface. He was going to Albany with his preceptor's letter to Dr. Gales, of the Albany Medical College. Though he would not own it, even to himself, he had really seized this opportunity because Elsie Patmore lived but a block away from Professor Gales, and it would not seem amiss to drop in on her for an afternoon call.

He had it all arranged in that little theatre under his hat: his being ushered into the dainty little reception room while his card went up, the *frou-frou* of her silk skirts as she came down the broad stairs, the look of pleased surprise and welcome in her soft eyes as she left her hand in his for a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, her interested questions on his college course, her warm congratulations on his recent graduation, and then—and then—he caught sight of the woman's hand next to him, and its contour immediately recalled Elsie's hand. He wondered if she would be unconventional enough to forego the regulation diamond solitaire, and wear the engagement ring he had in his mind; he pictured the low-lying beryl in its Etruscan setting on that milk-white hand.

This happy, care-free youth could afford to think of rings. His father kept his long-promised word on graduation day, and, in the vernacular of the Clinic, "planked down a cool five

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thousand." He had made arrangements with Dr. Browing, of the Presbyterian, to take two terms of surgical service in the hospital, blissfully unmindful of the necessity of going at once to earn his living. "And then," his thoughts ran on, "surely Elsie will not want a longer engagement than two years, and what's the matter with taking her to Germany with me?" His thoughts were far afield. Fast as the train was flying, they outstripped it.

He flung his head back on his chair and tried to think of something else. Of something else? It was only now that he realized how much this goal had been to him, how long the thought of this pure, sweet girl's love had lain close to his heart. He went over again, for the hundredth time, the circumstances of their first meeting. It had been on the Harvard campus when she had come up to her brother's graduation. He remembered her quiet, reposeful manner, in such marked contrast to the chattering crowd around her. He recalled the very dress she had worn—a soft, crinkled, gray thing, which he, in his masculine way, thought plain. He remembered the quiet look of happiness in her eyes as her brother stepped down from the platform, the most highly honored student, his degree rolled tightly in his hand. He remembered—bah! what was the use of remembering when the stupid train crawled so. How gracious she had been in the long delicious weeks that followed, as their two parties had gone together through Lake George, Lake Champlain, Montreal, Quebec, then down the St. Lawrence, to Niagara, to New York, and then—ah, well! she had gone home to Albany, and he had begun to "dig for honors" at the Vanderbilt Clinic.

He rose and stepped toward the door just as the train was pulling into East Albany. A slowing-up over the long bridge, a snort, a rumble, a wheezing of air-breaks, and the "flyer" puffed into the Albany depot on time to the second.

He had not seen his divinity "for ages." Single years are apt to be ages when brightened only occasionally by friendly letters, and for the past three years she had been in Europe.

In half an hour he was standing on the doorstep of Miss Patmore's home. Now that he was actually on the threshold he hesitated. His heart began to thump violently, and twice he bit his lip instead of his much-abused moustache. However, he set his jaw in a dogged way he had when about to tackle a hard subject, and pushed the button vigorously. The door was opened instantly, and he found himself face to face with the girl of his choice, who was on the point of going out. He

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forgot his well-conned greeting, forgot everything save that he was holding her hands in his, too happy to speak.

An hour later he went down those steps an older, sadder, wiser man. He scarcely knew where he was going. Fortunately at that moment the shriek of a locomotive sounded in his ears, and, true to his New York habit, he made a rush for the train. He found it to be a local and had to wait for his half an hour. And that waiting—how dreary he found it! Twice he laughed with the pathetic bitterness of youth in the face of its first real disappointment; twice he attempted to walk off his misery, but was forced to desist; for even in his gloom he felt the notice his movements attracted.

"If it were only for some other reason," he sighed, and let his thoughts slip back to the moment when she, leaving her fingers in his, had in the sweetest, lowest tone said, "Yes, I love you; but—" Ah, that "but"! For, while acknowledging that she loved him, she refused to marry him unless he became a member of Dr. Clarkson's Church.

"Why, Elsie, I am a Catholic," he had said, with a little stir of apprehension at the heart.

"Yes, I know; but you could change."

Never would he forget the sensation of that moment. He had never been a practical Catholic, had never made a display of his religion, though never by word or deed denying it; but now he felt as though a long-barred gate had been rudely pushed open. Flinging up his head, he had answered her once for all.

"Change? never! My mother lived and died a Catholic. My father became one for her sake, and, unlike most 'petticoat converts,' has remain a staunch son of the church to this day. For their sakes, please God, their son will never be anything else."

"I do not see your argument. If you are a Catholic only because your parents are you cannot have very strong convictions," she said with an arch look at his rueful face. "Why, my father is a Baptist, but for nearly four years I have been an Episcopalian." Then, with an abrupt change of tone, "You would change if you really loved me."

"Elsie," he had answered, and the cold tones half-frightened her, "I do love you, but I cannot give up my religion even for your dear sake. Your inference was right a moment ago. It was my way of putting it that was wrong. We are apt to grow up to our religion, following where our parents have led; but I was wrong to lead you to think that *because* of my par-

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ents' belief I am a Catholic. No, I am a Catholic because I am convinced that in these days one must be either a Catholic or an Agnostic. All my training, all my beliefs, all my convictions lead me to the Catholic Church. If my reason, however, were to tell me that yours was the right church, to-morrow I would join you."

"Then there is nothing more to be said, Dr. Hilton," she had said; "I must beg that you will excuse me." And turning, swept out of the room, dropping as she went the single heavy rose that had been lying on her bosom. He dropped on one knee, picked it up, and bowed his head till his lips met the crushed flower between his fingers. A wave of pain passed across his soul, and he tasted one of life's bitterest draughts at that moment.

"Nothing more to be said—nothing more to be said!" echoed and re-echoed in his weary brain all the way up the street, and now in his enforced quiet was burning into his very heart.

"By Jove! it's the very first time I've ever been accused of having too much religion," he said, savagely digging his stick into a crack in the floor; "but," and a softened look crept into his eyes, "I cannot go back on that, Elsie or no Elsie."

That journey homeward he never forgot. If the "flyer" on the way up had been slow to his happy heart, what was this? Words failed him. Long years afterwards, when the bearded man could look back with philosophic calmness on the poignant griefs of youth, Dr. Hilton used to say that on that train he travelled from inexperience to maturity—which places are not set down on any map, but we all know where they are.

Only one thought stood out clearly from the confused ones surging through his weary brain—work, work, work—and so perhaps forget.

But he did not forget. He could only put the feeling down deep in his heart, and close the inner door upon it. But often, like a strain of half-forgotten music, the bitter-sweet pain came over him. Whenever a woman's soft gray eyes looked into his with pain in their depths, he thought of Elsie's eyes as he last had seen them; whenever a tone, a smile, a little trick of manner recalled the one woman in all the world for him, a sigh would rise to his lips, a dimness to his eyes that would not be put down for all his iron will.

Upon his return to the city on that never-to-be-forgotten day he went at once to his father, and told him the pitiful little tale with a coolness and courage that did not for a moment deceive the kind old eyes looking so searchingly into his.

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"I tell you this, father, so that you will never ask me why I do not marry. I know that many will think that my profession demands it; but I am going to risk that and go in and *win*," with a heavy blow of his clinched fist on the desk before him.

"You'll do, Jack. Perhaps this is the best thing that could have happened to you. I will not say that you should look for another girl to be your wife, for a man's first love is apt to be his last in our family. Years ago the same thing happened to me—now don't!—your mother refused me twice before she married me. But all the time—yes, *all* the time, she was the one woman in all the world for me, and I won her, Jack, as you will win your sweetheart, too, some day."

"Thanks, governor"—the slang term became an endearment on his lips—"now no more of this; I'm going to work."

And so he did. As his father watched his career from that time he saw the first real pain the lad had ever known leaving its mark on his character, refining, strengthening, and ennobling it. It broadened his sympathies, enlarged his view, and redoubled the natural tenderness of the man's nature, while it left its indelible stamp on his countenance. His father respected his rugged self-repression, and never intruded upon it. His bachelorhood had, as he predicted it would, a certain influence on his practice, as popular inclination leaned toward the married doctor. On the whole that was no great detriment, as his was almost exclusively hospital work.

Three years afterwards his father died, just as he had been appointed house-surgeon for the second time at the Roosevelt Hospital.

This was his second great blow. The utmost confidence and sympathy had always existed between father and son ever since the frail young mother had died, leaving the three-year-old son in the lonely, devoted arms of the father.

His father left him a large fortune entirely within his own control, consequently he could devote more time and attention to the study of surgery. That was his specialty, and already his name had attracted favorable notice in the medical journals of the day, signed to well-written, logical, simple demonstrations of the beautiful science he had made his life-study.

Thus he found himself at thirty. Grave and thoughtful, old beyond his years, he was fast slipping into fixed habits, and the ominous dread of change, when an episode lifted him out of his groove and gave a new impetus to his life.

As he was wont to say, "It is the unexpected that happens."

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He had made a host of friends while at college, but retained few of them in his too-busy life. No one had been his friend, in the sweeter significance of that word, since he had broken with the Patmores; Charley's place, too, having never been filled.

There was young Dick Gattle, however, who clung to him with a dogged perseverance that at first amused Jack, then touched him.

He had left Harvard the summer following Jack's graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Dick was not graduated, but that was a distinction that made but little difference to Dick. When he reached home his father, a retired old broker with a *penchant* for fragrant Havanas and a rubber of whist, asked to see his degree.

"I didn't get a sheepskin," said Dick; "but I got these," rolling up his shirt sleeves and showing the scars made by lighted cigars being pressed into the flesh. His father recognized the hall-mark of Harvard's most exclusive Greek-letter fraternity, and was satisfied.

A few days afterwards Gattle *père* asked Dick what he intended to do.

"Going to play polo this summer," said Dick promptly.

"Of course, of course, have your fun now," was the dutiful parent's reply; "but have you thought of any occupation for next winter?"

"Yes," replied Dick; "then I am going to hunt."

In due time Dick became a member of the Bounding Brook Hunt Club; and while looking about for hunters ran into Jack Hilton's office one morning and found him dull and dispirited. He was overworked, and as close to irritability as his sunny nature would permit.

"Say, old man," rattled Dick, "come to Tattersall's with me. Do you good. Want your advice about Skimton's Scatterbrains. He wants fifteen hundred for him."

"I'll go. By the way, Dick, thought you were going to Europe?"

"So I was, but hunting's better. Ever hunt?" "No."

"Best thing in the world for you. I may not have much of a head, but I can see with half an eye that you need building up, or vacation or something. Were you away this summer?"

"McArthur was away all summer, and I could not leave."

"See here, Jack, that hospital will be standing a long time after you are dead, and you'll be a long time dead. Say, tell

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you what I'll do for you. I'll propose your name in the B. B. H. C. to-morrow."

"But I don't hunt. I never saw a meet in my life."

"Your education's been neglected"; and he began to sing as they entered Tattersall's:

"If your horse be well fed and in blooming condition,
Well up to the country and up to your weight,
Oh! then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in the saddle and keep his head straight."

Before the purchase of the horse was completed Jack had determined to throw aside the weight of worry he was laboring under, and join Dick in being young again. It would be worth something, he thought, to feel again the fresh morning wind blowing in his face, the bounding of a good horse under him answering to his touch, and the cool brightness of the autumn sunshine. That would brush the cobwebs from his brain.

He picked up for himself a clever little cob that in the end proved a much better bargain than Scatterbrains. As for boots, pink coats, crops, stirrups, and the rest of the trappings of a sucoessful hunter, Dick, who was an authority on such, kept him well up to the mark.

Dick was a good horseman, inasmuch as he could stick to anything he could throw a leg across, but he had a tendency to ride hard. He had read up all the hunting literature on which he could lay his hands, but as yet had never ridden to hounds.

That he should have an experience at his first meet was in the nature of things; and that he should be the unconscious instrument in the hands of fate for his friend was in the nature of the unexpected, and "it is the unexpected that happens."

The Bounding Brook is the oldest and most important of all those hunt clubs that have sprung up around New York within the last fifteen years. It was situated in the centre of a rolling country well timbered, with stiff post-and-rail fences; but more important still, from a sportsman's point of view, were the charming country residences of many of the "smart set" who lived in the neighborhood. This set had adopted hunting and the pink-coated hunters as their own particular *protégés*, and though few of the women followed the hounds on horseback, they all contrived to be in at the "death" in every conceivable kind of a trap. The talk of the neighborhood was all horse and hounds, master and the whips. The

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price, pedigree, and record of every hunter could be told you, as he carried his master into the field.

Owing to a severe drought crops were backward and hunting did not begin until October. So Dick Gattle had time to become well acquainted in the neighborhood, and make friends with the regulars, an operation in which he succeeded admirably. By the time the doctor joined him he was perfectly at home in the congenial surroundings, and wildly eager for the dawn of the first hunting day.

It came at last; an ideal autumn day veiled in the golden mist of early fall. The meet was near the club-house, yet Dick was one of the last to ride up, so anxious had he been to perfect every detail of his hunting costume; for like the Spartans of old, who used to deck themselves out for their greatest battles, Dick had put his whole heart and soul into his first hunt toilet.

The master of the Bounding Brook hounds was a sportsman to the tips of his fingers. It was in him to be the greatest statesman, writer, or artist of the day, but he preferred to devote all his talent to fox-hunting. He had hunted with every great pack in the world, and had introduced into the conduct of the Bounding Brook Hunt Club all the very best theories and practices that experience could suggest or wisdom devise. He gave the best sport attainable, and if sometimes crusty over the misdemeanors of his followers, was very popular and regarded as a final authority on hunting matters.

The doctor had not met the master as yet, and Dick had met him only once; but in the meantime each had sent in a large subscription to the hunt, and, in consideration of that fact, the master was ready to accord to both the full privileges of the club. Dick rode up to him just as he was moving off to covert.

A hound's sharp whimper proved that Scatterbrains had stepped on him, and as the master turned angrily with "Mind the hounds, if you please," Dick felt horribly out of place, and realized that his overture was ill-timed. All he received in exchange for his greeting was, "Will you please keep back till we throw off?"

Dick was dreadfully put out, but forgot it the next minute when the hounds gave cry and streamed off at a furious pace on a scent breast-high. Dick looked around for the doctor, but he was not in sight; and finding himself at the head of the field, he put Scatterbrains at the first fence, but that old campaigner refused so suddenly as to nearly send Dick flying over his head. Then he remembered the advice given in poli-

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tical, as in hunting clubs—namely, to follow the leader. Of course he was a stranger to the country, and could never hope to be in among the first; so he pulled Scatterbrains to one side and let a dozen or more pink coats precede him. Then he put his well-named charger at the same fence and sailed over like a bird.

He found he could hold his own, and was going along gaily when the man in front of him suddenly shouted, "'Ware wire!" and pulled his horse across Dick so as to cause a severe carrom, which quite threw Scatterbrains out of his stride and he refused the fence, which was wired at the top.

This unpleasant little interruption left Dick far behind; but seeing that the hounds had circled round to the left, he determined to take a short cut across a big field which the hunt had circled. It looked green and easy, and he was congratulating himself on his cleverness when he became aware of a farmer running toward him, gesticulating, pitchfork in hand, and swearing like a trooper.

"Get off my wheat, you —— red-coated dude!" yelled the irate rustic. Dick used discretion and fled ignominiously before the advance of the pitchfork.

The pack having been checked, he was soon up with the field. The scent was picked up again, and Dick concluded that there was more in hunting than the mere jumping over fences, so he made up his mind to "lay low," like "Bre'r Rabbit," watch proceedings, and above all to keep out of mischief. So he kept a field or so behind, Scatterbrains going easily and taking to his fences kindly. It was not a hard line that had been selected for the first run of the season, and as yet there had been no mishaps.

Now, it happened also that the drag had been laid on the opening day with special reference to the sight-seeing proclivities of the wives and sweethearts of the hunt, and a stream of traps had formed on a road over which the hounds had passed in full cry. After every one had taken the two fences in full view of the ladies' gallery the procession of carriages moved on, entirely overlooking poor Dick, who presently came along at a hard gallop to take the fence into the road.

Then did Scatterbrains perform one of those feats which earned him his name, for as Dick, seeing the road blocked with carriages, attempted to pull up, the brute took the bit in his teeth and, with one of his mad rushes, cleared the fence and landed very nearly in a two-wheeled cart in which were two of the prettiest women of the country side.

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There was one wild shriek, and every one turned instinctively away from the awful accident; but, strange to relate, no one was killed—not even in the least hurt.

The cart was overturned, Dick was sent flying over Scatterbrains' head, and the women were frightened nearly into hysterics; but when a dozen grooms and helpers had cleared up things, and flasks and smelling-salts had been exchanged, Dick rode up to try to apologize for frightening everybody nearly to death.

It happened that he had never met Mrs. Powerton, who was driving the cart, nor her younger sister, Miss Patmore, who was with her, and as the former said to him, "A very rough-and-ready introduction this, Mr. Gattle," she smiled so sweetly upon him that he was heard to declare afterwards that he never jumped into a better thing in his life.

Of course he was hopelessly thrown out for that day, so he rode alongside the ladies' cart on their homeward way. He made them laugh heartily over his numerous mishaps, while he bowed right and left to the many smiles and nods he received from the gaily-dressed crowd that filled the traps about him.

"I wonder where the doctor is all this time?" said Dick.

"You are sensible to carry your medical attendant into the field with you," said Mrs. Powerton wickedly.

"Now see here, you know, don't chaff me. Dear old Jack Hilton's the best friend I have."

"Jack Hilton!" said Mrs. Powerton, refraining heroically from glancing in Elsie's direction. "Is he here?"

"Oh, yes! In at the death, I guess; doctors usually are. Know him?"

"We knew him very well at one time. He was at college with my brother Charley," said Elsie steadily. Dick saw the faint color creep into her cheek, and thought how wonderfully becoming a pink-faced hat-brim was to such purity of skin. She had not lost the lovely delicacy that caused Jack to liken her, one day, to one of Lehrmitte's pastels.

So, in a measure, Elsie was prepared for the meeting with Doctor Hilton that evening; while the doctor could scarcely believe his eyes, as he glanced across the table and encountered the clear gray eyes, the memory of whose glance had never left his heart. A gracious recognition on her part, a bend of his handsome head, and the years that lay between this and their last meeting were swept away.

There was no one near to explain the sweet miracle of her presence, and he was forced to turn his attention to the *menu*

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lying at his plate. Most of the participants in the first day's run had been invited by the master to dinner that evening. Dick dreaded meeting him, but found him rather a good chap and not the martinet he appeared in the saddle. And the master was pleased to thank him graciously for his subscription to the hunt, and talk very interestingly on the subject of hounds and Lord Aylesford's coverts, and the difference between hunting in England and hunting in America, to all of which Dick listened with profound attention and respect.

Of course the master did not rub it in to his youthful admirer by taking him to task for jumping on his hounds, rousing the inflammable ire of the farmer, and violating many finer points of hunting etiquette; but from one or two remarks he let fall Dick concluded that his were about the most heinous offences that could be laid against a fellow's account.

When he decently could he took refuge with his neighbor on his right; and in the sunshine of Mrs. Powerton's smiles forgot his discomforts. Two or three times he looked down the table at the doctor, and saw him deeply engrossed in a conversation on the future use of the "X ray" in the medical world.

But Dick little dreamed that under that grave exterior Jack's heart was throbbing with love and fear and delicious excitement.

For six years he had been longing for fate to bring about just such a chance meeting as this. Yet he need not have waited for the intervention of chance—as we wrongfully call it. He had but to go to Albany and see her; but wounded pride and love, and a deeper feeling, fealty to his principles, had restrained him. And here, separated only by a mass of ferns in their silver jardinière, sat the girl to whom he had given all his love and devotion. Now that his eyes rested upon the pure, sweet face, so cool and self-possessed, he glanced backward in dismayed astonishment at his one or two attempts to forget her, and deeply regretted his momentary disloyalty. There had been something pathetic in his attitude, something pitiful in his patient waiting for his empty heart to be filled. Once, even twice, he had shown marked interest in one of the brilliant women around him; but always a something deterred him from crossing the boundary line of friendship. A trick of manner would recall Elsie's little ways, a long, steady look from cool gray eyes would stir a nest of memories in his lonely heart, a certain way of wearing her hair would suggest the soft white line above Elsie's low forehead; and, true to his professional instincts, he diagnosed his case accurately enough when he

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deemed a heart thus filled with one image an unfitting offering to any other woman.

The hunt dinner progressed course by course to its close, but the superb cuisine was wasted upon two people at least at the table. The light talk and soft laughter went on around them, but it was as if they two were on an island in mid-ocean and these were but the sounds of the lapping waves on the shore.

At length the master's wife glanced at Mrs. Lemington, who smiled and nodded slightly in return, and the ladies rose and filed slowly out of the room. As it happened, Elsie was the last to go. Dr. Hilton stood in the doorway holding back with his left hand the heavy silk portière. As she approached there was no hesitancy in her manner, no confusion in her direct gaze. She extended her ungloved hand as warmly and frankly as though there were no years of silence between them. But the rose that lay upon her breast—twin sister to the brown, discolored one lying in his pocket-book—throbbed as with life, because of the tumultuous beating of her heart beneath it. The doctor let the curtain fall into its place, and resumed his seat. Saunders pushed his cigarette-case toward him and said, "Sweet girl, that."

Jack felt that he would like to press his strong, white, supple fingers just between the two neatly-turned points of that immaculate collar and crush the wind out of Saunders. Sweet girl indeed!

But Saunders, in blissful ignorance of his impending fate, flowed on.

"Somewhat eccentric, though. Lost a fortune by her change of church."

Then, encouraged by the other's close and silent attention, explained that two years before she had embraced Catholicity, much against her father's wishes, who, dying shortly afterwards, had disinherited her.

"She is living now with her sister, Mrs. Powerton, who is a widow; and—"

"A widow!" exclaimed Dick, who had joined them. "Heavens!"

"Why?" laughed Saunders.

But Dick would say nothing, only sagely shake his head, with smiling eyes. He puffed away vigorously at his cigarette, and tried to make the others rush through their cigars and wine, and failing in that, went up at once to join the ladies.

He felt that he was not unwelcome, though he had appar-

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ently interrupted an interview between the sisters. Elsie, upon coming upstairs, had gone at once to her sister.

"Lida, why did you not tell me Dr. Hilton was to be here to-night?"

Lida looked at her steadily. "I did not know it myself. And besides, what of it? You and he are strangers now; unless indeed," with the nearest approach to a sneer good breeding would permit, "you choose to tell him that at last you have complied with his wishes and become a Papist like himself."

Elsie lifted her eyes, gave her a look of silent scorn, and turned away. It was only one of a long series of fine pin-pricks, a slow martyrdom to one whose crystal-clear conscience held her guiltless of any but the purest of motives in her momentous step. It had been worse even while her father lived, for he had loved her devotedly, and his animosity was all the more bitter for his former sweetness. All his pride in her had turned to what was almost hate as he saw her persistent adherence to the obnoxious "Romish creed." He did everything in his power to turn her from her course, but with no result beyond an added strength to her resolution. No one looking at the sweet, dainty little thing would imagine the depth of character and iron-strong will beneath the soft exterior—that is, no one who had not probed her heart as Jack had done. As he left the table where for the first time he had heard of her conversion to his faith, and moved slowly upstairs, he knew with a lover's instinct that he and his importunate pleadings of six years before had had no influence over her whatever, and his knowledge of her character forced him to realize that conviction alone would shake her belief in the old, and establish her in the new faith.

When he entered the drawing-room Elsie was just leaving the piano, Dick was lolling on the sofa as near the widow as he could get, and the rest of the company were so scattered as to practically leave him alone with Elsie behind the tall palms that screened the end of the piano.

"Won't you let me hear you sing again, Miss—Patmore," he said, with the slightest possible hesitancy on her name.

She rose, and sat down again immediately, horribly conscious that Lida was an expert in seeing without looking, and finding it a relief to face anything but his deep, questioning eyes.

"It is so long since we have met I fancied you had forgotten whether I sang or not," she said, smiling a little.

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A finished coquette could not have given a better opening, but it was pure nervousness on Elsie's part, who in the last half-hour had learned to dread above anything an interview with this big, quiet man who had grown in so many ways since she had seen him last.

He did not answer her, however, but placed a sheet of music before her. One glance at it and she felt her cheeks burn. She had forgotten that Lida had put it among the rest of her music. It was a little poem he and she had found one day in an old newspaper and had set to music together. Afterwards her father had it published; but now, now she *could* not sing it. How well she remembered that golden afternoon on the great wide piazza of the Champlain Hotel, the glory of the sunlight on the low hills opposite, the intensely blue lake and sky, and the exquisite pleasure she experienced in the growing emotion for the man beside her!

She looked up and found his eyes upon her. His look was at once so compelling, so strong, so sweet, that she felt the tears spring to her eyes. She had been an alien to love lately. To let him even guess at the feeling below her calm surface would have nearly killed her after Lida's cruel words. She quietly put aside the opened page and put another in its place; but all the time she sang in her heart the words of the tender little song:

> "Some day you will be glad to know
> That I have kept you ever in my heart,
> And that my love has only deeper grown
> In all the years that we have lived apart";

and even managed to get through the song she was singing without any apparent break. There was nothing remarkable about her voice; it was just a low, sweet contralto, and the rest of the merry crowd obligingly lowered their conversational tones somewhat, letting her sing to the subdued murmur of their voices. Only to one man was she a siren singing his heart away; but he too submitted to conventionality, and merely thanked her for her song, and soon took his leave, dragging off with him the unwilling Dick. Thus closed in most prosaic fashion a chapter in two lives.

One week later Doctor Hilton was on the ocean on his way to Germany to attend a science convention. He had written to Elsie after the hunt dinner asking permission to call upon her, but she had answered by such a cold, restrained little note that he had concluded that the gleam of feeling he had seen that

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night was a thought coined from his own desire, and that she had dismissed him utterly. Then had come the sudden summons to Europe, which he had obeyed with alacrity for more reasons than one.

Just a month after his departure Miss Patmore dropped out of her own circle, retired from the world she knew, and disappeared into darkest New York. She had discovered one morning that she was not ill, nor run down, nor overtaxed, but just mentally tired of all things—Lida and her innuendoes particularly—and what she needed was a change of air and environment, unselfish work for others and less thought of herself—and she had begun to think pretty constantly of herself of late.

She had a dim, hazy idea of joining the College Settlement, but the inmates had seen enthusiasts like herself come and go. She had an idea she would be sent to nurse the sick, and visit the prisoners on the Island, and bring cleanliness and hope into miserable lives; but she found all this work admirably done by women who understood it, and who rather resented this stylish young lady's advent among them.

Her friends, Dick Gattle, Mrs. Lemington, the master's wife, and the rest called it a "new fad of Elsie's," and the amount of good she did in her voluntary exile was entirely disproportionate to her influence in her own set; but it at least gave her something new to think about, and afforded her a refuge from Lida, who fiercely resented her sister's marrying the doctor. Why, she could not have told. That he was well born, rich, as nearly famous as so young a man could be, pleasant with all his gravity, she acknowledged; but deep in her heart lay the true reason—he was a Catholic. It must have been he who had influenced Elsie, she maintained, notwithstanding the latter's declaration to the contrary.

Elsie was now for the first time coming in contact with life's seamy side. Her willingness, her faithfulness and evident desire to do all the good she could, earned the respect of her co-laborers, and she was daily being trusted with cases that required the utmost patience and delicacy to handle.

She did not delude herself for an instant into the belief that she was happy, or that she was doing that which pleased her most; but she was occupied incessantly, and that left her no time for anything but deep, dreamless sleep at night.

A message came to her one night just after she had come in, summoning her to go to a Mott Street tenement where a little child was dying from some unknown disease. She found

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the patient on the top floor, stretched on two chairs in a stifling room, the death-agony already written on the pinched little face. All night long she stayed, breathing the foul air; ignoring the facts that she had eaten nothing for hours, was tired nearly to death before the call had come, and spending her precious energy as only a young spendthrift in health would. At last when, with the dawn, the tired little baby died, she felt she could do no more. She stole quietly away, her head throbbing, her throat aching, her hands and feet icy cold.

The street at that early hour looked strange and unfamiliar to her burning eyes. The pavement stretched wearily out for miles before she came to the little room she could call her own. She was sick. Every moment she was growing worse. The pain in her head would soon be unbearable.

Suddenly she saw coming towards her a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, a man of her own class. It had scarcely entered her dulled brain that it was Dick Gattle who was beaming on her from out the misty rays of the early morning sunlight when brain and heart and limbs gave way at once, and she barely caught at his outstretched hand before she fainted.

"Well, by all that's great!" was all Dick said; but in less time than it takes to tell it he had put her in a cab, and directed the driver to make his best time between the Bowery and Central Park West, or his fingers would never close over the crisp bill held up to him.

At Lida's house all ill-feeling was lost sight of in the face of Elsie's desperate condition. Cheery Dick was like a burst of sunshine. He did everything at once and did them well. But, before he took possession of the reins of that stricken little household, he telegraphed to Jack to come home at once. Jack read the message, which ran "Elsie Patmore down with typhoid," just as he was boarding the vessel to return to New York. If he could have hired a balloon, a flying-machine, anything for speed, he would have sunk his fortune in it at that moment. But they made what the captain called a remarkably quick passage, though a torturingly long one to Jack. In one week he was at Elsie's side. For weeks death and Jack fought fiercely for the dear young life, but youth and love were too strong a combination against disease, and three months later the doctor, not alone, crossed again.

But that trip was all too short.

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"ALL THAT I HAVE DONE FOR THEM WOULD APPEAR LITTLE TO MY LOVE."

MONTMARTRE AND THE SACRED HEART.

BY REV. JOHN M. KIELY.

SOME years ago, in the month sacred to the Heart of the God-man, I stood at the gates of an unfinished Christian temple. It was an edifice of grand dimensions and charming symmetry, dedicated from its first foundations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It stood on the historic heights of Montmartre; I looked wistfully down, that morning, on the smokeless roofs of the yet sleeping French capital. Thought was busy with me then; and religious fancy naturally played with my thoughts. But who could help thinking? Filled with the genius of the place; occupied with the memory that on

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this very spot Loyola and his companions laid the foundation of the great "Company of Jesus," one naturally travelled back in spirit to the days of the church's foundation. Before me passed in particular the religious history of France—*La Belle France*, "Eldest Daughter of the Church"—her trials and her triumphs, her fidelities and her apostasies, her virtues and her faults, her centuries of well-earned glory and her dark hours of national frenzy. Yes; here, as from a pinnacle, one looks out on the checkered past of a noble land; and one cannot but discern, growing up with the national religion, walking step by step with devotion to the Incarnation Itself, the gradual and steady growth of a devotion at once ancient and new, a devotion destined to shed lustre on the religious achievements of France, a devotion which has for its object the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE BASILICA.

It was in the year 1874 that the great Basilica of the Sacred Heart was begun on Montmartre—a hill so called from the martyrdom of St. Denis and his companions, which took place here in the third century.* St. Geneviève raised a church for the reception of their remains; and in the reign of Dagobert the relics of St. Denis were removed to the famous abbey called after his name. The old Chapel des Martyres, at Montmartre, has long since disappeared. The hill is memorable even in the military history of France; and every army which attacked Paris during the Christian era has in turn occupied the heights of Montmartre. The hill was abandoned by Joseph Bonaparte in 1814, and was afterward occupied by Blücher. The Communist insurrection began on that hill in 1871.

In March, 1873, the Archbishop of Paris, the saintly Guibert, selected the summit of Montmartre as the site of the votive church. It would seem providential that so unique a site was so close at hand. Napoleon I. had selected Montmartre for the erection of a Temple of Peace. Events, however, over which even he had no control, frustrated his designs. And the grand basilica stands to-day overlooking the great French metropolis; and from its terrace the archbishop, in imitation of the Holy Father in Rome at Easter, can extend his hands in benediction over his city and his diocese. Monsieur Thiers was just contemplating the erection of a mighty fort on the hill when the archbishop secured the ground.

* Tradition says that a pagan temple, sacred to Mars, stood here in pre-Christian days.

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He built a religious rampart, more effectual than cannon-lined walls; and soon the National Assembly passed a resolution declaring the Montmartre basilica to be a work of national inspiration and public usefulness.

The style is Romano-Byzantine; the architect, M. Paul Abadie, since dead; and the cost up to the present about seven million dollars. And that great hill, the scene of so much of France's military and religious history, is now the site of one of the noblest structures on earth, a sacred monument erected by the French people, and the pride of all who are devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

Though the devotion to the Sacred Heart was present with and in the church from the beginning, in its secret spirit and in its public prayers and functions, especially as exhibited in devotion to the Passion, it received its chief impetus and its national prominence from the inspired enthusiasm of a lowly cloistered woman, a nun, unknown to the world and to fame. "The weak ones of this world" over again! Nor yet is it unusual, either in the Old Law or in the Church, that wonders should be wrought through the agency of women. Before Blessed Margaret Mary the world was blessed with such women as Judith, Mary the Mother, and Jeanne D'Arc. Judith was intrepid, and her intrepidity brought glory to her people. Mary was sinless and brought God to dwell amongst us. The "Maid of Orleans" was brave, and brought national prestige out of impending disaster. And Margaret Mary Alacoque combined

"SHE COMBINED WITHIN HERSELF SOME OF THE QUALITIES OF THE THREE."

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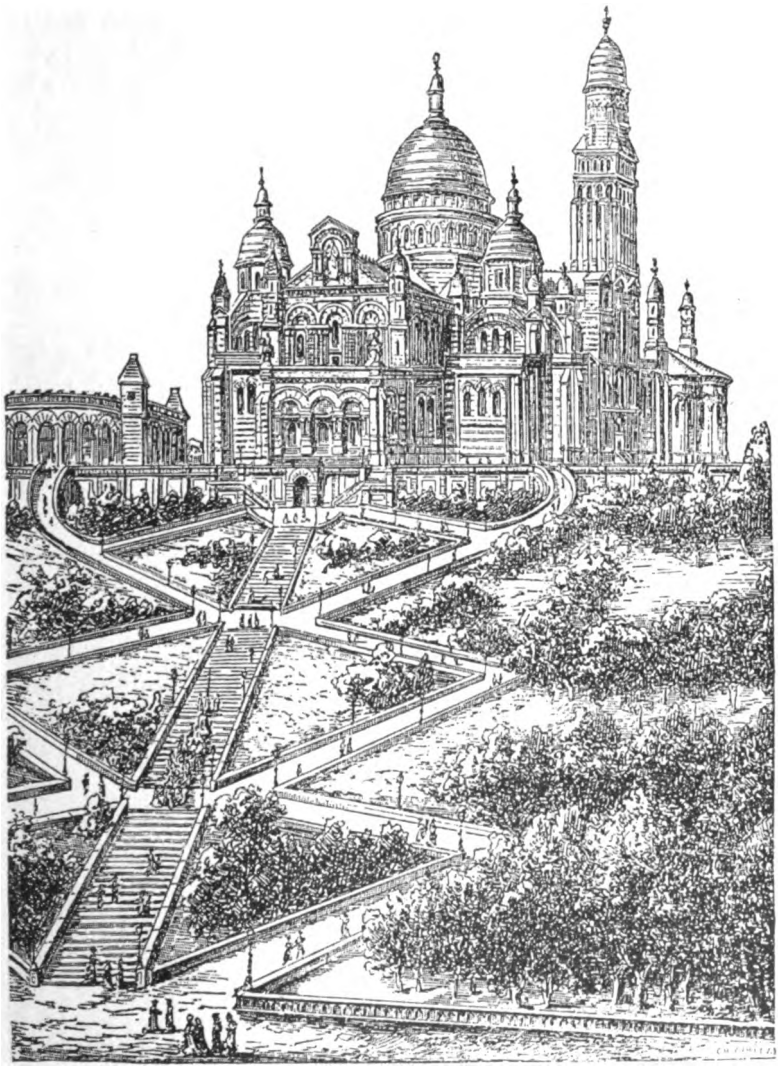
in herself in a lowly way some of the qualities of all three. Oh! how our hearts should exult with gladness and our lips ring out with praise that it has been given to us to see this day, when the children of our far-western land, in their thou-



THE GRAND BASILICA STANDS OVERLOOKING THE FRENCH METROPOLIS.

sands, bend down in adoration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as they rise up to pronounce "blessed" the name and mission of the humble Visitandine of Paray-le-Monial!

She lived in troublous times, this saintly bride of Christ—times that formed a crisis in the history of her native land.

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But what cared she? What cared the cloistered spouse, whose heart dwelt in spheres unearthly, for the things of earth around her? In her ascetic enthusiasm she cared little for the trend of national influences or the intrigues of contemporary politics. She thought not of the wars of the Fronde, just over. She knew not, nor cared, that the astute Mazarin had just died, leaving "the God-given" monarch to reign on the conceit of his motto: "I am the State." Though in her life-time figured great men, Colbert, Condé, Duquesne, Mansart; though Turenne was leading armies and Molière was delighting the drama-loving populace, and a galaxy of pulpit orators filled the land with their eloquence, she, neglectful of all, was wrapt up in one thought, and that divinely inspired—spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Nor thought she perhaps, except in prayer, of the religious troubles of her native France. That land continued Catholic, though nearly all Europe beside—England, Prussia, Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland—had defected and torn to pieces the seamless garment of the church's unity. She only rejoiced that the church of France remained whole, came out of the conflict, scathed indeed it is true, and sorely wounded, but bearing in her heaven-directed hand the palm-branch of victory.

If this favored one, however, looked outside of herself and her cloister at all, she might have perceived stalking through the land a spectre which threw a gloom over the bright face of God's church; a spectre which kept back from God's people God's benign sacraments; a spectre suggestive of a gloomy faith, a creed implying that Christ died for only a chosen predestined few. It was the spectre of Jansenism, shadow of the spectre of Protestantism. Who knows? May it not be to counteract these gloomy teachings that our loving Lord breathed into the soul of his servant his desire to come closer to humanity; to diffuse through the entire world the life-giving rays of that Sacred Heart which so loved mankind?

"If they but made me a return, all that I have done for them would appear little to my love. But they entertain only coldness toward me. Do you at least give me the consolation of supplying for their ingratitude as far as you are able."

THE DOCTRINE.

What is the doctrine of the church regarding devotion to the Sacred Heart? This: The Sacred Heart of Jesus is to

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be adored. "The sacred Humanity hypostatically united to the Word, and all parts thereof, especially the Sacred Heart of Jesus, are the object of divine adoration." Christ, God and Man, is to be adored with one and the same divine adoration in both natures. Hence the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations, as to two separate natures and to two separate persons, were condemned. So, too, were the Eutychians.

The Sacred Heart which we adore is the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of his immaculate Mother, and in taking deified it; and it is the Heart of God, lowly and life-giving, adored with divine worship on earth and at the right hand of the Father in heaven. It is the Heart of the Man-God. The contradictory of this is condemned in the bull *Auctorem Fidei* as false, captious, derogatory, and injurious to the pious and true adoration as exhibited by the faithful to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; while "the doctrine which rejects the devotion of the Sacred Heart as among those devotions described as erroneous, or at least dangerous, is false, rash, pernicious, and offensive to pious ears." It was even urged by sectarians as improper to adore, with the worship of Latria, the whole humanity when separated from the divinity; as if there could be any such separation. Hence the very bloodless Body of Christ in the three days of death in the tomb was adorable, without separation or division from the divinity.

FOUNDER OF THE "COMPANY OF JESUS."

We adore the material Heart of the *divine Person*, Jesus Christ; that living, beating Heart of flesh within the breast of the Man-God; that Heart throbbing for the eternal welfare of the dear ones he came to save. This devotion is directed to the Heart of Jesus; the Heart overflowing with love at the Last Supper; the Heart so sad in the Garden of Olives; bursting with grief on the Cross, pierced by the rude soldier's lance;

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lifeless in the sepulchre, the victim of man's cruelty and of man's sin. In Jesus Christ, one Person, there are two natures, both in one, inseparably united. Everything, then, that belongs

THE OLD CHAPEL DES MARTYRES.

to the Person of Jesus Christ is divine, and to be adored by men. This is the doctrine, in brief.

To-day the Basilica of Montmartre is the great national "vow church" of France. Pilgrimages are frequent and imposing. Recently an association of physicians, numbering seven hundred, visited the "Doctor's Chapel," and prayed for the religious future of France.

As a matter of course the Freemason body are up in opposition to the shrine. At the close of their convention last year one of their orators said: "We solemnly promise to betake ourselves to the heights of Montmartre, preceded by our banner and robed in our symbolical insignia, and will sing a hymn of peace beneath the dome of that monument. We will proclaim there the definite downfall of the pope, the ruin of the Jesuit body, and the triumph of free thought."

Absit! Cor Jesu Amantissime!

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MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM has already done good service in a particular walk of literature, in tracing the genesis of the modern book, from the sculptured tablet and the papyrus roll down to the beautifully-bound, compact, and portable volume such as we find it issuing from the press bearing his own name. He is a most painstaking and scholarly inquirer, and appears to have entered upon his task in the spirit of earnestness and impartiality. Lately he gave us *Authors and their Public in Ancient Times;* as a sequel to this we now have *Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages.** This volume deals with that much misunderstood group of centuries, with their ill-defined bounds, ordinarily referred to as the Dark Ages. The darkness began with the sack of Rome in the fifth century by Alaric and his Visigoths; but it did not continue by any means for so long a period as many writers would have the world believe. Mr. Putnam does not hesitate to proclaim the fact that it was owing to the church and its "lazy monks," as the religious have been so often styled, the world has had all the classic literature we know of preserved to it. St. Benedict at Monte Cassino began the work of preservation as soon as the barbarian at Rome had finished the work of destruction, and all over the civilized world his great idea was taken up by the patient and loving hands of the men and women who seemed to have been raised up specially for the preservation of grace and civilization. With St. Benedict he associates the famous Cassiodorus, historian and statesman; also the earlier Gallic *littérateur* and bishop, Sidonius. Cassiodorus, in the monastery of his foundation at Vivaria, had established the practice of copying ancient MSS. as part of the rule of the order, as did St. Benedict a little later at Monte Cassino, and the many other houses of the Benedictine Order which sprang from that noble source. In all of these the *scriptorium* was part and parcel of the mon-

* *Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages.* By George Haven Putnam, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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astery and its daily life. To the two illustrious statesmen-prelates named, Cassiodorus and Sidonius, the world is indebted also for the only historical record of the period immediately succeeding the wreck of the vast Roman Empire. None of the learned laymen of the period—and they were many—could be found self-sacrificing enough, or possessed of sufficient literary or historical tastes, to leave posterity any memorial of the mighty events which convulsed Europe when the deluge of barbarism, bursting its flood-gates, swept over the plains conquered by the luxurious Roman civilization. Those chapters of Mr. Putnam's work dealing with the literary *modus operandi* in the monasteries first, and later in the universities, will afford much valuable instruction. Those also in which he traces the gradual development of the book-craft into a regular publishing system, are full of evidence of close archæological inquiry. The share which the early nuns had in the production of beautiful MSS. is not the least interesting portion of his patient inquiry.

If individuals and communities are weighed and judged by their deeds rather than their years, the fifty years of life on this soil which the good Sisters of Mercy are just now celebrating might be counted as an æon. Their jubilee deserves indeed the description of golden, since those years of work were of the purest, brightest, most sterling of all offerings at God's holiest shrine of charity. We welcome the volume in which these labors are briefly recorded as a valuable memento of many a past brave deed for heaven and humanity. It tells the story of the sisterhood, since its plantation here, in a most unpretentious and yet absorbing way. The spirit in which the Sister of Mercy goes about her work shines all through its pages. Vivacious, genial, smiling at privations and obstacles endured and overcome, or to be yet encountered, it breathes more the heart of the crusader than the reputedly weak spirit of the gentler sex. We are confident it will be read with the most unalloyed pleasure by the thousands who know of the work of the noble sisterhood and would willingly help them to carry on that work to the utmost limit of their competency.

It was the great-hearted Archbishop Hughes who originally brought the Sisters of Mercy to New York. He knew of their devoted work in Ireland, and he saw a still wider field for it in the United States. In Ireland the order was not then fourteen years old, but its fame was already world-wide. To the mother-house in Baggot Street, Dublin, to Rev. Mother Mary

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Cecilia Marmion, went the bishop, and prayed hard with her to send him some sisters to found a house in New York. She could do nothing but refer him to Mother Mary Agnes O'Connor, who was then in London establishing a house of the order there. So impressed were these two with each other when they met that an agreement on the subject was entered into with enthusiasm, and on the Easter Monday of 1846 Mother Mary Agnes herself, five sisters and a novice, sailed from Liverpool to undertake a new and heavy responsibility. On the 26th of May, in the same year, they took possession of their temporary house in Washington Square, and this is the anniversary which gives date to the jubilee the sisterhood now celebrate.

Previous to their advent a branch house had been established in another part of the United States—namely, at Pittsburg, Pa.; but this was, of course, too remote from the diocese of Archbishop Hughes to be of any service to him. It was, moreover, the branch of a branch house, and he deemed it best for his purposes to go to the *fons et origo* of the charity, the mother-house itself.

Of the work done by the sisters of the order during those fifty years only one book could contain the record, and that book is not kept by human but by angelic hands. In the school-room, in the hospital, amid the pestilence, yea even where the bolts of battle hurtled fast and thick and the rivulets ran red with blood, have they carried out the vows they pledged in the bloom of their fresh young maidenhood. Work such as theirs must have been in the mind of the Laureate who wrote:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

The late Father Hecker was a close friend of the sisterhood, and in especial of the late Mother M. Augustine McKenna. When that lady was created superior he called to congratulate her. On leaving, he said to her impressively, "I am going to give you a maxim as a little guide: *Monstra te esse Matrem.*" And no mother ever fulfilled a treasured injunction more completely or conscientiously.

To Archbishop Corrigan and to Bishop Farley the sisterhood acknowledge their gratitude most warmly. To the latter especially, who from his position has been brought closely into relation with them, they are attached by the ties of the sincerest affection. Excellent reasons why this should be so are to

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be found set forth in the course of the events related in this jubilee volume. The work, it may be added, has been most tastefully produced by the firm of Benziger Brothers.

Whatever else may be said of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, want of industry cannot be laid to his charge. He works diligently, as one bent on improving the shining hour. The art of the lightning-change variety actor is now imitated by this literary worker. From the repellant romance of the dishonored cloister to the calm atmosphere of that every-day society wherein the divorce court is an indispensable piece of mechanism, is the translation which we experience in *Adam Johnstone's Son.** In other hands this might mean "out of the frying-pan into the fire," but Mr. Crawford has attained a delicacy in the handling of such subjects now which may be compared to the bland art of the court physician. There are no shocks to be encountered in this book; everything is gently broken to the feelings. It is saturated with a mild half-melancholy, half-cynical philosophy of life and society, something like George Eliot's, but *minus* the pleasant acridity of that profound positivist. The book has been turned out in handsome style by the publisher. Not the least attractive part of it is the couple of dozen half-tone drawings by A. Forestier with which it is ornamented. These are gems of drawing and printing.

Anything relating to the tragic story of the hapless Queen Mary Stuart commands an interest now that the malice of history toward her is being gradually exposed. The public mind is well prepared for such a work on this theme as we just have from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J. It is in the form of an historical romance founded on Babington's Conspiracy, and the main facts of which the reverend author has derived from the work of a Protestant historian, John Hosack. Father Spillman has given to his novel the title of *The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon*,† and he has adopted in its narration the antiquated phraseology, together with the use of the first person singular in the telling of the story, in the manner which Weyman, Crockett, and others deem the orthodox mode for the historical gleeman. There is no prosiness in this book —no sham philosophy or wearying platitude. It is full of action, and gives a vivid and no doubt faithful picture of the

* *Adam Johnstone's Son.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† *The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon.* By Joseph Spillman, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

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evil days wherein the lines of the unhappy Queen Mary were cast; also of the noble faith and constancy of the martyr-monarch and the few who still clung to the old ship amid the savage storm of Calvinism.

Richard Harding Davis is at his average form in a half-dozen tales beginning with *Cinderella.** They are little bits of bric-a-brac, showing a fondness for the by-paths of sentiment in many familiar forms of city life, from chambermaids and bootblacks up to the people who ape the ways of millionaires. These little literary Watteaus, as we may call them, have each a purpose, it is to be noted—generally a pessimistic one, despite the light vein in which they are written. But readers of this class of literature look to it more for its likelihood of passing the time—much as court jesters were used long ago —than for the lessons they inferentially convey, or even the story they tell; hence Mr. Davis's latest venture ought to be successful. A gentle cynicism is the spirit of the time, and this is what the author strives for.

A People's Edition of the Rev. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* † is a valuable addition to our stock of modern literature. The tonic effects of a little excursion into this realm are not as yet sufficiently valued. Even those who scoff at such reading might not repeat the vulgarity if they really knew what virtues this great specific possesses. But to the devoted Catholic it is especially good to read of the glorious lives and deaths of the army of his church's saints, to sustain his faith and his courage in the incessant and often dispiriting struggle against adverse forces and depressing turns of human destiny. This edition of the Lives is a very portable one, solidly bound, handy to carry in the pocket, and although the print be small the type is clear. It is issued in twelve parts, the idea being to divide the issue so that each part shall contain all the saints of a month. Part I., for January, is that which is now ready.

An admirable supplement to the *Memoir of Father Dignam, S.J.*, is the work descriptive of his methods for spiritual retreats.‡ Data for this work were taken down from the late father's own

* *Cinderella, and Other Stories.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *People's Edition of the Lives of the Saints.* By the Rev. Alban Butler. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates.

‡ *Retreats given by Father Dignam*, of the Society of Jesus; with a preface by Father Gretton, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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lips by his faithful chronicler and fellow-priest, Father Gretton. In his introduction to the work the author gives us so many touching instances of the entire devotion and self-effacement of Father Dignam, as to convince us that no one could be better fitted than he to lead his listeners in the illuminated path of spiritual abstraction and the higher life. The love for the Sacred Heart which glows throughout all his discourses was the most conspicuous trait in this holy man's life. His meditations, reflected in this collection, are full of the sublimest views of the end of life and the relations of the soul to its Creator. In the Introduction by Father Gretton the interest of the reader cannot fail to be aroused by the facts with which the author prepares the minds of the readers for the more serious and elevated field of thought beyond.

A new work by the renowned Father Kneipp, of Wörishofen, is a perfect thesaurus of recipes for cures of bodily ailments. In this volume, which he has suggestively styled *My Will*,* the benevolent priest leaves to mankind all that he has learned of medical treatment for many painful maladies during a long life of diligent study and laborious work for the benefit of suffering humanity. Father Kneipp treats all forms of disease by two simple methods only. The bath and the herb of the field he finds to be the sovereign specifics for anything that is curable; and these remedies of nature he has tried in thousands of cases with most marvellous success. His great sanitarium in Bavaria is renowned throughout Europe, and is always thronged with suffering subjects, high and low. Rich and poor are alike welcome there; his house is open to all; the lame beggar is received as warmly as the aristocrat. Wörishofen, as a consequence, is a place thronged all the year. As many as thirty thousand patients have been known to visit it in a single year.

Father Kneipp's knowledge in medicinal herbary is encyclopædic. He has written many most useful works on this special subject. But this his latest work, *My Will*, is more of a general bequest to the mass of humanity than a guide for any particular school of science. It is a perfect treasure in a large house.

A second edition of Volume V. of M. W. R. Clark's translation of Hefele's *History of the Councils of the Church* has now been published. It would seem that here the series was destined to come to a stop, as it would appear from the editor's

* *My Will: A Legacy to the Healthy and the Sick.* By Sebastian Kneipp, Privy Chamberlain to the Pope and parish priest of Wörishofen, Bavaria. New York: Joseph Schäfer.

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preface that the earlier volumes have not attracted that wide attention which their importance claimed. The new edition has had much valuable matter interpolated or added. The most considerable of these alterations occur with reference to the sections of the work referring to Pope Honorius and the Monothelite heresy. A vivid picture of the many distracting controversies which rent the early church before the great points at issue had been definitively and authoritatively settled is obtainable from this scholarly work. It will be seen, from the keenness of the analyses and the impartiality with which the various aspects of each controversial topic is presented, that the reputation which Tübingen has acquired as a centre of learning rests upon solid ground. The present volume deals with all the transactions of the various synods and councils, East and West, from A. D. 626 to A. D. 787.

In the sacred ministry the encouragement and solace of poetry may not be lightly disregarded. Whilst the priest's office makes him stand apart from his fellow-men, his human soul is no less susceptible of the soothing influences which noble poetry brings than other mortals'; and in truth the continuous exercise of the duties of that office makes his need for such extraneous support frequently greater than that of those who toil in mundane fields. The sacred office itself has furnished the theme for many sublime songs, and it is a good service which the editor of *Lyra Hieratica** has rendered in collecting the best of these poems in one volume as a help for both clergy and laity. Especially in the case of young men preparing for the priesthood will this work be useful, for much of the study through which they must go is of a character so seemingly hard and repellant that it needs the warmth of loftier lines of thought to brighten it up. Father Bridgett has made his selections from a great number of authors; yet his own is no 'prentice's hand when it touches the magic lyre, and he has enabled us to judge of it by the insertion of some half-dozen poems on great priests and thoughts connected with the priesthood, his own composition. One of these *morceaux* crystallizes his thoughts very aptly. He calls it "Archimedes' Fulcrum":

"'Give me a resting-place beyond earth's sphere,
Then from its place earth's mighty bulk I'll rear':

* *Lyra Hieratica:* Poems on the Priesthood. Collected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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What Archimedes asked to thee is given,
O Christian priest! to raise the world to heaven.
That spot unearthly is Christ's altar-stone:
Place there thy levers—men thy power will own."

Vol. VII. of *Pepys' Diary* * is now to hand. It is embellished by some good plates, including a mezzotint of Lely's portrait of Lord Brouncker, and another of Pepys' quaint little house at Brampton.

Of essays upon Homer † we fail to remember the time when there was a lack; and still, so unfailing is the fountain of suggestion which springs from that immortal source, we are unconscious of satiety when any ingenious new interpreter claims our ear. We can read with pleasure and profit the essays on the Homeric poems which Mr. William C. Lawton delivered a short time ago for the University Extension Society of America. To those who have never read Homer they will be persuasive to begin the study; those who know the poet's work wholly or partly will derive much help from such a scholarly and discriminating cicerone. In the preface to the little volume the author treats with judgment upon the want of a good English translation of the Greek text, and the difficulties in the way of those who would attempt a poetical one, owing to the length of the Homeric line and the want of inflexional endings in the English language. There is perhaps more made of this difficulty than it really demands. Dante's great work might have seemed as formidable a task for the transformer of poetical raiment, until Cary's fine rendering solved the problem—at least to our thinking, as far as it can be solved. The adapter, like the poet, is born, not made; and the natal hour of Homer's adapter has not as yet, it seems, struck.

It is hardly beneficial to get a peep into the inner life of M. Ernest Renan. Such a glimpse is given us in the posthumous Memoir and Letters ‡ now published as translated by Lady Mary Loyd. If M. Renan had given us a close narrative of the mental processes by which his belief in revealed religion was destroyed some interest must naturally have been aroused,

* *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S.* New York and London: George Bell & Sons.

† *Art and Humanity in Homer.* By William Cranston Lawton. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

‡ *Brother and Sister: A Memoir and the Letters of Ernest and Henriette Renan.* Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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if only because of the literary reputation of the author. But he does not; neither does he reveal the reasoning which led his sister Henriette to abandon her fervent Breton faith for his indefinite and contradictory form of deism. A paradoxical character, even more so than himself, Henriette Renan appears to have been, judging from these unsolicited revelations. A gentle, loving creature, too, who made great sacrifices for her brother. But is it the best of taste to give to the public such particulars of family life, such disclosures of domestic feelings, as we find here? The facts of the case do not warrant it; a modest soul would shrink from it. The French mind is credited with excellent taste; it is only in trivialities it is shown, in such cases; in great matters, it appears, the most glaring breaches of decorum can be made, without exciting much comment.

As a literary composition this work stands high; but it is at times full of that exaggerated and often artificial sentimentality which is a pre-eminently Gallic characteristic.

The very admirable series of Summer-School books now being issued by the Chicago firm of McBride & Co. are eminently worthy the attention of students everywhere. In Vol. i. we have "Buddhism and Christianity" (Mgr. d'Harlez), "Christian Science and Faith-Cure" (Dr. T. P. Hart), "Growth of Reading Circles" (Rev. T. McMillan, C.S.P.), "Reading Circle Work" (Rev. W. J. Dalton), "Church Music" (Rev. R. Fuhr, O.S.F.), "Catholic Literary Societies" (Miss K. E. Conway), "Historical Criticism" (Rev. P. C. De Smedt, S.J.) Volume ii. of the set is also ready. It embraces five essays, on such diverse subjects as "The Spanish Inquisition" (Rev. J. F. Nugent), "Savonarola" (Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D.), "Joan of Arc" (J. W. Wilstach), "Magna Charta" (Professor Swing), and "Missionary Explorers of the North-west" (Judge W. L. Kelly). Father Nugent's paper on the Inquisition is valuable in the extreme because of its candor and its impartiality. The spirit in which he has approached his difficult subject is well summed up in his own words: "No man should proceed to write history who has a case to make out." He has no case to make out, but a moral to draw; and that moral is, it is not the privilege of any age to sit in judgment on the acts of a past one without taking into account the universal spirit of the time and the peculiar conditions which prompted to such acts. As for the church outside Spain, it is well known that it did its best to restrain the Spanish Inquisition, and gave no example

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itself in its methods of dealing with recalcitrants. The Messrs. McBride are doing excellent work in publishing these Summer-School essays. Each volume is neatly printed and its binding is solid and tasteful. For the style in which the work is produced, the price of fifty cents each volume is decidedly reasonable.

I.—CENTENARY HISTORY OF MAYNOOTH.*

It was eminently fitting that such a memorable celebration as that of the centenary of Maynooth College should have a permanent chronicle commensurate to the interest and dignity of the theme. The bishops of Ireland were unanimous, we believe, in deciding that the task of historian would be most worthily fulfilled by Most Rev. Dr. Healy, coadjutor bishop of Clonfert (and titular bishop of Macra). Dr. Healy's rank as a scholar is high, but, like many other men of true scholarly attainments, his modesty is such that very little is ever heard in the outside world concerning them. But his venerable brethren in the hierarchy know his worth, and this fine monument of his learning and industry vindicates their selection. A handsome quarto volume of nearly eight hundred pages, splendidly typed, embellished, and bound, is now the outcome of the commission. When we glance rapidly over this work, and find the elaborate mass of facts and names and multitudinous administrative details with which it abounds, coming in course after the profound literary work which comprises the history proper, and then consider that all this was put together by the distinguished author within the space of eight months—all the time placed at his disposal for the completion of the memorial—we do not think it hyperbole to say it establishes a record in book-making. The historical survey of the state of religion and learning in Ireland, under the penal laws, indispensable to such a work, is most valuable. It has necessarily taken the author over a vast field. He has been obliged to trace the history of Catholic education for Ireland in the colleges of Spain, France, and Belgium—and this not in any mere cursory way, but shedding upon the subject all the light which the most diligent search into the mass of historical materials connected with the various establishments in those countries enabled him to acquire.

* *Maynooth College: Its Centenary History.* By the Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., LL.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin: Brown & Nolan, Ltd.

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A vast number of plates, including some rare portraits of Irish bishops and priests of the penal times, are embraced in the volume. The binding is in sea-green cloth with a heavy morocco backing. It reflects high credit upon Irish handicraft to have so fine a work to point to in these days of perfect book-making in countries of better equipment.

A Centenary Album is also issued by the same firm. This comprises all the plates given in the larger work, as well as the centenary ode, delivered at the opening ceremony, from the pen of one of the theological students, W. A. O'Byrne—a very stately example of the lyric art.

2.—WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S LATEST BOOK.*

This little book is the essay to which was awarded the Fletcher prize of Dartmouth College, for 1894. It is a discussion of some of the ruling ideas of the age from the Christian stand-point; an effort to ascertain the relation of Christianity to some of the problems of modern life. It is a stimulating and instructive piece of writing, and characterized throughout by good sense.

The character of the book may be indicated by the titles of some of the chapters. Some of the best parts of the book are to be found in the chapters on The Sacred and the Secular, The Law of Property, Religion and Politics, Public Opinion. Dr. Gladden is well known for his strenuous insistence on the duties of Christian citizenship. His chapter on Religion and Politics is an admirable exposition of how the Christian law obliges a man to fulfil his social and political duties. It is suggestive also, in so far as it shows the influence that a Christian minister may exert in promoting these ends, and it shows also how such influence may be exercised so as to accomplish good results. He speaks of the dangers that come from neglect of the duties of citizenship, and of the disastrous results that must come if the moral sense is deadened in regard to such duties. His conclusion contains a truth which cannot too often be repeated these days: "There is no salvation for this land of ours from the rising flood of factional strife and corporate greed which threatens to engulf our liberties, save in the heightened sense of the sacredness of the vocation with which every citizen is called" (p. 183).

* *Ruling Ideas of the Present Age.* By Washington Gladden. Pp. 299. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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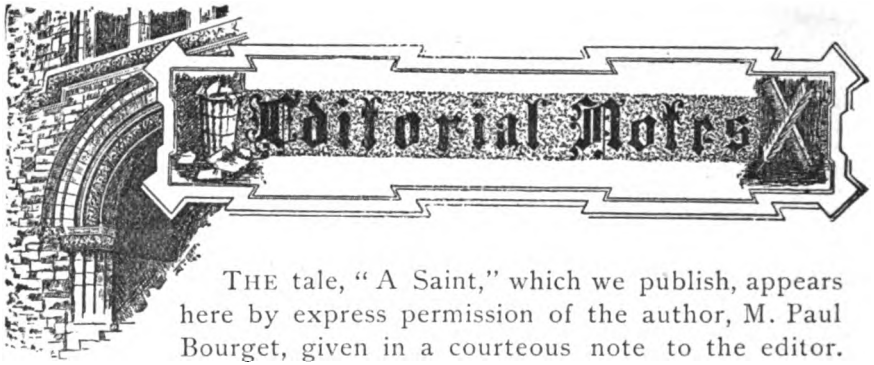

THE tale, "A Saint," which we publish, appears here by express permission of the author, M. Paul Bourget, given in a courteous note to the editor. The translation has been made by an accomplished hand.

A marvellous record has been made by Rev. Father Searle's book, *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*. It is only a few months since it was first given to the world, and the last edition issued from the press indicated that it marked the printing of the 153d thousand. We believe this success to be, in the records of religious literature, phenomenal.

The friends of peace have much reason to be hopeful for a new spirit in man, from the many declarations in favor of arbitration which recent disturbing events have elicited. A very impressive declaration in favor of a peace policy as between civilized nations has just been made by the three great representative cardinals of the English-speaking countries—Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Logue, and Cardinal Vaughan. This memorial, in pleading for the substitution of a permanent tribunal of arbitration for the *ultima ratio regum*, voices the consistent policy of the Catholic Church. During the ages when there were no sectarian differences to set people against each other, the quarrels of kings and princes were often peaceably adjusted by the Holy Father, after a careful hearing of the opposing equities. In no task was the august figure of the Sovereign Pontiff more gracefully beheld than that of peacemaker and umpire. But if in these later days non-Catholic nations may not be willing to invoke the services of the Holy Father in this sublime *rôle*, it is still feasible to establish an arbitration tribunal for the settlement of international disputes, as we have seen demonstrated at Geneva. War means nothing but a relapse into barbarism; arbitration the reign of common sense and the spirit of justice.

There are two great measures now before the English Parliament. One is a new Irish Land Bill; the other a new Edu-

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cation Bill for England. So great is the magnitude and the complexity of these two important proposals, that it is feared only one of them can pass through Parliament this year. The attempt to pass both may result in the loss of one, at least.

Of the Irish Land Bill it may be said, briefly, that it is drawn more in the interest of the landlords than the tenants; that its principle acknowledges that the judicial rents fixed in the past few years have been fixed too high, and yet it provides no machinery by which they may be reduced for the vast body of the Irish agriculturists. About two hundred thousand of these will be obliged, therefore, to continue paying rent that the soil does not yield for several years to come, so far as this bill is concerned. Hence the bill has been received with profound dissatisfaction by the great bulk of the Irish farmers.

The Education Bill, on the other hand, while arousing a storm of indignation among the secularist party, has been hailed by the Catholics and others who desire religion not to be divorced from education as a great step in the right direction. It embodies the all-important principle of recognition of the parents' right to a voice in their children's education. This is the only recommendation it possesses, however, in Catholic eyes. Its scope and provisions have been carefully considered by the English Catholic bishops, under the presidency of Cardinal Vaughan, and the judgment of the distinguished body is set forth in a series of five declarations embodying recommendations for the emendation of the bill. The preamble to the protest contains one statement whose gravity cannot be over-estimated. From the results which are already observable, the venerable signatories to the manifesto have no hesitation in stating their profound conviction that if the present system of secular School Board education were to continue in England, another quarter of a century must almost complete the dechristianizing of the great bulk of the English people. To such an extent has the spirit of heathendom already permeated the teaching machinery of the country that the whole work of St. Augustine is well-nigh undone.

But the bill, while an advance on previous legislation in some respects, does not make matters much better for Catholics than

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before. While laying down the principle that liberty of conscience is sacred, and that it is the right of the parents to have their children educated according to that principle, it refuses to give to Catholics even elementary education upon the same terms as it grants to Board Schools. Therefore the bishops condemn it as unjust and as stultifying the government's own proposition. The aid which it gives to voluntary schools belonging to other denominations is in marked contrast, in point of liberality, with the grudging relief it affords to the hard-struggling Catholic parochial schools. A committee of Catholics has been formed to emphasize the bishops' objections and strive for the improvement of the bill. The Catholic Truth Society has also thrown itself into the work with great alacrity. But the enemies of religious education are no less active, and the whole country is now being aroused over the question in a way such as no internal controversy has provoked in England during the present generation.

Very generous tributes were paid to the memory of Father Marquette by several members of the United States Senate on the occasion of the acceptance of Wisconsin's statue of the great explorer. This would certainly have been the reception accorded it under any circumstances; yet it is not unreasonable to believe that an added warmth was given the proceedings by the resentment felt at the action of the pitiful creatures who endeavored to raise a clamor about a priest's statue being given an honored place in the nation's Valhalla. It would be a sorrowful augury for our future were our public men in high places to suffer themselves to be cowed by a few shouting specimens of the genus popularly known as scalawag. When men prove themselves unable to discern the claims of genius, bravery, and devotion to humanity for the love of God, they have proved that American institutions and American history have no lessons for them. This is no age and no country for them, and they had better go home.

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

A RUSSIAN SOLUTION OF THE UNEMPLOYED QUESTION.

(*From the Review of Reviews.*)

IF Western civilization has much to teach Russia, it can at the same time with great advantage go to school of the Russian nation. To most of us Russia is an unexplored country possessing many of the terrors of the unknown. But the more we study the real Russia, and not merely judge the whole country by a superficial view of the surface, the more we will see that there are many things which we might well take to heart. An example of this is to be found in the January number of the *Sevyerni Vyestnik*, in which Dr. A. Isayeff, one of the first political economists in Russia, draws a comparison between the present labor conditions in America and Western Europe and those now existing in Russia, much to the advantage of the latter.

The professor sums up the deplorable tendencies of capitalism toward self-aggrandizement at the expense of labor as seen in foreign countries, and concludes that the Russian labor system (*Artyel*) affords an effective safeguard against the development of similar conditions in Russia. By this system the laborer is equally workman, master, and shareholder. For instance, suppose the order to build a house is given. An *Artyel* is at once formed of bricklayers, painters, carpenters, etc.—as many as are required—each of whom deposits in a common fund a certain and equal sum of money which represents his share. This sum may vary from one shilling upward, according to the cost of material, size of house, etc. An honorary manager is then elected from among the workmen by vote, and this manager is invested with the power to carry out all sales, purchases, etc. Of these he has to render an account to the general body. When the work is completed and paid for, the profits are equally divided and the workmen separate to form new *Artyels*. The result of this system is that the Russian workman sees that by being industrious and by practising strict economy he will be able to save money, and then either to buy land or set up in trade and employ *Artyels* on his own account. Finally, as the workmen when so engaged all live together at the common expense, all have a general interest in keeping expenses down as low as possible, as the profits will be then all the greater.

Besides this, every peasant who is a member of the village commune has an interest in a plot of land, originally reserved for his benefit by the state, and which it is forbidden him to dispose of. The Russian unemployed, therefore, can always fall back on this as a last resource, and hence it is impossible for him to be reduced to that state of utter penury and wretchedness which is only too often seen among the unemployed in other countries. The Russian government has recently given, and is still giving, much study to the conditions of labor in the country, and by the introduction of new factory laws for the protection of workmen, systems of life insurance, etc., is doing very much to ameliorate the condition of the working classes.

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The Russian aristocracy, inasmuch as they generally hold aloof from all commercial enterprise and study of the lower classes, cannot be accounted as a civilizing factor in the Russia of to-day, although there are many individual members who devote their lives and fortunes to the betterment of the people.

Dr. Isayeff concludes that the present conditions of Russian labor are far more favorable than those existing in Western Europe and America, and expresses his conviction that Russia will be able to afford a satisfactory solution of a question which is now embarrassing so many foreign states, wherein the governments are quite powerless to introduce measures for the protection of labor against capital.

(From the Literary Digest.)

A RECENT issue of the Berlin *Tageblatt* contains a correspondence from St. Petersburg giving an interesting account of the social condition in Russia, especially the relation of employee to employer. The report may perhaps be somewhat rosily colored, but for all that it is good reading. The account is in substance the following:

During the past season there have been labor troubles in some of the factories in various parts of Russia, some of which have been marked by violence. The careful examinations made by the government in all these cases have brought out the fact that there is in Russia no decided and pronounced class opposition between the working-man and the employer such as is found in Western Europe in consequence of the agitation of the socialist-democratic party. In Russia this party has practically no existence, and the labor troubles in question in these factories were in nearly all cases caused by differences of lesser importance, which could have been removed by a little attention on the part of the employers. To a small extent only the troubles were occasioned by the manufacturer having insufficiently paid the laborers, and having permitted their subordinates to abuse their privileges over against the working-men. In consequence of this it has been determined to direct all subordinate officials in these factories to cultivate "that good-natured and hearty relationship toward the working-men which is characteristic of the Russian people," and the factory inspectors have been ordered to see that this mandate is carried out. They are to make it a chief concern that the employers use their employees in a just and fair manner and thereby secure their confidence, which will then do away with the danger of the repetition of these troubles. As the finance minister of the empire has determined that the officials in charge of the factories shall carry out the spirit of these directions, the state officials express the hope that the industrial circles of Russia will be spared that class animosity between the working-man and his employer which causes so much trouble elsewhere. The purpose is to establish the relationship between the two classes on moral and ethical bases, and not merely upon that of supply and demand.

CATHOLICS AND HIGHER STUDIES.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times.)

THE notion born of anti-Papal prejudice, that the universities were at the outset a sort of lay revolt against ecclesiastical predominance is at variance with too many facts to bear close examination. These institutions still show so many

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marks of the influence exercised upon them during their early careers by the clergy and the Head of the church that it is impossible to hide the source from which they received their early inspiration and strength. Whilst the "Reformation" lowered the level of intellectual culture at Oxford and Cambridge, the higher education of the Catholic clergy was effectively provided for at Douai, Rome, Valladolid, Seville, St. Omer, and elsewhere on the Continent, the students receiving their training from professors of marked ability and distinction. The practical mind of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan recognized the disadvantages resulting from the multiplication of diocesan seminaries, and on his becoming metropolitan he began, with the approbation of the Pope, a work of concentration for the midland and southern parts of the country, the Hammersmith seminary being abolished and the students transferred to the central college at Oscott, the Bishop of Clifton also disposing of Prior Park and taking a similar step with regard to the students. Much has been done to raise the standard of studies, "but," remarks Dr. Casartelli, "it must be acknowledged that there are serious deficiencies (*de graves lacunes*) in the higher teaching of the English clergy. Indeed, to tell the truth, higher studies, properly so called, do not yet exist. I refer to the study of historical criticism, archæological research, diplomacy, Biblical criticism, Oriental languages, the comparative history of religions, psychophysiology, and other branches of deep study such as are taught, for instance, at the Institute of St. Thomas, Louvain, and elsewhere." In our opinion, as a general proposition this statement of Dr. Casartelli cannot be disputed. We have, as he says, half-a-dozen men or more who are highly distinguished as savants, especially in historical science, but it must, we fear, be admitted that our colleges are not likely sensibly to increase the number of such scholars.

The suggestion Dr. Casartelli makes with the view of insuring an improvement in the higher studies of ecclesiastics is that at least the more brilliant amongst them should, as well as the laity, have the opportunity of frequenting the universities. In this way they would have access to "the sources of the best intellectual culture, and would possess the advantages afforded by great academic centres, with their atmosphere of deep study and research, their libraries of precious manuscripts, and all the appliances of higher teaching." In other countries Catholics are equipped or equipping themselves for the purpose of taking the lead. We are convinced, with Dr. Casartelli, that the question is an exceedingly serious one for the future of the Catholic Church in England.

ERRORS IN CARLYLE'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION."

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

QUITE a formidable list of mistakes as to fact in Carlyle's "French Revolution" is submitted in an article by Mr. J. G. Alger in *The Westminster Review* for January. Speaking of the lack of facilities for the composition of such a work sixty years ago, Mr. Alger says that even had the facilities been greater, Carlyle would perhaps have refused to sift the rubbish-heaps; for on July 24, 1836, when nearing the end of his task, he wrote to his wife: "It all stands pretty fair in my head, nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to plash down what I know in large masses of colors, that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance, which it is." Mr. Alger thinks that Carlyle's conception of the Revolution would not have been modified by further evidence, and that the

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work itself will never lose value. It was not, he says, in Carlyle's temperament to revise subsequent editions of his books. From a man in whom, as in primitive times, priest, poet, and historian were blended, we cannot expect studious watch for corrections. Carlyle's books are said to have always made him ill, consequently when once finished he thought no more of them. A book with him was the eruption of a volcano—once active, thenceforth at rest. Mr. Alger regrets that Carlyle did not keep his work posted up to date, nor pay any attention to the deluge of publications on the Revolution which was going on during the latter part of his lifetime. "But," says he, "Carlyle was a seer, not an antiquary, and some inaccuracies do not prevent his book from being a classic. Just because it is a classic, however, it should now be edited."

Among the "less excusable" mistakes of Carlyle the following are noted:

"At the opening of the States-General he makes the procession go from St. Louis Church to Nôtre Dame, whereas it went from Nôtre Dame to St. Louis, where La Fare, Bishop of Nancy, after drawing an exaggerated picture of the oppression of the peasantry, turning to the monarch, exclaimed, 'And all this is done in the name of the best of kings,' whereat the expected plaudits resounded. The nobles did not at that ceremony wear 'bright-dyed cloaks of velvet,' but black ones, to match their black coats, vests, and breeches. The cardinals alone, and there could have been only three, wore red copes, the other prelates having rochets and purple mantles. It is a slight matter, but Paris was not divided in 1789 into forty-eight districts, but into sixty; on the subsequent division into sections, however, there were forty-eight. Nor did Fouquier Tinville notify sentence of death to Lamourette or any other prisoner, for he was not judge, but public prosecutor. Mme. de Buffon, Egalité's mistress, was not the 'light wife of a great naturalist too old for her,' nor even the widow, but the daughter-in-law. . . .

"Carlyle probably died without any consciousness of his gravest mistake, his account of the king's flight to Varennes. It was not till March, 1886, that Mr. Oscar Browning, who in the previous autumn had been over the ground, showed, in a paper read before the Royal Historical Society, that the account, while a 'very vivid picture of the affair as it occurred, in its broad outlines consistent with the truth,' was 'in almost every detail inexact,' almost every statement false or exaggerated.' Carlyle's cardinal blunder was that he took the distance from Paris to Varennes to be only sixty-seven miles, whereas it is one hundred and fifty. I should imagine that he confused Varennes-en-Argonne with Varennes-Jaulgonne, a village not lying far off the route now sixty-six miles by rail. From this blunder flowed a whole catalogue of errors."

BISHOP POTTER ON THE DANGERS OF THE TIME.

IN an address delivered at the dedication of Grace Chapel, New York City, Bishop Potter said:

"The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful, and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time, for the church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it,

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men and brethren, unless you and I, and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents, or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope—then verily the church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence!"

NEW BOOKS.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

The Gospel of Buddha. By Paul Carus. Fourth Edition. *On Memory and the Specific Energies of the Nervous System.* By Professor Ewald Hering. *The Psychology of Attention.* By Th. Ribot. *Three Lectures on the Science of Language.* By Professor Max Müller. *The Religion of Science.* By Paul Carus. Second Edition. *The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution.* By E. D. Cope, Ph.D.

P. LETHIELLEUX, 10 Rue Cassette, Paris:

Voltaire et Le Voltairianisme. By M. Nourisson, Member of the Institute.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., London:

The Monastic Life, from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. (Eighth vol. of *The Formation of Christendom.*) By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

A History of the Jewish People. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. *The Jewish Scriptures.* By Amos Kidder Fiske.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

A Christian Apology. By Paul Schauz, D.D., Ph.D. Translated by Rev. Michael F. Glancey, D.D. (3 vols.)

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. By Maurice F. Egan.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Month of May at Mary's Altar. From the French, by Rev. Thomas F. Ward. *Jesus: His Life in the Very Words of the Four Gospels.* A Diatessaron. By Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S.J. *Conscience and Law; or, Principles of Human Conduct.* By Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. *Memoir of Mother Mary Columbus Adams, O.P.* By Right Rev. W. R. Brownlow, D.D., Bishop of Clifton. *The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By Rev. F. Arnoudt, S.J. New Edition. *Spiritual Bouquet.*

NEW PAMPHLETS.

Germanization and Americanism Compared. By Charles F. St. Laurent. C. F. St. Laurent, Montreal.

Church Social Union Publications: American Trade Unions. By Rev. W. D. P. Bliss. *Legality and Property of Labor Organizations.* By Richard Olney, Attorney-General of the United States.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR:

Agricultural Conditions and Needs.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

PREPARATIONS are now almost completed for the fifth session of the Catholic Summer-School on Lake Champlain. Regular lectures will begin July 12 and extend to August 16. Apart from the intellectual attractions the Summer-School affords an ideal place for vacation. Its location is superb. Every portion of its property commands beautiful views of the enchanting Lake Champlain, the majestic Adirondack Mountains, and the historic Green Mountains in Vermont. It is easily accessible from New York and from the principal larger cities. It affords every opportunity for rest and healthful recreation of all kinds—boating, fishing, bathing, walking, riding, driving, mountain-climbing—and gives to the lover of nature an opportunity of viewing some of the most beautiful scenes in this country. Moreover, Catholics can there meet delightful people, many celebrities in intellectual pursuits and dignitaries of the ecclesiastical world. They can own their summer homes and build cottages or palaces according to their tastes and means, and thus they will have the privilege of building up a Catholic settlement which is sure to exert a potent influence on the welfare of the church in this country.

The success which has attended the past sessions of the Summer-School on Lake Champlain, and the approbation it has won from many eminent prelates, joined to the significant fact that it has received the special blessing of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., in a letter sent to Cardinal Satolli, augur well for its continued prosperity. It has already become a factor to be reckoned among the Catholic influences at work in this country. The increased interest in Catholic literature, of which many evidences have been given during the past few years; the public courses of lectures delivered in various cities; the recognition now accorded to the solid work accomplished by Catholic Reading Circles throughout the country by systematic plans of reading and study, and by university-extension courses; the establishment and success of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School at Madison, Wis., are all indications of its influence and its capabilities. It would be well, therefore, for our Catholic people to give this movement serious consideration and cordial co-operation.

During the session of 1895 from fifteen hundred to two thousand people attended the lectures. They came from towns and cities of the United States and Canada, and went away with many new ideas and new methods of work, which they have lost no time in putting into practice in their own localities. They were not only intellectually refreshed, but religiously strengthened, by the best thought of the world presented in lecture and sermon by unselfish masters of study. As a result every one went away impressed with the power of the church in her ceremonies, her liturgy, and her unity, realizing it probably as never before.

Anything that tends to organize and unite the Catholic people is a benefit. It is very desirable to increase the number of those who are thoroughly competent to defend the doctrines and the practices of their Church. This the Summer-School very efficiently helps to do. The simple fact that so many Catholics are gathered together and are enjoying the same broad, intellectual training corresponding to the needs of the day, is a source of hope, because it is an indication of strength. Such association must necessarily result in benefit to the Church throughout the

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country, because each individual becomes a centre for diffusion of the information acquired.

The lectures announced for the first week, beginning July 13, are:

Experimental Psychology, by the Rev. Edward A. Pace, D.D., Ph.D., of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; The Philosophy of Literature, by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., of St. Louis; Christian Archæology, by the Rev. J. Driscoll, S.S., D.D., of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada; Mexico, by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Adirondacks, by Mr. S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y., the eminent lecturer and traveller.

Second week, beginning Monday, July 20: Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Early German Literature, by Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D., of the College of the City of New York; Shakespearean Recitals, by Sidney Woollett, Newport, R. I.; the Hon. Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, of the Supreme Court, New York City, will deliver one lecture; subject will be announced later.

Third week, beginning July 27: English Literature, by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of St. Charles's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Metaphysics, by the Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., Boston College; Music, by the Rev. Henry G. Ganss, Carlisle, Pa.; Galileo, by the Rev. Andrew E. Breen, D.D., St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Fourth week, beginning August 3: Sacred Scriptures, by the Rev. Hermann J. Heuser, of St. Charles's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Physics, by the Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, S.J., of Woodstock College, Md.; Evolution of the Essay, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, LL.D., of Baltimore, Md.; Historical Studies, by Dr. Kellogg, of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Fifth week, beginning August 10: Studies in Social Science, by the Rev. Francis W. Howard, of Jackson, Ohio; American History, by the Rev. Charles Warren Currier; Some Phases of New England Life, by the Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, C.S.P., New York City; Sir John Thompson, by the Hon. Judge Curran, Montreal, Canada; Our Northern Climate and How it Affects us, by Sir William Hingston, Montreal, Canada; Hawthorne, by John F. Waters, of Ottawa, Canada.

The Board of Studies has also arranged a course of five dogmatic sermons for the morning services, progressing from the apologetical course of sermons of the last session. It seems preferable that there should be no formal sermons at the Sunday evening services. In their stead the Board of Studies proposes a course of five popular instructions on the common objects employed in Catholic worship.

A full and comprehensive prospectus will soon be issued, containing in detail all information concerning the session of '96. Address The Catholic Summer-School of America, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

* * *

A recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Catholic Summer-School disclosed a very favorable condition of affairs. The committee felt sufficient confidence to authorize the letting of contracts at once for such buildings and improvement of the grounds as would enable the next session to be held thereon without fail. The first buildings will be an auditorium and a restaurant. Other cottages will be built, roads and walks made, also sewers and water-mains laid. The committee received positive assurance that the electric railway from Plattsburgh to the grounds would be ready for operation by June 15.

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One of the most encouraging reports made to the committee was that the contract had been let for the erection of the Philadelphia cottage, and that it would be ready for occupancy at the next session.

The Trunk Line Association has granted the usual reduction of fare on the certificate plan of full fare going and one-third of full fare returning. The limit on tickets will be from July 5 to September 1. The other passenger associations will no doubt grant the same concessions.

The fees for lectures will be as follows: Full course of seventy-five lectures, $10; fifteen lectures, $3; single admission, 25 cents.

* * *

The distinctively social work of the Catholic Church in the United States is now a subject of inquiry. Many students of Sociology are seeking for a book in the English language that will give an adequate account of the literature on the social question from Catholic thinkers. The information gathered by the Columbian Reading Union has awakened considerable interest in the matter. Among the many letters received none was more welcome than the following from Mr. William Richards:

I was quite surprised and gratified to find in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of last March nearly two pages of quotations from my essay on "Labor and Property," which I prepared for the Catholic Congress of 1889. The fact that M. C. M. considered it so timely, over six years after its publication, as to justify its partial reproduction in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, leads me to suppose that some readers would be glad to see the whole article; and therefore I write now, at the kind suggestion of M. C. M., to say that the essay was published in the "Official Report of the Proceedings of the Catholic Congress held at Baltimore, Md., November 11 and 12, 1889," by William H. Hughes, 11 Rowland Street, Detroit, Mich. It was also included in "The Souvenir Volume of the Centennial Celebration," etc., by the same publisher in the same year. I suppose that both these volumes are scarce and rarely to be found in bookstores. Probably many of the delegates to both conventions and many priests have copies.

I am glad to see that the members of the Columbian Reading Union are giving increasing attention to the study of the literature of the Social Question. It is indeed the burning question of the day, and the one question which Catholic students should be and can be best fitted of all people in the world to cope with, to discuss and elucidate. Let me repeat here what I said in that essay, that the labor organizations and State efforts of our day, however cunningly devised, must fail to accomplish the great end of human society because they do not embody or make place for the divine principle of charity. With a very few exceptions, in France and elsewhere, they are mainly intended to advance merely the temporal and material interests of men. "For all these things," said our Lord, "do the *heathen* seek." Humanity cannot be saved by heathenism. The highest good of human society, by the order of its divine Creator, depends upon the harmony of the natural order with the supernatural order.

Dr. Brownson demonstrated, over forty years ago, in his profound criticisms of the fascinating theories of Owen, Fourier, Saint-Simon, Cabet, Leroux, and other Socialists, that if the supreme good of society is sought for on the assumption that that good lies in the *natural* order alone, and that the supernatural order is a myth, and therefore to be ignored and unheeded, then, however numerous and powerful may be your merely humane, philanthropic, and co-operative measures, yet the end of it all must be inevitable failure.

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Helen Campbell declared that there could be no mitigation of pauperism until "the whole system of modern thought is reconstructed, and we come to have some sense of what the *eternal verities* really are." True enough! But need I add that only the Catholic Church can teach those "eternal verities," that she alone can solve the problems that are worrying the souls of men? For she alone has the light that can enlighten our darkness. She alone has the word suited to our condition; and what more we need is to have that word given to the hungry millions who are waiting and gasping for the Bread of Life.

Can the members of the "Reading Circles" engage in a nobler work than this of first learning, and then teaching by precept and example those hungry millions, the true solution of the grand Problem of the Age?

Chevy Chase, Md.

* * * *

The April number of *The Book-Buyer*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, contains some useful hints by Miss Louisa Stockton on the organization of a reading club. She writes:

In planning for a new club the first thing to decide upon is its purpose. Upon this point the projectors should have a distinct understanding. If it is to mean the reading aloud of a book by one of the members while fancy-work and the candy-box employ the others, very little organization is needed. An hour and place for meeting, with a confection fund, should satisfy all requirements, except perhaps a double digestion—the one to which Bacon alludes and the other upon which the physician relies for permanent practice. But if sincere co-operation in intellectual improvement is the object, a good working basis is needed from the very start.

In regard to numbers there must be some consideration of one or two points: It is not well to begin with a large membership, yet it should be large enough to insure a good representation. In a town or village where club-day has few rivals a regular attendance may be relied upon, but in a city other engagements must create fluctuation in numbers, and make differences in the quality of meetings. Begin with a small number, say not more than ten, and add as suitable candidates present themselves. Do not make admission too easy, and beware of the people who come to see how they will like it.

When a club is young and supposed to need advice it gets many warnings against over-organization; but it is clumsy organization, and not over-organization, that is to blame nine times out of ten. A road can be made rough as easily by a brief constitution as by a long one, and every society has known the little by-law which has lurked on some shady page until it has seen its opportunity and pounced on the most reasonable action. Sometimes the fault is of omission, as, for instance, when terseness is desired it may seem unnecessary to define the duties of officers. But if this clause is omitted, the practical work will in consequence naturally gravitate to the most active officer. If this officer is the president, the secretary becomes little more than a directed assistant; while if the secretary is the force, the president is passive until something occurs of which he does not approve. Then he comes to the front, not always to settle difficulties but sometimes to create them. If, however, the responsibilities and limits of each officer are understood, there should be neither unconscious shirking nor conscious encroachment. For every reason it is wise to settle upon some form of government in the very beginning and not leave legislation for emergencies. A rule made in a hurry is made for a specific condition and may be entirely unsuited to all

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others. . . . It may be here said that very few organizations require a constitution; by-laws are more manageable, and where a society is incorporated the charter becomes its constitution.

In regard to committees, Miss Stockton advises that the chairman should be careful not to ignore the other members. Practically the chairman is usually required to do most of the work, but he should, if only in appearance, throw some of the responsibility of decision on the members, or before long he will find his committee among his critics, and miss both their assistance and moral support. As far as possible each member of the club should be assigned to a committee, and to each official work should be given. In this way an *esprit du corps* will be developed, the best workers discovered, while each individual has the advantages in education which even the small affairs of a club must give its workers.

The president is an *ex-officio* member of all committees, but it is just as well for him to leave them to conduct their own meetings and make their own reports. A good president will always be a final authority, and he need never volunteer to be the hill-horse. One of the most important rules to be observed by a presiding officer is one of the most absolute and yet most often broken—he is not at liberty to argue. The chairman of a meeting is not supposed to have opinions unless it becomes his duty to cast a deciding vote. If he wishes to advocate either side of a question, he should leave the chair and so surrender the unfair advantage of his position. A chairman should never force members into antagonistic relations with the chair. Nothing is more fatal. If you are chairman, and such a position is assumed by a member on the floor, ignore it. The office has its own dignity, and the officer who maintains it will in the end gain not only the moral support of the members but the definite assistance.

A president should be self-controlled and watchful, alert in recognizing either a lack of interest or an undue zeal to continue in much speaking. He should understand the subject of the meeting, know the programme and keep it in hand. Facing the audience as he does, he perceives whether interest is maintained or not, and he should have the firmness to check the too voluble member, and the quickness which will ward off stupidity. In a word, he should stand between the members and the impositions of either platform or floor. After the meeting is over, let him turn a deaf ear to that very intelligent and ready member who knows so well how the meeting should have gone, who should have spoken, and who has been suppressed, but who wards off all possible criticism upon himself by an unflinching and steady refusal to do anything during a meeting to help either chairman or members.

M. C. M.

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"Father Callaghan in Manner, Activity, and Devotion to his Work strongly resembled the earnest Founder of the Mission" (*page 506*).

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIII. JULY, 1896. NO. 376.

HALF-CONVERTS.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

"ALMOST thou persuadest me to be a Christian," said King Agrippa to the Apostle. Perhaps he only scoffed at him and spoke ironically. If not, he was one kind of half-convert, and a bad kind. He was a man of detestable vices joined with full knowledge of the truth. He loved his evil ways, and therefore lived and died half-way to salvation.

To be half-way to Catholicity is a calamity, if one wilfully stops there; it is a glorious promise if one will go on. Many come half-way, and live and die trying not to go the other half. Others come half-way, and it is the best that they can do for many years. At last they become wholly converted; although provoked at their own procrastination, they cannot look back and be certain that it was sinful. A very practical problem of the missionary is to find means to draw such souls on—to lead or push them forward into the church.

Of course there is no such thing as a half-convert in the sense of getting half the good of the true religion. Half-converted is not at all converted. One may have all the truth and none of the faith of Catholics. Faith is not halved, it is one and indivisible. *Human* belief, call it human faith if you like, picks and chooses, and so is master of its belief. The Catholic is mastered by the truth, and freely owns subjection to it. Catholic faith believes all because it believes on the truthfulness of the divine teacher of all. The Catholic mind is mastered by an objective teaching force—God revealing through his Church.

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All this is true, and is evident. Yet one is no fool if he believes a doctrine moved by its own credibility, though he has not yet settled the question of the source of his knowledge. And every Catholic doctrine is credible intrinsically: one because it has convincing historical evidence, like church organism; another because it fills a void in the soul, like the real presence; yet another because it links earth to heaven, like the intercession of the saints. Especially must human faith go by bits and pieces and quarters and halves from little truth to much, and at last to a full persuasion that God does reveal by means of a teaching church. Instantly the spell of faith rests upon the conscience of such a man. He is guilty or innocent of the dreadful sin of resisting the grace of faith as soon as he is humanly certain of the veracity of God in the teaching church. But seldom will you meet a mind strong enough to stake everything at the very beginning upon the question of the divine foundation of a teaching church.

This answers a difficulty of some missionaries: Why not confine our discourses to the main question, namely, Did God found a teaching society? But, we answer, the main question is too much to start with for the common run of minds. Rarely can we begin profitably by making our own game—let the inquirer do it. A mere morsel of truth is often too much. Milk for babes; and even grown people must have their food carefully cooked. The main question is often a very raw question. It is excellent sense to stick to the main question with two classes: first, the rare minds ruled by reason; second, the half-converted. First find out how much a person can stand, and then act accordingly.

Many truths of the faith are capable of belief standing alone, though their very loveliness sometimes hinders weak spirits from craving for more. Therefore we first let men choose their own question and give them what they will accept, never failing to say at least something about the main question before getting through. Many men are half-converted by a detached doctrine—say, belief in purgatory, or in the scriptural basis of confession. No men are ever wholly converted before being half-converted (allowing for a few exceptions), and remaining so for a notable lapse of time. The wise husbandman can handle the grub-hoe as well as the sickle. Let us not be above teaching the religious alphabet.

The work of conversion is often as much a straightening of the mind's action as it is depositing truth in it to be acted on.

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Often one must pick the gravel out of the mental machinery before feeding it with raw material. Protestantism is no friend to close reasoning, and its votaries are its victims: they must have the truth fastened on their mental faculties as a brace is fixed upon a child's crooked leg. The first work of the missionary is frequently to make crutches of the truth of God and offer them to crippled intelligences. The teaching of correct religious reasoning must, as a rule, go before the very beginning of even human faith. We have often noticed this; and it explains why at non-Catholic missions our steadiest auditors are lawyers and doctors and journalists and educators; they are delighted with argumentation clearly done; they seldom get it from Protestant pulpits. This accounts, too, for the great preponderance of educated persons among our converts. The trained mind is half-converted. As soon as it is well informed of Catholic truth, it needs only to be honest and to be given time to become wholly converted.

The truths of religion, apart from that of church authority, are like the staves of a barrel without the hoops. They suggest church authority as staves lying in a heap suggest hoops. One outside the church who has a large portion of Catholic truth finds it necessary to keep standing it up and holding it up by ever-renewed investigation and argument. The Catholic looks to church authority to do that—looks to the hoops to keep the staves standing and united together. He is sure of all his beliefs because the plainest one of them is the teaching authority of the church. Now, some minds outside the church do not know enough of the quality of religious truth to understand the need of its being taught by church authority. You give them their start just as you go to work to make barrel-staves: first, you are glad to treat of any religious matter with them. Others are half-converts already, and need only a skilful management of the question of authority. Our Protestant Episcopal brethren lay claim to all Catholic truth, yet try to get along without infallible authority, or they substitute a makeshift. And that is like tying the staves of a barrel together with pieces of rope. The truths of religion must be held together by one encircling truth as strong as any of themselves in essence, and unique in its binding power.

To be a skilful persuader one must learn to build up conviction by beginning at either end of logical completeness. So we say that men are partly converted by coming to believe any Catholic truth. A further fact is that one truth calls for an-

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other, and helps the mind to receive it. The obvious conclusion is the practical wisdom of instructing non-Catholics about anything and everything they are willing to consider. The faith of Christ is, indeed, a habit of mind, a power of believing; but it is also a list of doctrines and facts. Preparation for faith is thus twofold, the gaining of real knowledge, much or little, and the adjustment of the intelligence and will to the tendency to belief, to inclination, to open invitation, to actual receptivity. The knowledge of truth in whole or in part looks to the gaining of the habit of faith.

No class is so interesting to the missionary as half-converts. They are as interesting to him as half-perverts are to the parish priest. The latter class is very small, outwardly; but stalwart Catholics will sometimes tell you that in early days they "nearly lost the faith," and were saved by some good priest who was patient with them in confession, or by a true friend who kept his temper and argued instead of scolded. In like manner half-converts are made whole ones by kind words of truth in private, by good example, by a live book, by a stirring sermon, by a good lecture.

This is to be remembered—the quick half of conversion is often the first half. Many a man in our times is led on to conversion by his own generous defence of Catholics against calumny. If one but saves a mangy cur from cruel boys, he half likes the dog. And in fiction the rescue of a maiden from peril of death is a stock beginning of the hero's happy love-making. The glorious old church, so popular, so gentle, so kindly to the sinner, so stiff against error and so sweet to the erring, so consistent, so full of heroes, so various and so unique, so vast and so personal—the Catholic Church finds defenders among infidels and sceptics and Calvinists. They begin as advocates of fair play, and end as champions of Catholic truth—half-converted. Along comes a missionary, and after his course of lectures our defender of the faith is at war with his own conscience; many slip back into indifference, others practise self-deceit, a few finally come in. If we had more missionaries the number of converts of this kind, and of every kind, would be vastly increased. If every town had a supply of well-assorted missionary literature converts would be greatly multiplied, for half-converts are everywhere.

On the other hand, in many cases it is not the first half of the journey that is easiest, but the second—it is often the first step that costs. Convince an old-fashioned bigot that the

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church is not anti-Christ, and you have shaken him to the centre. It is a curious thing that Newman found it hard to believe that the pope was not anti-Christ. A genuine bigot—supposing him not to be a numbskull—does nothing in religion very easily or by halves. Earnestness of character is the cause of his bigotry, that and deception. A bigot is a good hater, and generally an honest one—easily made a good lover, often made so very suddenly, but usually with a dreadful wrench. Saul of Tarsus was a bigot, "and suddenly a light from heaven shined round about him," striking him blind and destroying his appetite. I know not whether an honest bigot will come in sooner than an honest ordinary well-wisher of the church, given the same amount of missionary influence; but this I know, God as often rewards intense honesty coupled with deep error, as he does great willingness to learn the truth coupled with timid hesitancy.

Let us work away at all classes. Some are moving on facing towards us, and need to be drawn, to be enticed, to be good-naturedly assisted every way. Others are coming towards the truth walking backwards. They are backing out of Protestantism, and yet will not make the avowal that they are backing into Catholicism. We must get around them somehow or other, and face them, so as to familiarize them with the mighty truth that man cannot be left to construct a religion for himself—it must be ready made for him, and by his heavenly Father. Let a fairly good mind study this proposition—God made men to be taught—study it calmly, and he is soon half-converted.

Half-converts are plentiful. There are whole towns where the non-Catholics are half-converted, so kindly are their feelings, so ready are they to listen. Then there are the many thousands of families of mixed religion, whose non-Catholic members go on for years half-converted. There are bright men and women who have read much, others who have travelled much; and these say, If any religion is true, it is the Catholic. Some are partly converted even as to Catholic worship. To go to Mass on occasions, to make the sign of the cross, to wear a medal and believe in its meaning, to invoke the Blessed Virgin and the saints, is not this half-conversion? We admit that some such persons move earth and hell for ways and means of how not to be fully converted, but Heaven is working the other way. Personal influence is strong with these. They can be pushed in of a sudden, though that

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is risky. They can be gained very often by being induced to attend a good, rousing mission to Catholics: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and the end of procrastination.

What think ye of Christ, whose Son is he? was once the main question in Israel; we should make another phase of it the main question in Christendom: What think ye of the Catholic Church, whose Bride is she?

Let us claim truth wherever found, and try to fix God's trade-mark upon it, the Catholic sign. Try anything to move along the lumbering mind to active study, or perhaps the cowardly heart to the dreaded ordeal of actual instruction and reception into the church. Moral topics are good for those who admire right living, doctrinal for those who know how to reason. Try history; it is the tracings of God's finger upon the map of time, and it proves his church. If one is zealous to make converts, let him act sensibly and in good taste, watching for the right moment. Be eager to make converts, and be willing to make half-converts. Half a loaf is better than no bread.

We meet with many converts who were helped first and last by intelligent religious conversation. The social circle is a religious arena, if one would but have it so. We talk to our friends about everything except religion, or only exceptionally about religion. Now, as a mere topic, as a time-killer, religion is of interest to everybody; managed by a Catholic, it is a conversational apostolate. Throw much truth; some will stick. As to good books, and pamphlets, and leaflets, and periodicals, they are like bread upon the dining-table; we may dispense with some things in moving souls towards the truth, but never with the Apostolate of the Press.

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THE DAUGHTER OF MME. ROLAND.

BY A. E. BUCHANAN.

IN a city like London, the metropolis of England, it was a real pleasure to see men and women—many of them of rank and nobility—on their rounds of charity and pity. We noticed one lady in particular as she entered hovels in the slums west of the city—there are hovels in the west as well as in the east—and left the warm glow of love where all before had been cold and dreary. This lady was the daughter of the gifted authoress whose talent was wrongly used during the time of the French Revolution in 1848, consequently whose works gained for her most sad notoriety, especially as she was a relative of one of the same name who was guillotined in 1793.

Mlle. Ilene Roland was born in Paris, one of a family of five; but at the time of the French revolution of 1848 only she and her two brothers were living, and when her mother's position became insecure, she was sent with the younger one to the south of France. Her description of this journey is interesting:

"One night we were packed up in the well of a small conveyance, covered over and nearly smothered by a little feather bed which marked us as luggage. I can only remember that we dared not speak to each other, although we had every reason to believe that we should be suffocated for want of air; and we were constrained to cry at last, '*j'étouffe! j'étouffe!*' which made no impression whatever upon the two or three gentlemen who were in the conveyance.

"Pierre Leroux was one of the party, and when we heard them say that a gendarme had put a bayonet through his hair to see if it contained any political papers—Pierre Leroux had a forest of curly black hair—we were in torture lest a gendarme should try us with a bayonet too.

"On arriving at our journey's end we were taken to a large house standing in a beautiful garden, in a village. Many people were there—all refugees—and two large rooms had been set apart for printing; this seemed to be the occupation of the majority. One day the house was surrounded by soldiers who were searching for Blanqui, but Blanqui was not found there."

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A few weeks after this experience Ilene and her brother were taken back to Paris, packed up as before. There they again stayed with their mother; but evidently for a very short time only, when it was thought best to send them to schools in that city—the elder brother had remained at college—and this began a particularly trying time for the little girl, who had always been her mother's chief companion. She knew nothing of any religion, and when asked what she was, she would answer "*Socialiste*," and being told that *Socialiste* was no religion, and ridiculed by her school-fellows for saying so, she said that it would be "some day."

In the course of a few months Mme. Roland was arrested and imprisoned, but her children were allowed to visit her three times a week; she was in the cell in which St. Vincent de Paul died, at St. Lazare. How long she remained there we do not know, but she must have been released before the *coup d'état* of 1851, as it was then that she was finally arrested and imprisoned. One day after this, when the children went to see their mother, the officials told them that she would be released again in three days, as the emperor had granted an amnesty; but this proved to be a cruel mistake, for that very night Mme. Roland was sent off to Africa. After arriving there she was compelled to travel from place to place—to Oran, Setiff, Constantine, etc.—with the soldiers.

Six months later the eldest boy took several prizes at college and was asked to dine with the emperor—the usual reward. This he declined, and was told to choose some other favor. He then asked that his mother might return to France. This was granted, but during the two or three months that intervened the death of Mme. Roland took place. The shock to Ilene was at first very great, but she grew to disbelieve in her mother's death, and as her music master had composed a piece for her, "Le Retour d'une Bonne Mère," and people were kind to her, she was buoyed up with bright anticipations which were never realized. Her guardians very soon removed her to a school in Germany, where they wished to pay the usual fees for her education; but a French teacher being badly needed just then, she was placed at the head of a class of girls older than herself.

On leaving Paris she was entrusted with a packet of papers to take to Béranger, one of her guardians. With these was her mother's will, and as in this was the expressed wish that she should become a governess, Ilene then determined on her future course of life. But she had not been long in Germany

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before it was discovered that she had a slight defect in her speech, and the fear of its being imparted to her pupils caused the head of the school to speak of her dismissal; she promised, however, to do all that was possible to remedy the defect, and she remained. Now she persevered—using Demosthenes' experiments—until what was in the least defective was completely conquered.

THREE WEEKS ON BREAD AND WATER.

But there was a strange principle at work in the school and her life was becoming very hard. Once she happened to displease a pupil whom she corrected, and was afterwards ordered to a little room at the top of the house and fed on bread and water for three weeks. On inquiry as to the cause of her punishment, she found that her pupil had told the superior an infamous story about her, the whole of which she had invented; but she had so won belief in it that Mlle. Roland was given no opportunity to assert her innocence. One evening during this incarceration she was fetched out of bed, scolded and told that she was "a Judas"—she only knew this name in connection with little round bull's-eye windows in the doors—and she was then put into a room next to the head teacher's. Of all that was said to her that night she only remembered one remark, viz.: "The reason you don't become good is that you don't pray." This she felt was true, and she was glad to have heard of "something" that would help her after all. Then she remembered that, when quite a little child, her mother had taught her the Lord's Prayer, of which she thought she recollected one sentence, *Que votre oreille arrive*, but which years later she discovered was *Que votre régne arrive;* and that night the lonely girl knelt hours by her bedside "wanting to pray" but incapable of doing so. For some months after this she was subjected to all kinds of petty persecutions; but at last the time for her to be set at liberty was approaching, although in the interim her younger brother died in France. So much had he been taught to hate religious ceremonies that he did not wish to have singing or praying at his funeral. Her eldest brother was just at this time sent to prison for his political views.

The years spent by Mlle. Roland in Germany were marked by hard work. To rise at five in summer and six in winter, and to be occupied until eleven or twelve o'clock at night—without any due rest in the day—had become so much a habit that she would never afterwards consent to be unoccupied even

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when her friends would advise her to rest. She was called by them "The living rebuke." Once, when she was staying in Paris with friends who were Socialists, she was greatly puzzled at their admiration for Monseigneur Dupanloup. But at that time she was beginning "to think a little and to believe in a sort of way in a God or Providence," as she called him. She asked an atheist how the world was created, and he replied that "it was a force that had not been discovered, but would be discovered some day"—exactly what she had been taught in Germany; "there was always a cause, then," she continued; this suggestion silenced him—they came, she afterwards told us, "to a dead blank, and a veil was drawn over the subject."

All this made her conclude that she was "nothing." Not being allowed to call herself a Socialist, not being a Protestant, and she was quite sure not a Catholic "and never should be," the only inference she could draw, when she said she was "nothing," was true enough.

BEGINNING OF LIGHT.

After having remained eleven years at school in Germany, during which time she was allowed to go away for the holidays twice, she was sent to Scotland. Having no idea of the route she should take, and being too shy to inquire, her journey lasted a week, but at last she found herself in Liverpool, and went on by boat to Scotland. There she was met by friends, among whom were girls she had known in Germany. Advertisements were answered during the five months she stayed there, and the English language was studied. Mlle. Roland taught herself by translating the *Vicar of Wakefield*, so that she was making headway a little. At last, being tired of living on the charity of others, she accepted an engagement in a farmer's family where there were five children and a baby, who was often left in her charge. She had to teach French, German, English, and music, and to sew for the household; but after the life she had led there was sweetness, she thought, in having her liberty and "delicious solitude" in the evening. A friend, a governess in Lancashire, heard of her whereabouts and occupation, and begged her to go back to England. It was some time, however, before Mlle. Roland could summon up courage to give notice of her wishing to quit, and when she did so such a storm of words followed that she was compelled to leave without half of her salary, and to walk to the railway station—two miles and a half—in pouring rain, *malgré* the fact that two conveyances

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were standing in the barn at the farm. When she arrived at her point of destination—a country place near Manchester—things were looking brighter. There was a spacious carriage at the station, and a lady "full of kindness" met her and "almost bewildered her by arrangements for her comfort." Now came experiences different to any through which she had previously passed. Every morning after breakfast the family read a chapter of the Bible, each one taking a verse. When it came to Mlle. Roland's turn she had a great sensation of choking lest her being "nothing" should be discovered. One day she was asked by a gentleman at dinner what the French called Whit-Sunday, and she was compelled to say that she did not know. He took much trouble to explain to her what the day was; but the blow had fallen, and, overpowered by the sense of her ignorance, as soon as it was possible she went to her room and relieved her pent-up feelings by a flood of tears. This became known to the lady of the house, who felt kindly for her, and it was arranged that she should see the clergyman of their church—Episcopal—who gave her a course of instruction and, in accordance with her earnest wish, baptized her. Once knowing what baptism was, Mlle. Roland had been in terror lest she should die unbaptized. She could now speak and understand English well, and began to visit the poor. The ignorance she met with surprised her, as she expected to see their religion part of themselves, and wondered how it could be otherwise. "In my case," she said, "all mention of religion had been avoided, but in theirs it appeared as if no one had ever taken the trouble to teach them." Here were colliers who could not read, and it was only when a colliery accident occurred that Mlle. Roland and her good friends could approach them to speak to them of Almighty God. "It seemed," she said, "so strange to me, now, to be allowed to try to please God; up to this time I had tried to do what was right because it was right, and because I could find no other motive."

AN ASPIRATION AFTER CERTAINTY.

Mlle. Roland's stay with the family in Lancashire had lengthened to years when the death of the father of her pupils took place. They then removed to another part of England. Here she remained until her health gave way, and she was advised to live in London. This was in 1877. She found opportunities for giving French lessons, taught in the Sunday-school, and went to her church regularly. She would only read Bible stories

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to her scholars, as she had an intuitive feeling that neither she nor they could understand the Bible itself. One day she heard a clergyman say that baptism was not necessary for salvation; this upset her peace of mind. A lady to whom she mentioned it did not give her the least consolation: "she had been to different churches, and heard different explanations of the same text—opposite views in each." Such was not Mlle. Roland's experience, and the remark was a rude shock to her religious belief. She simply said: "Suppose the clergyman in our church doesn't understand the Bible sufficiently to be able to explain it properly! How dreadful that would be! How I wish there was some church that would tell us for certain what is right!"

The verse "many are called, but few are chosen" terrified her, but she never spoke of this. One day she was looking through her mother's letters, and in one of them, addressed to a friend, there was this remark: "Read the seventeenth chapter of St. John." Mlle. Roland at once read it and continued to read it, the passage where our Lord prays that his disciples may be *one* making a particular impression upon her, especially as on the previous Sunday the clergyman of the church she attended had alluded to that text and said: "Do you think that the well-nigh last prayer of our Lord, that his church might be one, would remain unheard?" She had liked that sermon and thought much of it. But now, as she sat and considered the variety of opinions she had heard, she became worried by the confusion, and was crying bitterly when there came a knock at the door of her room, and a lady who had apartments in the same house was her visitor. Inquiring into the cause of Mlle. Roland's grief, she assured her that there was but *one* church where unity was to be found—the Catholic Church. Now, to use her own words, "a terrible and unexpected blow this was to me, for I would rather have become anything than a Catholic."

She, however, liked her visitor, Mrs. P——, and begged her to have another long talk on the subject the following day. But Mlle. Roland's Protestant friends forestalled this visit and they remained with her until late in the evening. She has told us that during this time she was in torture lest the Catholic Church should be right, and her friends, seeing her dejection, feared she was ill and prescribed all sorts of treatment for her. On their departure, however, Mrs. P—— was again asked to go and see her; and after the interview Mlle. Roland spent a night which she will never forget. "I could not sleep or pray;

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I dared not. I remained in this state of anguish for many weeks; I dared not say 'Thy will be done' in the Lord's Prayer, so I left it out." When Sunday came, instead of going to church, she wrote a note to the clergyman whom she believed in most, and begged him to show her that the Catholic Church was wrong, and the Protestant belief right. No reply was received, but some weeks afterwards she accidentally met the clergyman, who told her that when he received her note he was just going away for his holiday, but he would now be glad to help her. Meanwhile she had written to another who wrote a lengthy letter in reply, imploring her not to take the "irrevocable step" in a hurry, and not to renounce "the faith once delivered to the saints in the church of the Apostles." But by this time Mlle. Roland had proved that there was but one church giving evidence of the apostolical succession, and the letter had nothing in it to convince her to the contrary. But her clergyman friend now saw that it was necessary to add to his forces, so he called in the assistance of the lady with whom Mlle. Roland had lived so long in Lancashire and Kent, and one day our friend was surprised by a visit from that lady, who prevailed upon her to go and stay with them for a time. Here she did stay two weeks persuading herself, "with the help of Bibles, prayer-books, concordance, etc.," that she could very well remain a Protestant. Here, however, she was prevented from receiving Communion, "as there was only one other person in the church who remained to do the same." Her clergyman sent her *Jeremy Taylor* to read, and she found the book a salve to her conscience. Then, after a week's stay with the same clergyman, she returned to London, "making sure she was well armed against all doubts as to the Protestant church not being *the one true church*."

DOUBTS AND BOGIES.

For a little while Mlle. Roland purposely avoided all Catholics, but she accidentally met Mrs. P——, whom she asked to continue her friendship even if they were silent as to religion. About this time a letter full of abuse against Catholics was sent to her by another clergyman. This had the effect of making her doubt his charity. Another, when asked by a friend to write to Mlle. Roland to strengthen her in her Protestant principles, took no notice of the request; and meanwhile all her old doubts returned. She read every kind of

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book, talked to people of every creed, and appeared to be unable to steady her belief in anything. In places where she was governess all she heard was abuse of Catholics; and books and newspapers that contained any scandal against them were always given to her to read—never was there any mention of doctrine.

After hearing so much about priests, our friend began greatly to wish to see one, and above all to hear what he could possibly say in defence of *such* a religion. Determined to carry out this idea, she chose her first holiday. It was a very rainy day and disastrous to her umbrella, her gloves, and her dress, which had become so bedabbled by the time she reached the priest's house that she began to feel too ashamed to ring the bell. She did so, however, and was shown to a room where she had not long to wait in further suspense. The priest entered "looking very happy." "How can he look so happy?" she said to herself.

When asked the reason for her visit—whether she had come to inquire about anything, or wished to become a Catholic, she replied, "I do not want to become a Catholic and I much wish I had not read any Catholic books."

Still the priest asked to know her difficulties, and when she mentioned "the worship paid to the Blessed Virgin and images," he explained to her the relative and inferior honor that Catholics pay to the Mother of God, and how it was the least they could do towards her who is "full of grace and blessed among women," and he told her the story of the little girl who had been forbidden to speak of the Blessed Virgin, when, in her Sunday-school class, she had to repeat the creed from her catechism and she came to "who was born of the Virgin Mary," she called out "There she is again; what am I to do with her now?" As to statues, it was made quite clear to her that the Catholic Church never used them as images *to adore*, and the priest told her that if God had meant to say that we were never to make any, he would not have told Moses to make two graven images of cherubim and to place them with outspread wings on the altar.

REST AT LAST.

Mlle. Roland was convinced from the plain, truthful explanation which the priest gave her of all of those points which had been impressed upon her by her Protestant friends as the abominations of Catholic worship "that he was right," and she

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went home with a catechism and a lighter heart. No one could have yearned for the fulness of God's light and truth more than Mlle. Roland did at this time. Letters, never wanting in vicious and vile news about Catholic people, continued to arrive daily, and in a few weeks our friend was in extremely weak health. Her strong will, however, helped her to bear up until holiday time, when she crossed the Channel and went to Boulogne for a change. Here she stayed three weeks enjoying the restfulness the beautiful churches afforded her, and here in spite of the strong prejudices that had fought such a long battle with her best desires, and although she was, as she says, "saturated with abominable untruths about God's own Church —untruths that seemed to have become so much part of herself that what her reason told her was right her heart would not accept as such—she wrote to all her Protestant friends and told them that she now felt "quite sure of the right way," and that they had better cease from writing against it, as it was useless. Then returning to London, Mlle. Roland sought a second interview with the priest, and told him that in order *to be honest with God* she *must* be received into the Catholic Church. After some time of preparation, and having visited the confessional—which proved to be the same that she had looked into some years before, when she was so horrified at there being one on each side of the priest, not being aware of the doors between each—she remembered, as she entered the sacred place, her previous condemnation of the church and how she had hurried away from it as fast as she possibly could. But how different now, when the darkness was gone and all was light!

She had read aloud the Profession of Faith; and now a new trial was in store for her. The priest then rose from his knees, and said: "I cannot receive you yet. I would rather you waited —even if it should be a year—until you are more thoroughly convinced of the truth." This was an unexpected blow; but she soon learnt the reason, which was that she had begun to cry, as if in great grief, when she came to "I sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, out of which no one can be saved," because she did not exactly understand its meaning, and she had always omitted that sentence when, in the Protestant church, she had joined in saying the Creed of St. Athanasius.

The following day, however, she went again to the priest and offered her whole heart and soul to the guidance of his church. Then he explained to her that the condemnation men-

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tioned in the Profession of Faith does not apply to all, but to those who wilfully resist the truth, or who, having means to know it, do not make use of those means; as our Lord says, "He that believeth not shall be condemned."

Mlle. Roland was, therefore, now through her difficulties. Having always been told that Catholics would drag her by force into their church, the final trouble was more a cause of gratitude than regret.

Having told the parents of her pupils of the step she had taken, she was only retained by one family as governess, and this on the understanding that she would not speak of religion. Her youngest pupil, however, one day asked her "what would become of people who were not good enough to go to heaven and not bad enough to go to hell?" She replied that he had better ask his mamma; but the child said, "Oh! mamma will only say 'bother!'" Then he was told to ask his papa, and his reply was, "Oh! papa does not believe such things; do tell me—I do so want to know." Mlle. Roland could not resist the little fellow's entreaties and she answered, "They will be put into prison until they are good enough to go to heaven." The child must have mentioned this to his mother, for she was told in a day or two that her services were no longer required.

And now we come to the close of our description of a tried life, and to think of Mlle. Roland—the "Socialist, Protestant, and Catholic"—as she is now, although in extremely weak health —rendered weaker by a touch of paralysis a few years ago— one of the most earnest laborers in the great vineyard, heart and soul devoted to enlightening those who are in the shadow of death, never tired of nursing the sick and of relieving the wants of all to whom she can possibly become known, and at the same time continuing to give lessons as a governess in order that her work for God may not be crippled for want of means; when we think of her now, or as we saw her a short time ago, and of the deep waters through which she has passed in safety, we cannot but see the leading of a kindly Providence and the loving exercise of God's most holy will, in the life of the only daughter of Mme. Roland the authoress, whose writings were the cause of her death in 1851.

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THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

A CHINESE HOLY ISLAND.

BY T. H. HOUSTON.

BETWEEN the "Flowery Kingdom" and the "Land of the Rising Sun" lie hundreds of beautiful islands that are literally gems of the ocean. They are not large, and some are quite small, but they stand up bold and picturesque as they are approached, although in the distance they appear under the dreamy garb of an azure haze. There being little intercourse between them and the main-lands, their interior life, beauty, and mystery are often unknown to the outside world.

In the Archipelago of Chusan, just off the coast of Ningpo, China, is the Island of Poo-too, one of the fairest and most remarkable of these, and one so wholly and curiously consecrated to the service of heathen religion that it is the most wonderful if not the only instance of the kind on the globe.

By a lucky accident, it seemed, the rigorous exclusion of visitors, even of Chinese, and especially women, was relaxed in favor of a small party of American ladies and gentlemen some years ago. One of the priests of the island who visited Ningpo several times a year to secure provisions, being a consumptive, was advised to seek medical aid from one of the missionaries there, with results so gratifying that he went to see the

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missionary upon each subsequent trip. These visits being the occasion also of earnest interchange of thought and feeling, a strong mutual respect and friendship resulted.

The missionary frequently expressed a great desire to pay a return visit and see the wonderful isle, but the priest was obdurate. It seemed to him such a sacrilege—at least so unheard-of. Yet, finally, he yielded and gave permission for himself and a party of friends to spend a few weeks in the monastery over which he presided. It had been almost a thousand years since a Chinese emperor presented the island to the priests of Buddha for a perpetual shrine of devotion, and its hundred temples and thousand priests had been continuously hidden from view by an exclusive policy and the coverings of camphor-trees that surrounded and bent over them.

The preparations for the voyage were of peculiar interest in that a junk must be used for the occasion and a supply of food, fuel, etc., be taken to last through the visit. So sacred was the island that nothing animal or vegetable could be disturbed, nor a twig broken for fuel. Despite the primitiveness of the arrangements for comfort, including a shelter of straw at the rear of the boat and the necessity of eating upon the floor, it was a bit of experience not to be despised. It left the more opportunity and pleasure also for feasts of the eye and flow of the soul.

The sail to the mouth of the Ningpo River was amid a series of grand blue hills, the wild azaleas covering them being concealed beneath an azure veil. Prosy enough, and yet picturesque, were the numerous ice-houses along the shore, resembling stacks of straw cut off at the top, where thin ice, laid into blocks, was preserved for the use of fishermen.

Out upon the sea the boat threaded its way slowly against a head wind among numerous isles and fishing-boats, with much noise of the sailors talking, until night-fall, when it anchored in the harbor of Ding-Hae, in the Island of Chusan. This island had been once occupied by the English, but was abandoned by them, as unhealthy, for Hong Kong. In the morning a hurried visit was made to the fortifications and to the temple of Hero-worship just beyond.

The landing was up a flight of stone steps that would have done credit to a European harbor—possibly built by the English. These steps led up beyond the fortifications to the front of the temple, which stood imposingly upon a prominent elevation where a good view of the sea and the island itself was afforded.

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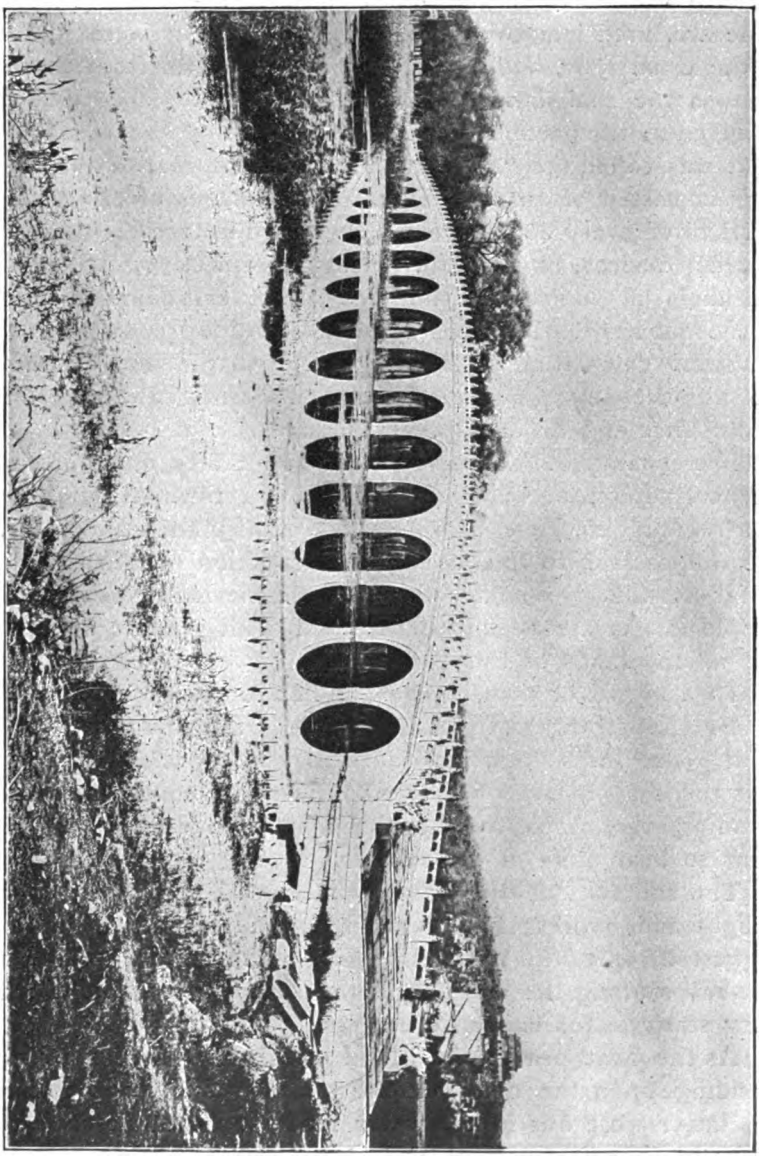
After a toilsome ascent, the visitors were received at the vestibule and tea was immediately served.

Hero-worship is an important element in the Chinese religion,



Island Bridge, Yuen Ming Yuen, sacred to the Emperor, eight miles from Pekin.

akin to ancestor-worship, which is a greater power in Chinese life than Confucianism, Taoism, or Buddhism, for it is universal; whereas the other forms have degenerated and coalesced into a common faith for the masses, though the learned still

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hold in separate form man-worship, spirit-worship, and image-worship.

This temple in Chusan was erected to the memory of some great man or men of the empire, although it was not filled, as some are, with images of the dead. The priests were Buddhists of the usual type, and the temple differed little from the many seen on the main-land. It was but a hasty glance that could be given to the place, and the most impressive feature noted was what was called the "Buddhist Hell," at the rear of the temple. This consisted of an open court where images of criminals and convicts of every degree were represented in torture by all kinds of cruel devices, as twisting, boring, decapitating, etc., teaching the kinds of punishment inflicted upon evil-doers in the land of the departed. The spectacle was revolting enough, but was doubtless calculated to inspire terror in the way desired. It was at once suggestive of Dante's "Inferno," although on different lines and on a different basis.

The Island of Chusan is only about fifty miles in circumference, yet on account of the fortified town of Ding-Hae it was reputed to have a population of fifty thousand souls. It was impossible to make further inspection of the island, but as far as the eye could see from the elevated position of the temple it was diversified and clothed with verdure and flowers like all the lands of this clime.

To a crowd of men, women, and children, who had gathered to see the strangers, one of the party talked of the "Yieasu daoli" (the Jesus doctrine), there being no special restriction at that point upon missionary work. The talk continued while descending the steps to the water, and the listeners seemed to want to hear more of the subject.

The sail to Poo-too was resumed with mingled feelings of delight and regret; but, as before, amid beautiful islands that suggested only the romantic side of life, save for the many salt-heaps along the shores and the fishing-boats, in which the busy struggle for existence was going on.

As the boat neared the island priests and coolies were seen standing upon the cliffs watching and waiting, while many of the latter were out in the water ready to bear any one or anything to the shore. Here at last was the sacred isle, rock-bound and high above the sea, verdure-clad, groved and templed throughout its hundred miles of length, and inhabited solely by priests and their servants. What could all this mean, and how did it come about?

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History tells us that between the years 841 and 847 Anno Domini the Emperor Woo-tsung, regarding the monasteries and ecclesiastical establishments as an evil, abolished all temples and monasteries, and sent the priests back to their families. Under these circumstances it is more than probable there began a refuge-seeking and re-establishment in secluded and remote places. It was not long after this period that Poo-too was appropriated wholly by the priesthood, where the preservation of the ancient creeds and forms extends to this day.

With the consciousness in the Christian mind that all this was pure heathenism, it was impossible not to feel the spell of antiquity and the strange solemnity of a retreat hallowed in the hearts of the devotees of nearly a thousand years.

Idols on the Sacred Island.

The ascent from the landing was by a fine stone path that led up to and through a gateway in ivy-covered walls, and that went winding and curving through several courses until it reached the white monastery at the top, which had been hid by the tall camphor-trees, rising one above another as the ascent was made. In this monastery rooms had been prepared for the party; and they had been scarcely escorted thither when one of those terrible typhoons, to which the country is subject, swept over the island. Although lasting but a few minutes, it seemed to threaten destruction to everything. But the low brick walls were staunch and safe, and the big trees only bowed obeisance to the mighty powers of the air. When tea was served there was a special thankfulness that the storm had not struck our party an hour earlier while on the sea.

The island of Poo-too was found to be beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and with shrubs, ferns, vines, and grasses, all covering it luxuriantly. Groups of camphor-trees of im-

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mense size crowned the hills, which sometimes rose one above another, jutting into the very sky. Broad roads wound among them, leading along to the temples, some of which, simply shrines maybe, were rather rude structures among the crags. A conspicuous feature in the landscape were the pools of lotus, which are especially connected with the worship of Buddha.

The priests regard the lotus-flower as having great power over deceased souls. They believe that the dead suffer tortures of various kinds, and make large offerings of lotus to the God of Mercy, whom they beseech to cast the flowers upon the sufferers, that the sense of punishment may cease. These ponds are very effective in bloom as objects of beauty, sometimes white, sometimes red, chiefly the latter. It is claimed that Buddha lived in many worlds before entering this one, gradually advancing from a worm to the human image, and that when he became a man a halo of glory encircled him, and the earth wherever he trod spontaneously yielded a profusion of lotus-flowers.

The broad-stoned roadway, the blocks sometimes two or three feet square, was the thread upon which were strung, as it were, the numerous temples, shrines, pools, archway, and monuments to the dead. Near the temple Suin-Z was an elaborate stone gateway, the gift of an emperor, carved and wrought in figures and with inscriptions in Sanscrit, beautiful enough to adorn a city thoroughfare. Sanscrit was introduced into China with Buddhism from India, and these inscriptions are not uncommon throughout China. The rocks of Poo-too were well covered with inscriptions. It is a noteworthy coincident that this movement took place at the beginning of the Christian era.

There were other streets, more circuitous, along which were the minor shrines, arches, and stone cisterns, usually vine-clad and picturesque. More out-of-the-way objects were found here and there among the craggy rocks, where hollows and caves were converted into shrines and where some of the hermit priests abode. Sometimes these would be seen far overhead and sometimes resting in the valleys below. Not a rock or tree, bush or twig, vine or flower, but was sacred from the rude hand of man. All was the most serene and peaceful quiet. Even the worms of the dust were regarded, and sometimes the paths were swept with the special purpose of protecting any that might come into the track of those passing along.

The temples of Poo-too were of various sizes and importance, but still of a characteristic architecture not greatly dis-

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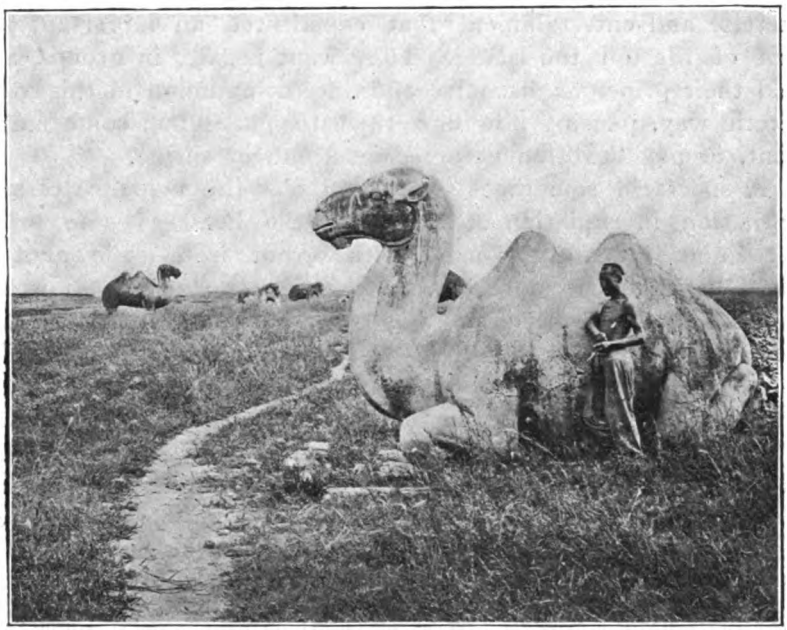
similar. The principal ones opened upon a court around which various rooms were arranged and from whence they were all equally accessible. It was usually in the largest one of these that the worship of Buddha was held, where also his image was stationed. This room was sometimes adorned with carved col-



SCULPTURES NEAR THE TOMB OF THE MING SOVEREIGNS.

umns, usually representations of fish and fanciful animals. The service was purely official, as there was no congregation outside the priestly household.

The monastery at the entrance to the island was called the Beh-who-En, signifying "White Flowery Monastery." It was a plain two-story structure of brick, stuccoed and topped with the usual curved tiling roof. It was curious that just under the eaves there was a foot-wide band of the wall of Troy, or Greek cross. The priests were dressed in long robes of white, often of pongee silk, and their heads were shaven. The service consisted chiefly of singing and praying before the image. Each priest was attended by a boy who helped in the function. About a hundred priests abode in this monastery.

Apparently, however, the most important work, at least that which consumed the greater part of the time, was the production and copying of books. Both priests and scribes wrought

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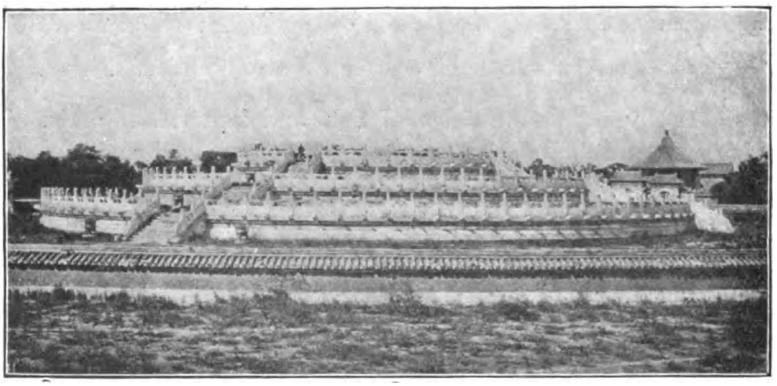
laboriously at this work. The latter often wrote with a specially cultivated finger-nail. This was sometimes two inches in length, and was wielded dextrously. The library of this monastery comprised many thousand volumes, mostly in manuscript.

The chief recreation of the priests consisted in walking, an exercise and entertainment that constituted an important feature of life on the island. They went usually in groups, and held their principal discourse and intercommunion in this peripatetic way, pausing now and then to gaze upon some monument, or pay devotion before some tomb or shrine.

A spectacle sometimes witnessed was the evidence of self-mutilation in expiation of sins. On the head of one priest were nine indentations made with a hot iron, while another might have one or more joints of his fingers missing. It is not improbable that discipline was of a rigorous sort, and the measure of punishment fully up to the rationalism of their creed. Some of these monks were hermits. One of these lived in a rock devoted to silence, and had not spoken in twenty years.

The whole island was consecrated to the God of Mercy, and there was the principal seat of efficacy for the sanctification of the images of other temples. The visitors had an opportunity of witnessing one of the remarkable episodes of



An Alfresco Altar.

the transportation of an image from the main-land to be sanctified. A body of Chinese priests and attendants arrived in a junk, and were heard making the ascent to the monastery with a great noise as of an army of savages coming up under the great trees. The procession was made up of men and mock elephants, bearing great illuminated ladders of glass and the

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image of brass to be blessed. There was great beating of drums and burning of incense. It was a God of Mercy that they were bringing from Fou-Chou, a thousand miles distant, to pay homage to the great god of the island and to be blessed in a manner to carry back more power for spiritual efficacy. It was taken into the temple and carried in front of the image there, where the ceremony consisted of recitals and the bowing and swaying of the Fou-Chou god before the other one for the space of a day and a half. Then followed the return with like noise and ceremony of its arrival.

That the crowning feature of the Buddhist feeling and worship in Poo-too was mercy reflected the original creed of its founder, who taught that the thorough conquest of the body resulted in perfect love, which made it unnecessary for the soul to continue the process and progress of transmigration and enabled it to pass at death at once to Nirvana, the blessed estate. Mercy being the crowning grace of the all-love, was the utmost divine favor, and the most needed by the soul subjected to sorrow through union with matter.

There is, perhaps, nothing more absurd and revolting to the Christian mind than the subjection of the Chinese masses to low and fantastic superstitions. The creeds and worship on the island of Poo-too had nothing of this degeneracy. They represented a high human conception of unrevealed religion, as taught by the founder five hundred years before Christ, although there had grown about them an image service and a symbolism far from the original conceptions.

In taking leave of this subject one is reminded of the fact that missionaries of the Catholic Church had planted the cross successfully in China in the early centuries, and that the edict which closed the establishments of Confucius, Buddha, and others, in the ninth century, included those also of the Catholic faith.

In the doctrine of Buddha and worship upon the island of Poo-too there are a few apparent resemblances to the Christian model in the Catholic Church. It seems not improbable that the Christian worship in China in the early centuries had exerted such influence upon the people, and possibly the priests of Buddha, that, when their worship was revived in later years, it was modified somewhat under that influence.

Remote as the Chinese Empire is from the centre of Christianity, it was in very early times the scene of great apostolic triumphs. It is certain that Christianity was preached there

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even before the Anglo-Saxons had been converted, and prior to the seventh century the evangelization of the vast empire had been very largely carried out. This fact even the sneering agnostic Gibbon fully admits. In the thirteenth century there was an archbishop at Pekin, who had under his jurisdiction four suffragan bishops. Under the enlightened Emperor Kublai-Khan Christianity made great progress in the interior of the empire. Later on the light of St. Francis Xavier's faith shone for a little over the Chinese coast, but his course was nearly run when he arrived there. However, one not inferior in

One of the Idols in the Temple.

heroism soon arose to take his place—the famous Father Ricci. Twenty years he spent on the Chinese mission, learning the language, astounding the most learned by the beauty of his compositions, and converting thousands by his sanctity. Before his death he had founded more than three hundred churches, and had many converts in almost every large city. It was Father Ricci who laid the foundations, indeed, of most of the Catholic structures which exist in China to-day. He baptized three princes of the imperial house, and many of the nobles and leading literati of the empire. Success was soon followed by persecution; the missionaries were banished or slain, and

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thousands of converts put to torture and death. But the church was not to be deterred by persecution. After the Jesuits came the Dominicans and Franciscans. Father Koffler, who arrived in 1631, received the mother of the emperor, his principal wife, and his eldest son into the church. The progress of the church, from that period forward, while the Ming dynasty lasted, was marvellous; but on the death of the Emperor Cang-hi, in 1722, another storm of persecution swept over the empire, and the patient work of years was once more blotted out. Cardinal Moran, in a recent lecture on the general mission work of the church, enumerates ten violent persecutions in China during the past three centuries. Still the seed sown has been by no means extirpated.

In 1890 there were 38 bishops, 620 missionaries, and 137 native priests in charge of 38 missions, with 580,000 Catholics. Besides this there were in the Tonkin of Annam Mission 628,000 Catholics, making in all 1,208,000 Catholics. A distinguished Chinese visitor to France in the beginning of last year, M. Ly-Chao-Pee, holding high official rank, in a lecture which he delivered before the Geographical Society of Lyons, gave many details regarding the empire. For instance, the palace of the emperor, he said, was fifty times as large as the Louvre, and all brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. But regarding religion he remarked that "there were many popular prejudices and superstitions to be overcome. He looked at Catholicity, which is penetrating more and more extensively into China, to ultimately destroy these prejudices." He added: "It is the only means. I have the most profound conviction that it is only Catholicity that will regenerate my country."

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THE MINERS OF MARIEMONT, BELGIUM.

BY JAMES HOWARD GORE,
Columbian University.

THE owners of the mines at Mariemont have, by an unremitting interest in their workmen, not only greatly improved the condition of the miners but also eliminated a large proportion of those vexed questions concerning the relations of labor to capital which are so liable to arise where so many people are engaged in the same occupation and under the same employer.

This interest shows itself in the elaboration of several institutions which belong to one of the following classes:

Institutions by means of which the owners seek to increase and preserve the welfare of the employees, and

Organizations, developed by the laborers themselves, which insure the spirit of harmonious solidarity between labor and capital.

To the first category belongs the Precautionary Fund (*Caisse de prévoyance*), or Pension Fund. It is sustained by a weekly payment equivalent to 0.75 per cent. of the pay-roll for the week, one-half of this sum being deducted from the wages of the workmen and one-half paid by the owners. Also all fines imposed by the council of workmen are paid into this fund. The purpose of this institution is to meet the necessities of wounded laborers, those who are sick, and in exceptional cases to provide for the needy.

The management of this fund is in the hands of a commission of seven members, three chosen by the owners and four by the workmen. Although the majority of this governing body is in the control of the miners, there has never been any question in the minds of the owners as to the expediency of this arrangement.

Workmen who receive injuries while at work are paid, for three months, a pension equivalent to 30 per cent. of their wages. If the injury is permanent, the pension, varying from $1.60 to $4 per month, according to the extent of the disability, is fixed by the commission for each special case. Those who

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are rendered unable to work by sickness receive for the first six months of their illness 22 per cent. of their wages; during the next six months, 15 per cent.; for the next twelve months, 7½ per cent.; while after two years the allowance is made by the governing body. The widows of workmen killed while in the discharge of their duties receive a pension of $3 a month, but if the man died subsequently from wounds received, she is given a pension equivalent to one-half of what he was receiving as a sick beneficiary. Children of the deceased also receive 40 cents each; the boys until they are twelve years of age and the girls until they are fifteen. However, if the children are at school this limit is extended two years. This provision encourages a longer attendance at school, thus better equipping the orphans for gaining a livelihood independent of unwilling relatives. When a single man, who was the sole support of others, is killed by accident, those dependent upon him receive $2.80 each per month.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Another institution of great value is the Maturity Fund, founded in 1868. Into this each laborer pays 2 per cent. of his wages, and the employers 1½ per cent. of a certain sum which is made up of several amounts: a sum equal to what is paid to each workman for the first month of his service, the amount of increase whenever made to any salary, and such special grants as the company may see fit to make. But no workman under 20 years of age can participate in this fund unless his wages exceed $300 per annum, nor is a new employee admitted who has reached the age of 40. From the fund are paid pensions to all underground workmen who are 60 years old, and to overground workmen of 65. This pension amounts to $4 per month for men who have been in the employ of the company for 35 years. If a laborer is obliged to retire because of illness before reaching the maturity age, he receives $3 per month, provided his term of service has been as much as 30 years. Widows of maturity pensioners receive a monthly allowance in proportion to the length of their married life. Here again the management is in the hands of a commission, four out of the six being chosen by the workmen members. Membership in this organization is wholly optional.

The third institution to be mentioned is an Aid Fund, preserved by the company, but managed by a mixed commission as in the preceding instances. From this fund aid is given to

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workmen who attain a certain age in the service of the company, or who for a shorter period have held positions of great responsibility. In this last-named provision it is seen that the company avoids the retention of men in posts of trust after the time when, because of physical infirmities, the lives of many might be jeopardized; but it at the same time places these men beyond want by granting them a monthly allowance. The allowance made depends upon the position held by the beneficiary and the length of his service. From this fund are paid, also, funeral expenses of workmen killed by accident or such as die from injuries received while at work, and temporary assistance for families which have become impoverished by prolonged sickness.

PROVISION FOR MEDICAL HELP.

The company, for 20 cents a month, furnishes to the entire family of the contributor medicine and medical and surgical attendance; likewise any artificial limb needed to replace one lost by accident. For this service 23 physicians and the same number of pharmacists are employed. While they are assigned to certain districts, each family can select any physician it may desire, and in grave cases a consultation can be asked for. This novel feature of allowing a selection of a physician for the family is as much of a stimulus to the practitioner as though he were dependent upon the fees for each visit. The periodical report of each doctor gives some idea of the esteem in which he is held, and his retention or promotion is likely to rest upon this evidence of esteem or ability. This elective liberty on the part of the family can be exercised only in the forenoon; after twelve o'clock the physician called upon to pay a visit outside of his district can decline to go, in which case the appropriate doctor must lay aside his pride and attend the patient.

The sanitary affairs of the entire community are looked after by a commission of 11 members; 3 delegated by the company; 2 physicians, selected by their colleagues; 2 pharmacists, likewise chosen by their fellows; 2 employees and 2 workmen, similarly selected. The amount annually expended by this service in the betterment of the sanitary conditions of the village communities is nearly $15,000.

THE QUESTION OF HOUSING.

The company, realizing the importance of having the workmen well housed, have erected 550 houses. Each dwelling

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consists of a cellar, 3 rooms on the first floor, 2 on the second, and a garret above. The rent for the house and the garden of 2½ acres is $1.50 a month. Every year the fronts of the houses are whitewashed, and once in five years they are thoroughly overhauled. These houses are built on the company's lands and cost about $700 apiece, from which it is seen that the rent amounts to only 2 per cent. of the cost price. Notwithstanding these low rents, the workmen are encouraged to become owners of their homes; and with this end in view the requisite sum is advanced for the purchase of a house, and the money refunded monthly by deductions from the wages. That the efforts in this direction are successful can be seen in the fact that 24 per cent. of the married men own the houses in which they live. Should no house of the kind or size desired be vacant, one can be built by the man wishing it. The ground is bought from the company, the materials purchased under the most favorable conditions, and the miner assists perhaps in the construction of the building or in its subsequent enlargement. Even in these cases the company will advance the money, which is paid back in instalments without interest. During the past few years about 40 houses annually are built in this way, the average cost being $800. It has been found that, under the influence of the sanitary commission, the main point of difference in these houses built to order is in a closer observance of hygienic laws. The ceilings are higher and the windows larger, but in other respects the general model is followed. It is not necessary for a man to feel forced to build a house because of the size of his family. If the company's houses are not large enough, it will add an additional room, for which the rent will be increased 15 cents a month.

The company has concluded that it is better for it to loan money without interest for a definite period to enable a workman to build a house, than to invest the same amount in a house to be rented for an indefinite period at a rental of 2 per cent. on the cost.

ÆSTHETICS, EDUCATION, AND MUSIC.

The importance of home-life is also emphasized in the refusal of the owners to employ married women, preferring to assist them by this refusal in their natural desire to make home attractive, and to contribute to the effectiveness and health of their husbands by having time to properly prepare the daily meals. It was extremely interesting to note the touches of the

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feminine hand in the house adornments. At many of the windows bright curtains helped to make the house cheery, while flowers and caged birds showed that the rough work of the men had not driven out all love for the beautiful. In this connection it should be said that these mines stopped the employment of married women long before the Belgian laws intervened. They do not allow single women to work except above ground, and even there only at the lighter tasks. Child labor was abolished years ago. At present no boy can work until he has reached the age of twelve, and then for the first three years directly under the eyes of his father.

The company also encourages education. Appreciating the fact that the influence of schools is always downwards, it directed its attention first of all to an industrial school of a high order. Each year it contributes to this cause alone the sum of $8,000. Of the 700 pupils attending this school, more than two-thirds are employees of the mines or their children. In addition to this institution, or rather as an outcome of it, there was organized a Society of Popular Instruction—a society somewhat analogous to the lyceums of this country. It has for its main purpose the procuring of public lectures and conferences and the founding of free libraries. It is, in short, a sort of means of securing information on the co-operative plan.

Another organization which has contributed largely to the improvement of the moral tone of the miners, as well as to their entertainment, is the musical society. It has a membership of nearly 200, of whom 70 are active participants. Some of these performers are graduates of the conservatory at Liège and some from that of Brussels. Out-door performances are given on holidays in the park when the weather is good, and in the public hall during the winter months. This society also supports a school of music which is free to the children of the workmen, and it has a musical library of considerable importance. It is enabled to accomplish this much because of an annual gift from the family of one of the owners of the mine. Here again the majority of the governing body is made up of persons chosen by the workmen themselves. The company lets the men see that it realizes that these institutions rely upon them for support. It therefore says, in effect, "It is your money or your labor which gives this organization its life, therefore be men enough to look after its interests. We shall be near by to assist or advise." The men delegated to act are proud of this responsibility, and see to it that their colleagues shall never

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have occasion to regret their election. It has also shown the laborers that the company does not wish to coerce them in any way, but that in equalizing representation in all commissions—giving to the workmen a greater number of votes, while the company's delegates have more intellectual strength—there is an acknowledgment of the importance of labor as well as of capital.

WORKMEN'S BENEFIT SOCIETY.

This close relation between the employees and the employers has had another beneficial effect. The former have learned from the latter, by precept as well as by example, habits of economy and the importance of keeping the expenses within the income. The workmen, appreciating the value of the aid fund of the company, organized in 1869 a mutual aid association. This society is managed solely by the men themselves, receiving the friendly advice of the company's officers whenever demanded. The membership dues are 20 cents monthly for men and 10 cents for women and children, while the initiation fee is equal to the available assets of the society divided by the number of its members. This unique entrance fee places all members upon the same footing, in that each one contributes to the general fund a sum equal to that which is already there to the credit of every other member. If the new member is between 30 and 35 years of age, he must pay double the sum just indicated; and if he is between 35 and 40, the fee is three times as much, while no one above 40 is admitted. From what follows it will be seen that this increased fee for entrance is in the nature of insurance, for the older a man is the more liable he is to become incapacitated for work.

The benefits are paid from the day of injury or the beginning of the illness in case the illness is of long duration; but from the third day if the beneficiary is sick 10 days or less. The daily benefit for a period of 6 months or less is the same as the membership fee per month; that is, 20 cents or 10 cents, as the case may be. But for the seventh month as well as for the eighth month, which is the limit of the benefits, the daily allowance is one-half of the sums just named. Since the entire capital of this society has been contributed by the members, one does not forfeit his membership by leaving Mariemont or by changing his vocation. As long as he pays his monthly dues he is entitled to its benefits. The premium and benefits of this society have been very wisely adjusted, because since

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its founding the surplus is less than 2 per cent. of its disbursements.

Naturally, where such success has attended the conduct of general aid societies, a number of limited or special societies would spring up. Such is the case here. The machinists have a mutual alliance which resembles the last named, except that new members are admitted by ballot, and the funds are deposited in the State Savings-Bank instead of with the company.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM.

The company has not thought it wise to proceed further than to provide for emergencies, fatalities, or disabilities which result from protracted labor. It has, therefore, looked towards the future rather than at the present. The question of food and clothing, especially the former, would of course concern the employers; but while they might wish to see their workmen well provided, and that too at a reasonable expense, it was not deemed best to enter so far into the private life of the men as to dictate where and how the household purchases should be made. The very purpose already referred to, that of meeting the laborers on an equal footing, would engender a spirit of liberty which would likely resent any intimation that the company would like to be their store-keepers. But the workmen little by little became so impregnated with the ideas of economy and saw so plainly the advantages of co-operation that they of their own accord established a system of co-operative stores. As was to be expected, the company's officers were ready to advise, and in 1869, when the plan was first put into operation, it advanced the necessary funds. During the very first year 612 families joined the association, and the sales during that period amounted to $29,893.

The benefits of this system are not limited to a mere saving of the difference between wholesale and retail prices. In mining districts there are so many men who fail to pay their just debts, either because of indifference or inability, that the shopkeepers, to avoid loss, must demand such prices that the payments of the honest and the frugal may compensate for the losses on bad accounts. But here all sales are for cash, and the saving is so great that very few willingly patronize other stores; consequently the people are encouraged to be considerate and limit their wants to their abilities.

The miners, being paid in proportion to their output, must furnish their own tools, powder, dynamite, and caps. These

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are such expensive items that co-operative stores have been established, and similar success has attended them. In both of these organizations the entire management is in the hands of the men. People who live at a distance from a store are saved the long walk to it by the store, or at least a part of it, going to them; for a wagon, loaded with the most essential articles of the household, makes periodic visits from house to house.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THRIFT.

The workmen have also instituted savings-banks. The funds as they accrue are invested in city bonds. Since the Belgian is fond of lottery or any matter of chance, these investments are made in the bonds of that city which stimulates the sale of its securities by giving with each a chance to draw a prize. In case the share purchased by the bank secures a prize, the amount of it is distributed amongst the depositors. At one time there were 15 of these banks or societies. Now they are united into one, and the annual deposits are approximately $10,000.

From a careful study of the constitutions of the various organizations named, as well as from conversations with owners and officers of the mines, and from observations made in the homes of the miners themselves, I have learned that the fixed and invariable purpose of the owners has been to develop the ideas of economy in the minds of the workmen, to encourage the founding of beneficial institutions with the numerical preponderance of the men themselves in their organization and conduct, and not to impose upon them fully developed systems against which they might rebel, or, at best, systems to which they could not easily adapt themselves because of the extraneous origin. The company most wisely began its good work by the establishment of maturity pensions. The workmen are induced thereby to remain with the company, and this permanency causes them to take an interest in schemes which may not bear fruit immediately, but of whose beneficence no one doubts. This same desire to remain in the employ of the mine prompts men to become owners of their homes, and the very fact of ownership causes a man to place a higher estimate upon property in general. Such men are the leaders in a community, and when in sufficient numbers they can hold in check those socialistic outbursts so frequent in mining districts.

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CULTIVATION OF A SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE.

Another point which a visit to Mariemont emphasizes is that nothing is done there by the company to humiliate a man by making him an object of charity, or to embarrass him by a suggestion of his inferiority. Not only in their daily work do the men select their own foremen, but they elect those who are to assist in the management of those funds to which they are in part contributors, and to manage all those of their own founding. It might be said that the company restricts its intervention to those institutions which concern the men as laborers, while everything that is related to their private life is in their own hands. The men purchase such articles and build for themselves houses in keeping with their wages. If the company, because of its power, should procure for a workman these articles at a very low price, it would create for him a welfare out of proportion with his legitimate earnings, especially as his wages increased—a welfare, too, which would vanish as soon as he withdrew from the service of the mine and which would cause dissatisfaction with its vanishing. The object of the company is to stimulate domestic economy without unduly exciting it, to encourage the keeping of expenses within the receipts, and to emphasize the importance of self-denial rather than the temporary pleasure of self-gratification.

So far we have discussed the ways in which the miners spend or invest their money; it is necessary now to describe the means by which it is earned.

Leaving out the technical details applicable to coal-mining only, it remains to be said merely that several years ago the company adopted the scale-wage system. The wages vary not only with the price of the output but also with the amount which each individual contributes towards the output. When the price of coal is low the miner, like the owner, must put forth increased efforts in order not to suffer a diminution of receipts. Since the inauguration of this plan, several years ago, there has been a noticeable improvement in the moral as well as the material condition of the miners. It has given to them a spirit of independence, a feeling of self-reliance, and an interest in their labor which extends beyond the limit of the day's work.

MEANS OF AVOIDING FRICTION.

Although every possible effort is put forth to improve the condition of the workmen and to increase their wages, for by

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so doing the income of the mine is augmented, still there arise differences between the company and the employees. The officers seek, by getting as close as possible to the men, to remove the cause of trouble before the outbreak comes. But absolute harmony cannot always be maintained. To adjust these differences there was instituted in 1876 councils (*Chambres d'explication*) in which delegates elected by the workmen meet once every three months and fully discuss all matters pertaining to the common interests of employers and employees, whether it be regarding methods of working the mines, dangers that are thought to exist, or even the financial relations and the price of labor. In these meetings no conclusion can be reached, that is by a formal vote, but any question of importance can be referred to the joint council of workmen and employers. The body is composed of 12 members, half of whom are selected by the men, the other half delegated by the company. It reaches a decision, which is binding on all parties, upon all matters referred to it by the chamber just mentioned. All matters not of a general character are referred to a committee of four, two of whom are workmen. The conclusion reached by this council is final for three months, during which time it cannot be brought up for consideration. However, at the end of that period the decision can be reversed by a majority vote.

It can be seen at once that under the conditions here so briefly described a strike is practically impossible. The workmen are at all times acquainted with the yield of the mine, the cost of production, and the price of coal. They can at any time discuss the wages which they receive and hear in reply the circumstances which forbid any increase in them. They are never in ignorance as to the financial elements which regulate their wages, consequently the contrast in the welfare of the owner and that of the laborer cannot suggest that the former is prospering at the expense of the latter. Thus it is that there is more contentment at Mariemont than can usually be seen among 6,500 employees.

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THE DELINQUENT.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

A PICTURESQUE line of cottages, a great belt of woodland; the gable or chimney-stack of a country-house through the trees; the sound of water along the shore, as the blue, dancing waves of Lake Ontario flung themselves against the yellow sands below the hill. Afar off, beyond the Point, the wild, rollicking bay, sporting and pelting its foam, like gigantic snowballs, at the pretty islands; a brilliant sunset, glorious cloud-effects; the glinting little church above the bay; and you have the setting of the following episode:

He had come among them, the young rector, with high hopes and grand aspirations; a good solid churchman, neither High-church nor Low-church, but a happy medium of sound, regular orthodox Protestantism; and *Protest*, with a very large P, he did against anything that savored of Rome or Popery.

Of Catholics he knew nothing except from hearsay, and that was bad enough! He was primed with all the spicy anecdotes against the church, that are always new and never old. He knew them all by heart, and righteous indignation would now and then spring up in his soul at the remembrance of them. The few Catholics in the village and scattered through his mission along the lake were harmless enough; poor Irish folk, simple and unlettered, whom he longed to get at and win over from their superstition. To be sure, his attempts up to this had been unsuccessful; a keen thrust or pointed sally, with their jovial native wit, and the young apostle thought it better to retire with an unwilling smile. He would like to know these men, even through curiosity; but they did not want him, and made no secret of it. "The father came once a year, thank God! and whenever he could; and they would rather wait till he came again," was their invariable answer to his invitation to church-going.

He thought of them this Sunday morning as he stood in the pulpit and looked down on his congregation, with the June sun glinting through the narrow windows on the rows of earnest faces below him. They were very aristocratic, this little

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flock by the bay, clever and cultured; but the rector loved the poor, and the poor knew him not. His sermons were like himself, polished and fervid; his pure young face and dark eyes shining as he spoke with the ardent soul within. He was shy, fearfully shy, and at first repelled his people, who did not understand his apparently cold, reserved ways; but now they had learned to love him, as they knew him better.

He was speaking to them to-day of their love one for another; of their duties to those depending on them; of those in need, in trial, or temptation; and as he dwelt on the spirit of Jesus towards the least of the brethren, his eyes unconsciously fell on a face near him—a woman's face, sweet and beautiful, the face of a saint and a mother; gracious, loving, gentle, with such an atmosphere of peace that only a soul living for and in God could win. He loved to look at her while she prayed, and often drew inspiration from those clear gray eyes, that always seemed to him to look straight at God.

Why did she haunt him so to-day? Why did his whole sympathies go out to her? Why did wrath swell up within him? To think that a child of hers, with such a living example of the virtuous teaching of the church, could fall away, could renounce the faith of her youth, could—strange depravity!—become a Catholic! He could never forgive her—he never would! The mother had asked him to see this wayward girl, just come back from a convent where she had been received into the Church of Rome. How could he?—and he would not promise.

He came out of the little church when service was over full of his thoughts. The sparkling bay down below flung back the sunlight, the peace of the rural Sabbath fell on his troubled spirit, and he tried to be patient and pray for the erring one. It took a whole week for the rector to make up his mind to pay that undesired visit. It was hard work, but a stern sense of duty at length brought him to the point.

Down the village street he strode one afternoon, severe and dignified, his lips tight set; but boyish and lovable with all his apostolic indignation. Through an open gate to a short drive, and up steep steps leading to a large, handsome house, he marched onwards; he stood a moment to quiet his emotions, rang nervously, the door was flung back, and as he stepped forward never did a more expressive back disappear within that old hall!

Seating himself in an angle of the quaint, pleasant draw-

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ing-room, with its restful air of refinement and comfort, the subdued light of the hot June afternoon falling softly on picture and statuary, and showing the exquisite taste and charming personality of the mistress, who was his ideal of perfect womanhood, he had not long to wait. A soft step came towards him; the well-known smile, the gracious manner, the sweet motherly greeting soothed him at once, and in spite of himself his old cordiality reappeared. They chatted of the village incidents: an accident on the bay yesterday; a desolate widow whom she had visited; the latest joke of one of the Irish boatmen, whose wit was proverbial along the coast.

The rector had almost forgotten his injuries when the door opened and a tall, striking-looking girl entered gaily. She came forward, her gray eyes twinkling with mischief. As she looked at her mother no one could mistake them—the same features and expression, the same elegant graciousness; a world of love shone in that glance between mother and daughter, and as the rector saw it all his dormant indignation returned, for who but such a mother could retain affection for such a child!

He went icily through the introduction, but the Delinquent saw none of it; on the contrary she talked of everything under the sun, and laughed with all the gladness of a child. Once or twice his reverence almost relaxed into a smile, so contagious was that musical ripple; but he drew himself up all the more after his almost imperceptible unbending, and nearly fell off his chair when she spoke of her baptism at the convent. The stiffer he grew the more confidential she became, the more merrily her eye twinkled; and once she laughed so archly that an angry feeling took possession of him that she was actually teasing him. How he longed to crush her! but his respect for her mother and his innate politeness restrained him. Another sally was too much for him; and, with all the dignity his indignation would allow, he stood up and bowed himself out of her presence, never, if he could help it, to find himself there again.

No sooner had he gone than gay laughter rang through the old house. "O mother!" cried the Delinquent, "what fun to see his outraged dignity! I did so want to tease him and make him angry."

Her mother could not resist an involuntary smile as she answered: "You must not; he feels your desertion keenly on my account as well, and he is so good, so ardent, so sincere, one cannot know him without deep admiration."

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"I know, mother; but he is so injured; and he will never come even to see you while I am in the bosom of my family."

And she was right. The rector got back to his room as furious as a man of his gentle nature could be; he was hurt, nay outraged, but it was a just indignation. How he had been treated—he a priest of the Anglican Church!—laughed at, teased, derided like a school-boy; if he was young that was not his fault. If it had been one of her own priests, no matter how juvenile-looking, what respect, nay reverence, she would have shown him; and he—well, it was beyond forgiveness! Up and down the room he paced, the memory of her words and looks stinging freshly at every turn, the echo of her laughter ringing mockingly in his ears. How like her mother, and, oh! how unlike; and yet he could not deny her wit, her vivacity, and—yes, her undoubted cleverness. How did she ever embrace the superstition of Rome? It was well enough for those ignorant men down there—looking with pity and contempt at some Irishmen pulling out from the shore, as the lusty notes of "Garryowen" came cheerily up to his window. She, he mused, with a brilliant father and such a mother, reared in so cultured an atmosphere, steeped to the very lips in Anglicanism—she a Catholic! Well, the whole thing seemed marvellous and beyond him, and he would try to put it out of his mind, and pray for light for her to see the error of her ways.

Months went by, swiftly, happily; Sunday after Sunday he prayed and preached—in the village in the morning, and in the afternoon in some distant mission along the lake or round the Point, journeying through bold, romantic scenes, solitary and beautiful, dear to his poetic soul, that carried his thoughts to the God whom he tried so earnestly to love and serve.

Late one afternoon in September he was returning from the bedside of a dying man, well pleased with the result of his daily visits, rejoicing in the hopeful spirit in which the soul was preparing for the last great struggle. Pondering on the vanities of all earthly dreams and ambitions, he was aroused from his thoughts by the deep, pleasant tones of a voice above him, and looking up his eyes rested on the stately, handsome figure of a gentleman on horseback. The rector's face lighted with pleasure as he entered into animated conversation. Mr. Clare talked better than any man he had ever known—his *bon mots*, his stories and language were classic; few there were whom he admitted to his friendship, and, to every one's surprise, he had from the first taken a strange fancy to the young

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rector. The frank simplicity and earnestness of the clergyman appealed to the lofty nature of the man of the world who lived in his books and scorned all sham and pretence.

"What has become of your reverence? I have missed you, and now have so many things to talk over. I have received a treasure which I want you to see—a rare copy I have been hunting for ever since I can remember."

The rector pleaded hard work, absence from home, and other matters, all of which were true, but ignored the real reason. Something told Mr. Clare what was passing in the young man's mind, for he said laughingly: "You are not afraid of our 'convert,' are you? I should not be; she is harmless. When she has perverted her mother and me, then you had better beware; but till then—" And he waved his hand playfully as he touched up his horse and rode off, calling back "I shall expect you to-morrow."

The rector walked homewards more belligerent than ever. What misfortune brought about this interview? His pace quickened with his fiery thoughts, his stick waved in the air, swishing violently everything that came in its way, guillotining the unfortunate weeds and brambles that dared to lift up their heads by the wayside. The fresh wind from the bay played on his ruffled brow without in the least cooling the ardor of his feelings. He reached home tired and pettish; standing by the window he looked down on the water, flushed with the setting sun behind the woods, falling in golden bars across the bay. The peace and beauty of the dying day soothed him, as nature always did when those outbursts surged within him.

The rector had spent two delightful hours the following evening in Mr. Clare's study, so charmed with one of their old discussions that it seemed like old times. He was hoping to get away without meeting the Delinquent, when, as he was going through the hall, a girl of fourteen came from the drawing-room and, all unconscious of his repugnance, drew him where Mrs. Clare and her daughter were reading. He stood it as well as he could; to the mother he was cordial, glad to see her, but do what he would he froze and stiffened as the Delinquent would talk, and banter, and laugh in that irritatingly merry way of hers. Beside her on the sofa the child ensconced herself, her eyes fixed on her admiringly; she was the daughter of one of his parishioners who, he now learned with dismay, was to spend some time here, and under the dangerous influence of this new convert. He expressed a most paternal interest in the

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child, and before leaving said pointedly that he intended seeing her often during her visit.

What all his inclinations and pleasure could not influence duty accomplished without a struggle. For the next four weeks the rector was a frequent visitor at the old house; he kept a severe eye on his little charge, dreading that hated Roman influence. Sometimes the Delinquent appeared, more often not; but whenever she did religious discussions would surely come to the surface. It was not her doing, he must confess; but his irritation found vent in dashes at her sin, and her justification would naturally follow. Her mother was usually present at these debates, and sat an amused and interested listener; the child flushed and furious that any one should dare to be so rude to her idol.

One day, after a heated discussion, as he rose to go his antagonist said calmly: "Perhaps you would not be so severe and unjust towards the Catholic Church if you knew somewhat of her doctrines and teachings. Will you let me give you some of our books, and see for yourself? They cannot do you any harm, and they may teach you more toleration and—charity."

He looked disgusted at first; then, seeing how hurt and sad she looked, said for politeness' sake, "Well, if you wish it, I will look at them."

She handed him the *Imitation*, saying earnestly: "Everything I love and want is there."

He left, and for weeks they saw none of him. At last he came one morning and asked if he might keep that little book some time; it required thought and study. The request was willingly given, and as the rector was leaving he said hurriedly: "You have nothing else you would like me to read, have you?"

"Yes," she answered, giving him the only two books she had besides the *Imitation—Christian Perfection* and *The Catholic Christian Instructed.*

Nothing more was said on the matter, though he came and went, flinging a stone at Rome when he got a chance, and she was always ready with a Roland for his Oliver. When he met her occasionally at entertainments through the winter there was no disguise about his repulsion for her. It always amused her, and, as their mutual friends sympathized with the rector though they loved her, their little battles were well known across the Point and over the bay.

As the ice broke, and the first breath of spring came over

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the water, a great change was gradually noticed in the rector's bearing towards the Delinquent. He was constantly at the old house; all his former harshness had disappeared; she was the last to notice it, as his peculiarities had grown so familiar, but people said he had given up all hope of converting her. It was just as well, they thought; she was a Catholic now, alas! and she was the one to suffer; and—well, let it be; there was no accounting for tastes!

So peace was proclaimed, and things dropped into the normal ways, and the old life by the lake was cloudless and happy. The Delinquent, coming out of an Irish cottage one wild, stormy day, met the rector on his rounds, and together they started homewards. Through the fury of the blast they battled onward, the waves breaking with merry resounding music against the cliffs. He went along in silence, and then "I was coming to bring you this," showing her a copy of the "Confessions" of St. Augustine; "would you care to see it?—and—and—I have finished the first volume of *Christian Perfection*, and would like to read the second." He seemed anxious to be off, and when they reached the old house only waited at the door till she gave him "Rodriguez" and hurried away. It was some time before he called, and then casually asked the Delinquent what she thought of the "Confessions"; she replied by inquiring had he noticed where St. Augustine said that his mother's last request to him was that he should remember her daily in the Holy Sacrifice. What sacrifice did she mean if it were not the Mass? St. Augustine evidently believed in prayers for the dead, which of course he, the rector, did not. "Perhaps I do" was all he said, and the subject was dropped.

Two weeks later a long funeral procession wended down the village street and up to the little Episcopal church on the hill. Through the open doors the casket was borne within, where the congregation were gathered for the services for the dead. Never did the rector look more spirituel than on those sad and solemn occasions. To-day he seemed much moved as he spoke of the friend who had left them—brave old Captain Wells, whom every one knew and loved, for miles along the lake. His genial, happy smile, and kindly sunny heart were gone from them; but, the young preacher urged, "we must not forget the dead, they like to be remembered; and alas! how few of us ever think of them, once the sods are laid over

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them and we turn away from the church-yard. St. Augustine tells us, as he stood at the bedside of his dying mother, St. Monica, she asked him not to forget her, and to-day I ask you to remember the dead." Listening sadly to his words, seated with her mother, who had come to see the last of their old friend, the Delinquent was startled at the St. Augustine allusion, and was eagerly waiting for the rest, when the rector stopped, and the procession slowly left the church. The congregation remained seated as the coffin was borne away, she alone kneeling, of all who were there, to pray for the poor soul. Behind the casket the rector followed reverently; as he passed his eyes fell on the solitary kneeling figure, and her expression told him too well what she was doing. He was startled—stung—perplexed. "Remember me daily at the Holy Sacrifice"; surely St. Augustine was one of theirs; and yet—and yet—

The following afternoon found him in the drawing-room of the old house, anxious and weary, but with his usual quiet smile. They talked of the funeral yesterday, of the loyal old man whom they knew so well, of the changes his death might mean to the place and people, and then in a sudden pause he said, "How did you ever become a Catholic?" The Delinquent looked at him in amazement, so abrupt, so strange his question, and then answered very earnestly, "The goodness of Almighty God, and the beautiful examples of saintly lives I saw in that faith."

"What do you mean? There are no Catholics here that would likely influence you, I am sure."

"Yes, even here, if you knew them; see the fidelity of those poor Irish, their patience under every trial, their brightness, their joy even, in every privation; but it was not to those I allude particularly. You may remember seeing how happy I was last summer, when the New York cousins were here. You refused to come near us then, and our amusements were so delightful, so childlike in one way, and always so supremely happy. Last year there was a great blank in our holidays, for one was gone who had cast a sunshine over all our fun; he was only a boy of seventeen, the merriest of the party, the first in everything that was gay and mischievous; his laugh rang over the bay with such a light-hearted, joyous peal that echoed the innocence of his very soul. With all that, he was so unwaveringly, unpretendingly good; never in all our sports and frolic was he known to say a quick, unkind word; every act, and thought even, seemed angelic, and above all a complete

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unconscious forgetfulness of self. We all loved him, and nothing seemed right without him.

"One evening towards the end of the vacation, at one of our memorable gypsy-teas on one of the islands, wandering away from the others, he told me on his return to New York he intended entering the Jesuit novitiate. At first I could not understand; then slowly it dawned on me that this beautiful life was about to be given up voluntarily, nay joyously, with all its promise, to God. It was a revelation, and only in one church would such a sacrifice be asked, and, still more wonderful, given, and given in such a spirit and from such a soul. I was a Catholic from that moment. In silence we reached the others; I could not speak, so strangely were my thoughts and inclinations warring within me. I said nothing to any one, but the first letter he received from me at the novitiate began 'I am a Catholic'—it never struck me as being absurd to write, 'I am'; not, 'I am going to be'; for I was then, and never seemed to have been anything else. In his answer he wrote that on reading my opening line, 'I am a Catholic,' he dropped the letter and went at once to the chapel to thank God for this answer to prayer. He could not tell me how many Masses had been said and prayers offered for my conversion, and yet he had never said one word to me; but as his parting gift left me a little catechism. This was now my sole instructor. I read chapter by chapter slowly and carefully, hunting up the references in my own Protestant Bible; and as I read, my only wonder was why I had not become a Catholic long ago, seeing the truth as it really was. The cook's prayer-book was my only help, and for half a year I waited for permission to be received into the church. You know what a grief to my mother; she was so good about it, tried to hide her disappointment, but said she could not come between me and God. Father, whom I dreaded most of all, gave his consent very willingly, declaring the Catholic Church had always excited his admiration; that he had seen the extraordinary devotion of her priests during the cholera epidemic in New York, fighting nobly for their people when all the other clergymen fled from the dread disease. And once going down the St. Lawrence he met two young French priests, gay as school-boys, going to some island where small-pox raged, and where even to land seemed certain death. They spoke of it as if it were such a privilege to be sent, when so many others were longing to go. Our Protestant friends were kind, they were more hurt and sur-

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prised than angry; indeed it was with one of them I stayed, in New England, while under instruction for my reception into the church."

During this narrative the rector listened attentively, without interruption; then kindly: "You will forgive me for the many unjust speeches I have made to you, my harsh judgments and criticisms. I see now how wrong I have been. I should have sought information first; then weighed the evidence before condemning you without knowledge; my ignorance and misguided zeal are my sole apologies.

"It is strange," he said regretfully, "how we censure the Catholic Church and her doctrines, in perfect ignorance of what we denounce; on any other subject, political, social, even physical, we should not dream of discussing without some previous study, but on such a serious matter as religion we take it for granted that all the blood-curdling tales of our youth must be correct, and we fling charity and truth to the winds, and alas! too often teach those under our charge the same vile scandals and concoctions that have disgraced our childhood. Though," he added, "that is but a sorry excuse; if we were honest men the world of books would enlighten our dulness and bigotry."

The rector left the old house that evening armed and ready for the fight—the most severe and painful for poor human nature—right and wrong, peace and strife, prosperity and adversity.

July, glorious and radiant, brought the merry New York cousins to the village. How lively they made the old house on the hill, the lake, the islands, the woods; how gaily their jokes rang over the water, how infectious their good humor! They timidly asked the rector to join their excursions, and to their surprise he consented. At first he went to show his old prejudice had gone; soon he enjoyed the novelty and the adventures with the rest. He joined in their songs and witticisms, and was in return teased, unmercifully teased (they would not spare the whole bench of bishops, if they had the chance); the rector gave it back with all his polish and thrust, which won their hearts at once. Returning one evening with them across the bay, he told them his favorite sister was about to pay him a visit, and as a matter of course a picnic to one of the islands celebrated her arrival. Never, it seemed, had there been such a day; the accidents more humorous and thrilling than usual; and the sun was preparing for slumber before the party were

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ready to embark for the main-land. It was one of the loveliest and loneliest spots on the bay, surrounded by hills; the water lay like a valley of mist between the dim outline of great woods; the setting sun transformed it into a superb combination of light and shade. The bay plashed the golden ripples in wanton frolic, protected by the hills which borrowed of the heavens glories to drape their rugged sides, while wood and water revelled in flashing sunbeams, and mocked the ever-varying sky by the ethereal beauty of their coloring. Standing apart, the rector looked longingly yet sadly at the beloved scene; a determined yet happy light shone in his eyes, and turning abruptly, he made his way to where the Delinquent was putting the last touches to baskets and boxes before having them carried down to the boats. It was his only chance for what he had to say, and he felt that it must be said to-day. "I have finished your books—and—are you surprised?—*I too intend to become a Catholic!*" There was not a moment more; an astonished, incredulous look flashed from her eyes, and the party went trooping down to the shore, where they soon pushed off amid song and chorus that were echoed back by the hills, as the merry voices died away far over the silent waters.

The weeks glided pleasantly onwards; the rector was busy with preparations for his departure—his one desire now to study for the priesthood. He had seen for the first time a Catholic prayer-book; he had been speaking to the mother of the New York lads of the ritual of the different churches, and of the Mass prayers, which he wished to see, and she, little dreaming of his intentions, gave him her own missal.

The autumn leaves were a glory of crimson and gold when the final day at length arrived for the news to be made known, and the rector should start forth on his unknown pilgrimage. For the last time he stood in his pulpit, looked at his people wistfully as they came as of old, little thinking what strange news he was to tell them. It came at last—short, pathetic, brotherly. He had loved them, he said; his happiest days had been spent with them, and now he only left them at a call that no man but a coward could resist. It was a trial in which God alone could help him; the ties and affections, the church and faith, of his youth and manhood must be given up. His very kith and kin would now look on him as one unworthy their name and race. Hard things would be said; but he could not blame, where he himself had blamed; sometimes it seemed as if the cross were too great, but the words of our Lord are

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emphatic: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, the same is not worthy of Me." The congregation were in tears; they could not doubt his sincerity, no matter how misguided he might be. His voice trembled as he tried to continue, but it was too much; the familiar faces that he would never probably see again, the memory of the kindness he had received here among them, his devoted people, came crowding on him, and with a low, fervent "God bless you!" he turned away and passed out of their lives for ever.

The next evening he paid his farewell visit to the old house; he was to leave early the following morning. A letter from the Delinquent to the late Monsignor, then Father, Preston, was his sole introduction and help on his new road of life. He lingered long over the parting with those dear friends, for never again was he to meet them in this world.

He was up and away with the birds next morning; there were few passengers leaving the village by the old stage-coach, and long and sadly he watched the well-known scenes fade away. The sun was rising behind the woods, now blazing with autumn tints; below the water sparkled and danced, a little yacht lay at anchor not far from the shore. The wooded islands, two or three fishing-boats with men resting idly on their oars, and anglers busy with rod and line, were silhouetted sharply against the burnished bosom of the lake. The bay caught and flashed back the changeful glories of the sun, until the very bulrushes seemed cradled in opaline clouds, while the hills, blue as a diadem of giant turquoises, made a majestic frame for this never-to-be-forgotten picture. The young rector looked until woods and water became a mere speck on the horizon, and then turned his face steadily onwards "as of one going to Jerusalem."

A few lines will tell the rest. Father Preston was just the guide for such a soul. He placed him at once in the seminary to begin his studies, which were finished in Rome, the spot he loved dearest on earth.

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AN EVENING IN VENICE.

BY M. M.

NOT long ago I spent a few weeks in Venice. Many of the evenings were passed in our gondola in its liquid streets, and one comes back to me with vividness and may be worth describing. It is often regretted that the rich, many-colored gondolas of other days have long ceased to be—perhaps more by tradition now than by the law that suppressed them—but I hardly think it is a pity. Fancy the crude, gaudy colors likely to be chosen, and even intermingled, by ordinary gondoliers (*Poppe*, as they call each other), and then say if black and gold is not preferable.

We left the house early in the afternoon and were rowed down the Grand Canal, passing old palaces on either side which would in themselves make Venice incomparable. They had been the dwelling-places of all that was noble and brave, fair and beautiful in her sons and daughters. The windows and the *loggie*—balconies, as we should call them—are rich in the most lovely stone lace-work, and the intricate and beautiful tracery seems as if it could fit no other city but this one—"a golden city paved with emerald," a fairy-land with its canopy of sapphire, its streets of liquid silver, and the unceasing music of its rippling waves. The famed Casa d'Oro has some of the richest and most graceful of that stone embroidery; but there is one palazzetto, very small, just opposite the Church of the Salute, which I always thought matchless with its three *loggie* and pointed windows. It is said to be the house of Desdemona. Browning's house is much further down the Canal. It is a grand palatial abode, with handsome rough pillars. An inscription has been placed on it to perpetuate the memory of its connection with the poet. Byron, too, lived on the Grand Canal at the Palazzo Mocenigo, which has been terribly modernized and uglified. There, also, Catherine Cornaro, Lady of Asolo, Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia, but a daughter of Venice, had a palace assigned to her after the resignation of her rights to her native city. The building—a Monte di Pietá—now pointed out as the Palazzo Cornaro della Regina, is only on its site. As we passed under the Rialto (till within a few

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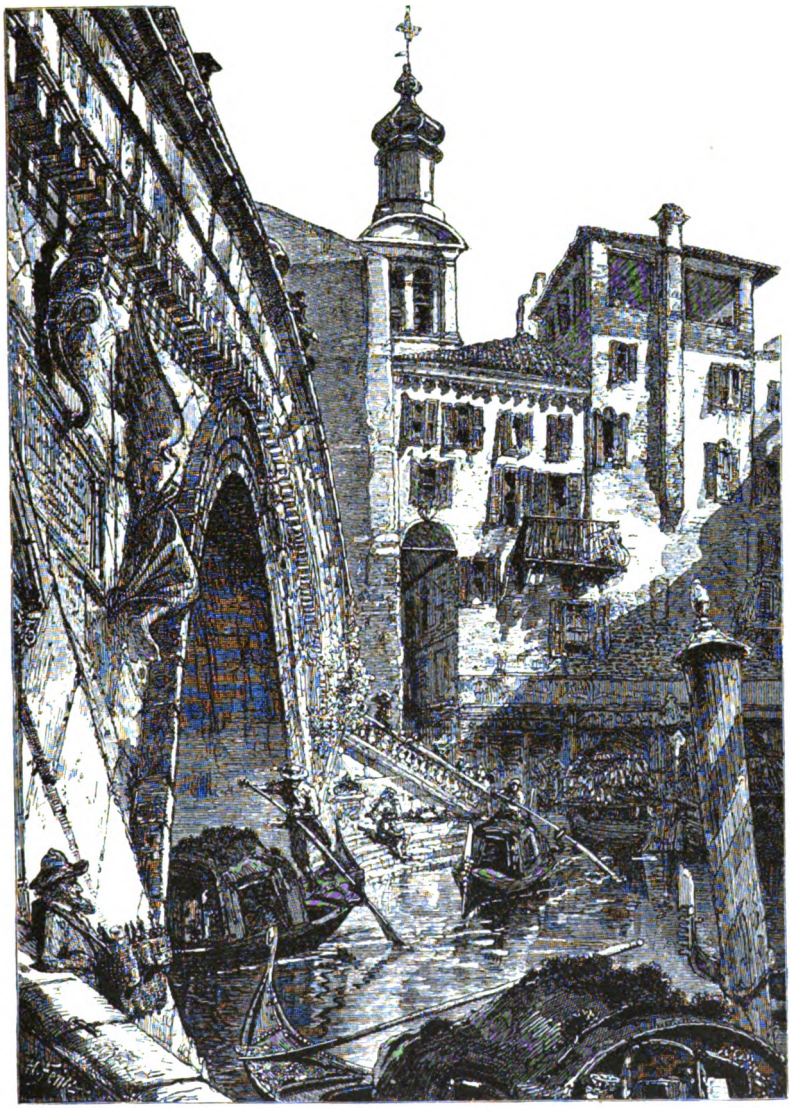

The Liquid Street by the Palaces old and brown.

years the only bridge spanning the Grand Canal) our conversation naturally turned to Shylock, who says :

> "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys,"

and the question arose as to when the bridge was built. It

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was begun in 1588, but Shakspere really refers to that quarter of the town called by the same name and derived from *Rivo-alto.* It was the centre of trade, and every kind of business naturally found its way there.

Our destination was the little Island of S. Michele. To it the people of Venice are borne in their last sleep, but it has only been used as the cemetery, or *Campo Santo*—the Holy Field, as the Italians call it—for the last twenty years. Its enclosure of stone walls, on which the restless sea breaks, is too modern to be mistaken. But if the use to which the island is put is modern, the church is not. A church believed to have been founded at the end of the tenth century was enlarged a couple of hundred years later, when the island was given to Albert, a Camaldolese monk, who founded a monastery there. In 1469 the present church was built, and although those white-cowled sons of St. Benedict and St. Romuald were turned out of their cloister home in 1810, it is still in the hands of religious, as it was given to the Franciscans some time after.

Amongst the remarkable men who trod these cloisters may be mentioned St. Romuald, himself the founder of the Camaldolese; Maffeo Girardi, afterwards patriarch and cardinal; Eusebius Osorno, a Spaniard, ambassador of Ferdinand V., a very learned and holy monk; nearer our own times were the famous Cardinal Zurla; Pope Gregory XVI., who after being a novice, monk, and professor within these walls, was raised to the papal dignity; Costadoni, Moschini, Mitarelli, all learned men, as well as Fra Mauro, author of the celebrated map of the world now in the Marciana Library. In the vestibule of the church lies Paul Sarpi, to whom a monument was erected in Venice during our stay. His body was removed here at the destruction of the Church of S. Maria de' Servi, where he had been first interred.

And thus many memories group themselves round S. Michele, and it was with many thoughts filling our minds that we walked through the church and round the cloisters.

Our return from this sea-girt city of the dead really began the evening, for the sun was setting in all its magnificence of crimson and gold, throwing out the gray mountains of the Styrian Alps and making a path of burnished gold on the sea.

". . . half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,

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Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many folded hills."

The bells from Venice's hundred churches one after another broke the hushed silence, and the Ave rang as it has rung through the many years of her glory and her decline—bells mellowed and made solemn by the centuries.

IT IS NOT INDOLENCE; IT IS REST.

We were met by life's beginning and life's ending. A baby, lying in a cradle draped with blue, was being taken to a church to be baptized; the latter part of the day being the favorite time, it would seem, for Venetian ceremonies. The young father, the delightful importance of the girls, the attention and interest shown, proved that it was the first baby. A girl, too; for going into the church, we heard it addressed by the priest as Marianne. As we wondered on the future of the little life just begun we were reminded of its inevitable end. In a narrow canal we met a gondola which by its appearance we knew to be waiting to bear across that strip of sea one whose journey on earth was over. We lingered to see the coffin lifted in, and as we watched the gondolas start I was reminded of Miss Kinloch's lovely poem in her *Song-Book of the Soul*, entitled "A Funeral in Venice":

"Carry her down the liquid street,
By the palaces old and brown;
Though thine oars may quiver, thy heart may beat,
Oh! carry her gently down.

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"Carry her down the silent street;
She will lie on her bier as pale
As a gathered lily, exceeding sweet,
Untouched by the world's rude gale.

. . . . . .

"And oh! there is weeping of wind and wave,
And troubled each blue lagoon,
When thou floatest her down to her lonely grave,
In the light of the golden noon.

A FAIRY-LAND, WITH ITS CANOPY OF SAPPHIRE.

"There is a cloister of rigorous rule,
The waves are its awful grille;
There is a city, 'tis peopled full,
Its streets are silent and still."

A few strokes of the oar and we were opposite the Church of S. Maria Formosa, in which used to be kept the "Bridegroom's Festival." It was instituted in 944 for the following reason: It was an ancient custom with the Venetians to celebrate the greater number of their marriages on one day, the anniversary of the translation of St. Mark's body to their city. The church where they were celebrated was S. Pietro di Castello. There the maidens, each "holding in her hand a fan, that gently waved, of ostrich plumes; her veil, transparent as the gossamer," hanging "from beneath a starry diadem," wended their way, and there were met by their intended bridegrooms, "each in his hand bearing his cap and plume, and, as he walked, with modest dignity folding his scarlet mantle." On February 2, of the above-mentioned year, they went to the church as usual; but pirates had hidden themselves near, and when the ceremony of marriage was in its midst they rushed in and carried off the brides and their dowries—which each one, in accordance with the custom, had brought to the wedding in precious caskets. They were pursued by the Doge Pietro Candiano, overtaken, and slain. But

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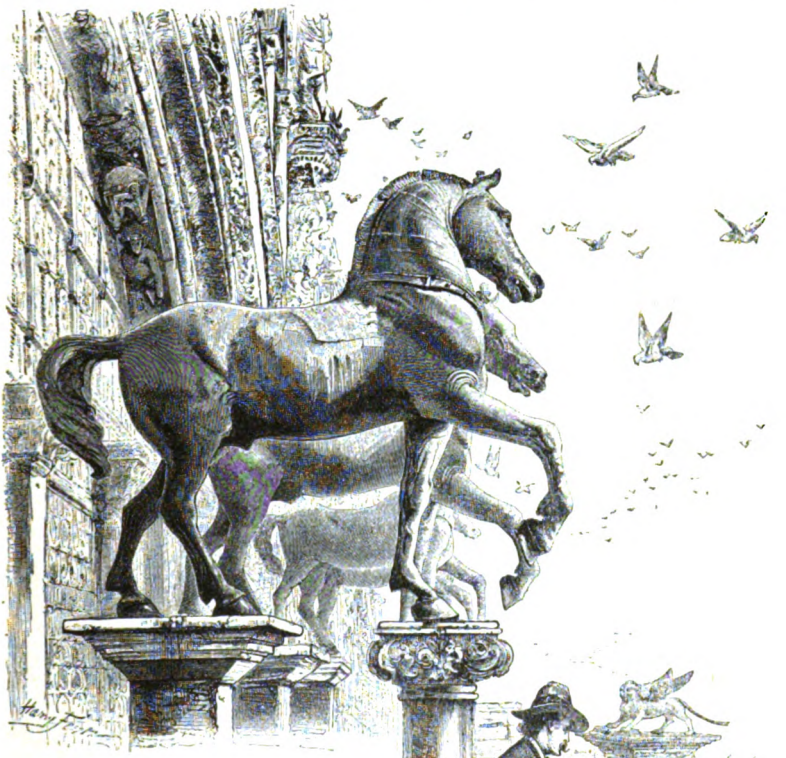
the victory was chiefly owing to the cabinet-makers of the parish of S. Maria Formosa, who asked as their reward that the doge should annually visit their church on the anniversary of that day. "But if it should rain," said the doge, "shall



THE ARMY OF DOVES GOING TO REST.

I still be bound to come?" "Yes," they replied, "and we will give you hats to cover you." "But suppose that I should be thirsty." "We will give you to drink." Ever after the doge went there in state on February 2, and was presented with two hats of gilt straw, two flasks of wine, and two oranges. Twelve maidens received a dowry from the city in thanksgiving for the rescue of the brides, "their lovely ancestors"; but the number was afterwards reduced to three, and I fear that now the custom is no longer kept up.

LISTENING TO THE BAND.

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We wound through small canals on our way to the Piazza, and as we neared it we passed under the Bridge of Sighs, and by those prison windows within which so many unhappy, and even sometimes innocent, prisoners were immured by walls of dreadful thickness. Heavy iron bars crossed each other over the windows, where we saw doves nestling, and underneath two prison gondolas waiting. Although these ancient dungeons and the Piombi—in one of which Silvio Pellico was confined—are not now used, and have not been for many years, there are prisons still in the old Doges' Palace.

What Piazza in the world can be compared to the Piazza of St. Mark? Those who have seen it can never forget it, and to those who have not seen no description could convey an adequate idea. Pictures are of some assistance, but that is all.

We left our gondola and walked between "the two" pillars of the Piazzetta. One is surmounted by a statue of St. Theodore, the former patron of Venice; the other by a lion. Here executions used to be carried out, and the reason for such a choice of place is curious. The pillars of rosy and gray rock were brought from Greece by the Doge Michael in 1126, but nearly fifty years passed away before any one could be found with sufficient engineering skill to set them up. At the end of this time a man called Nicholas, a Lombard, undertook and accomplished the work. As his reward he petitioned to be allowed to keep tables for forbidden games of chance between them. He could not be refused; but he was outwitted, for the senate in granting his request gave orders that executions should also take place there.

Although the shadows had deepened, it was not too late to see the army of doves, who were an anxiety to Ruskin when he walked in the Piazza because they could not keep up with his quick step. They were going to rest in the crevices and cornices around. Yet it was dark enough to see the two twinkling lights high up on each side of the mosaic Madonna on that part of the glorious church that faces the sea. A pretty legend tells us that they owe their origin to a little baker's boy. He had been condemned to death for murder, and was carried to execution. As he passed this image, on his way to the fatal space between the pillars, he asked as a last grace to be allowed to pray before it. His request was granted, and then he went to his death. Long after—a full ten years—it was found that his master and not himself was guilty, and since then, in memory of his last prayer, these lights have burned,

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and every criminal was allowed to pause on his way to execution and say the "Salve Regina" before that image.

After listening to the band, we re-entered our gondola. The return to our hotel was ideally Venetian. The moon was full, and left its trail of palpitating gold upon the waters which reflected the many lights of Venice. The stillness was uninterrupted save by the splash of the oar. The beautiful little Church of the Salute stood out like a bride in the silvery moonlight,

"THE SILENCE WAS UNINTERRUPTED SAVE BY THE SPLASH OF THE OARS."

and the lace-like tracery of Desdemona's house looked lovelier than ever. Just as we neared them the silence was broken by the voice of singers, and looking, we saw a gondola gay with many colored lanterns, one of those which nightly, filled with singers, make the Grand Canal resound with Venetian and other music. From "Santa Lucia," the old and touching Neapolitan song, they passed to a part of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Its continual refrain of "Paradiso" in rich, mellow, feeling voices was very touching. It was in accord with Venice, with its beauty, its calm, its peace. Its tranquil happiness is not indolence; it is rest. The motto of the Bride of the Sea rests upon her people: *Pax tibi Marce, Evangelista meus.*

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MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LETTERS.*

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

IT has become one of the commonplaces of criticism to say that letter-writing is a lost art; but, like most popular commonplaces, this particular one expresses a somewhat superficial view. It is undoubtedly true that in this rushing age no one indulges in that anxious and time-consuming habit of carefully modelling and no less carefully polishing their written periods which was characteristic of the semi-professional letter-writers of the past—such as Pope and Walpole; a habit, by the way, common to persons of a humbler rank with a penchant for letter-writing, if we may take Mrs. Gaskell's delicious description of the redoubtable Miss Jenkyns and her slate as a typical example. But whatever of artistic grace and finish may be lost in our less stately style is, probably, compensated for by the greater naturalness of manner on the writer's part, and the sense of intimate personal acquaintance which we get from the letters of the moderns. At any rate there is a wide-spread belief that we do not quite know the "true inwardness" of an author's mind and views until writing-desks, boxes, and neglected corners have been rifled of their musty accumulations, and a mass of private correspondence has been spread before the public eye, as soon as possible after the death of every popular philosopher, scientist, or novelist of the day. There is a grave question in many minds whether this merciless unveiling to public gaze of a man's sacredly private opinions and words is not one of the most offensive evidences of the desperately bad manners that constitute such a marked characteristic of our end of the century life. Even so long ago as Thackeray's day this particular type of impertinence had reached a stage in its development that led to the great novelist's exacting a promise from his daughter and literary executor that no "Life," and none of his letters to her, should be published. And since Thackeray's death we have sunk immeasurably deeper into the slough of brutal publicity—as witness Mr. Froude's spiteful ex-

* *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, 1848–1888. Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. Two vols. Macmillan & Co.

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posure of the Carlyle deformities, and the recent sad spectacle of a clumsy, narrow-visioned biographer's attempt to belittle the fame of the great Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster by means of his private correspondence—a performance which Cardinal Vaughan has branded in a recent magazine as "almost a crime." It is a question whether this insatiable appetite of the reading world for personal details of its idols' lives and thoughts will not in the end defeat its own object, and that by means of the paralyzing effect which it must necessarily have upon the private correspondence of noted men. If a man is pretty certain that the world at large will in time have the reading of every scrap of his writing, he will perforce fall into the habit of writing his letters for that world. If he be a sensitive man, he will, in so far as is possible, stifle all those impulsive outbursts of a purely personal and *human* sort which after all constitute the main charm in the letters of the moderns; and if he be a vain man, he will strike a pose and retain it throughout to the best of his ability.

In the two volumes recently published of Matthew Arnold's letters the editor's work has been done with delicacy and tact; but he is guilty of the unpardonable sin of omission in an editor—the failure to furnish an index of any sort. Whether Mr. Arnold's letters suffered in the writing from the fact which must have been quite distinctly shadowed in his mind, that they, at the least, ran the chance of publication, must be a matter of opinion. While he was not lacking in personal vanity, there is nothing of the attitude of the *poseur* in his published letters; but although he was not pre-eminently a sensitive man, it is difficult to account for their frequent dulness and occasional commonplaceness, unless one suspects their author to have been cramped and chilled by the thought of the "philistines" who would some day have the reading of them. That an essayist of such extreme distinction in matter and manner should write a great many dull letters would seem to be a fact needing a more adequate cause than the one advanced by Mr. John Morley in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, that "Arnold was one of the most occupied men of his time." Notwithstanding, however, the somewhat disappointing character of the letters, they afford an insight to the mind and temperament of one of the most interesting literary Englishmen of recent times.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, in that extraordinarily clever book *The New Republic*, portrays Arnold (mildly caricatured under the

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name of "Mr. Lake") as "a supercilious-looking man" who "surveyed his surroundings with a look of pensive pity." And in the popular idea of his prose and poetry, superciliousness is considered the dominant tone of the former, as pensiveness is thought to be the distinguishing note of his song. It may be questioned whether this popular idea is a correct one, and his letters certainly do not lend it much support, as they are neither supercilious in tone nor pensive in idea. But they do give one the clear impression of a very lovable side of the writer's character. His tender, chivalrous devotion to his mother; his pleasant tone of loving comradeship toward his sister; his deep affection for and fine harmony of interests with his wife; his ever-warm and watchful solicitude for his children's lives and hopes and plans, lend a charm to all his letters to these persons. The glimpses which one gets of his private life are very delightful, too. It was a simple, kindly, healthy life, full of high thinking and plain living, with much of the best English love for nature and the best English regard for privacy. Some of his letters to his wife show a genuine tenderness of sentiment for animal pets—always a charming trait—and a quaintly whimsical mode of expressing that tenderness, most refreshing as a relief from the usually too matter-of-fact manner of his correspondence. One letter in particular (vol. ii. p. 371), in which he bemoans the death of a much-loved pony, saying, "There was something in her character which I particularly liked and admired," is charming. There is a fine tone of disregard for money, except so far as he desired to do all that was possible for his family's comfort and his children's advancement—a tone which is in full accord with the insistent antimaterialism of his essays. As might be expected of a man with such an extreme admiration for Hellenism in all its phases, Arnold faced the sadness of death in his family—a sadness which he was called upon often to face—with a certain philosophical serenity, not in itself unpleasant, but cold and in its tone a very different state from that which we call Christian serenity.*

That he was not devoid of vanity a number of passages show. But there is nothing of that morbid longing for praise and the plaudits of the great ones of the world, which so often strikes so false a note in the harmony of otherwise well-tuned

* Mr. Russell in his prefatory note gives us a meaningful picture of Arnold, on the morning after his eldest son's death, "consoling himself" with the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius.

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souls. Perhaps the most flagrant instance of gratified vanity in the two volumes is the following (vol. iv. p. 151): "I also heard from Morley yesterday that George Sand had said to Renan that when she saw me, years ago, 'Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant';" and then Arnold goes on, with amusing gratitude, to say: "Her death has been much in my mind. She was the greatest spirit in our European world from the time that Goethe departed. I must write a few pages about her." And all this in spite of the fact that in Paris, a few years previous (vol. i. p. 123), he had refused to go to Berri to see George Sand, because she was "a fat old muse," and the weather was hot and "French travelling is a bore"! Surely, rather insufficient causes for missing the opportunity of communing with "the greatest spirit in Europe since Goethe's departure."

In politics Arnold called himself a Liberal, but he was one only in a far-fetched political sense. Toward the actual Liberal party in English politics he seldom evinced any practical sympathy. He was, in truth, a philosophical "mugwump," viewing both political parties with disapproval, and criticising freely their leaders. Gladstone seemed to him as "always shifting," while Disraeli was "a charlatan." Of American politics his knowledge was superficial, while his judgment of individuals sometimes showed a strange confusion of thought, as, for instance, he *preferred* Grant to Lincoln.

The references in the Letters to literature and to literary men are not particularly numerous and of not an essentially distinguished sort. Tennyson he considered "deficient in intellectual power" and "not a great and powerful spirit in any line"; Ruskin was "dogmatic and wrong"; Renan he did not think "sound in proportion to his brilliancy"; Burns was "a beast, with splendid gleams"; while Coventry Patmore he deemed "worthy but mildish"—a vague bit of criticism which will not greatly disturb the many admirers of Mr. Patmore's high, clear song.

The letters written during Arnold's American tours in 1883–84, and again in 1886, show an evident disinclination on his part to discuss our peculiar institutions and more prominent characteristics as a people. In a letter to Mr. C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, dated in New York, he writes (vol. ii. p. 306): "Hervè said that at the end of his stay in London he felt himself not to have attained 'one single clear intuition.' I will not say that I feel myself precisely in this condition at the end

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of my stay in America, but I feel myself utterly devoid of all disposition to write and publish my intuitions, clear or turbid." This was at the end of his first visit; after his second tour this disposition was reversed.

For the most part his American letters are filled with gossipy details of the places in which he lectured: the size of his audiences, the people who entertained him, etc.; details of no particular interest in themselves, and which gain little from his manner of telling. The climate in summer and winter was not at all to his liking; the landscapes, as a rule, struck him as uninteresting, and the larger cities distressed him by their blatant newness. Speaking of the family of a wealthy merchant, whose guest he was in one of the smaller Eastern cities, he says (vol. ii. p. 267): "The whole family have, compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America. This universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one most here. On the other hand, some of the best English qualities are clean gone; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire publicity and to be on the go all the day long." There was at one time, and possibly is now, a disposition on the part of Americans to denounce Arnold as an ungenerous, fretful disparager of our people, and our institutions and manners. This is in reality an exceedingly unjust idea of his attitude toward us. He did certainly criticise many things in our civilization; but so he did, in sharper and more unqualified terms, many things in the civilization of his own people. And while one may be justified in doubting whether it was incumbent upon the American people to receive the advice of a self-appointed English mentor with the air of solemn devotion to duty that was so noticeable a feature of Arnold's manner, still, to receive his expression of opinion with the shrill cry of angry and vociferous denial, indulged in by the American newspapers, was but an evidence of the narrow spirit of petty provincialism. The newspaper press of the United States was the object of much merited contempt from Arnold during both of his American visits, although some passages in his letters during his second tour would seem to show that he had learned to take newspaper impertinences in a spirit of amused indifference. In a letter from Chicago during his second visit (vol. ii. p. 296) he says: "The papers get more and more amusing as we get west.

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A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music-stool, to 'an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis.'" His opinion of our newspapers on the whole, however, was one of very strong dislike. In writing to his eldest daughter, who lived in New York after her marriage, he says, referring to a memorable attack by a New York newspaper of the first class against the editor of one of its contemporaries, during an election campaign: "Imagine our *Times* writing in this way about the editor of the *Standard!* Say what Carnegie and others will, this is the civilization of the Australian colonies and not of Europe—distinctly inferior to that of Europe. It distresses me, because America is so deeply interesting to me, and to its social conditions we must more and more come here; but *these* social conditions!" And, in truth, if our civilization is to be judged by our newspaper press, one cannot wonder at Arnold's distress. There can be no doubt, however, but that he had a deep appreciation of most of the best qualities of our people. The characteristics which he disliked and the tendencies against which he warned us, were the characteristics and the tendencies regarding which our more thoughtful and clear-visioned American writers have spoken in no uncertain tones. Bishop Spalding, than whom there is no more loyal and devoted American, says in his *Education and the Higher Life:* "The average man controls us not only in politics but in religion, in art, and in literature," and "In our hearts we should rather have the riches of a Rothschild than the mind of Plato, the imagination of Shakspere, or the soul of Saint Teresa." Again, he reminds us of a disagreeable, but most necessary, truth when he says: "It is hard to take interest in a people who have no profound thinkers, no great artists, no accomplished scholars, for only such men can lift the people above the provincial spirit and bring them into conscious relationship with former ages and the wide world." And such were the things which Matthew Arnold sought to impress upon our minds, and never in words more forceful and unsparing than the language of the America-loving Bishop of Peoria.

Arnold's influence upon the religious views of English-speaking Protestants it would be difficult to exaggerate. We live too near his day, perhaps, to gauge the force of that influence with accuracy, but that it was a wide-spread and destructive influence cannot be denied. He was undoubtedly one of the most insidious enemies of "Orthodox" Protestantism—that is, the

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school of Protestant Christianity which has clung to a more or less vague notion of the Incarnation—that the century has produced. A champion of the Established Church of England as against the dissenting sects, the manner and grounds of that defence were of a nature to horrify all except the haziest minds among Broad-church Anglicans. His conception of the Christian religion bore the same relation to the dogmatic faith of the historic church that the light of the moon bears to the sun's brilliancy and heat. Clear, pale, cold—it was a reflected light, as wanting in warmth as the moon's rays; the best it may accomplish is to illumine the wayfarer's pathway enough to aid him in avoiding the pitfalls of ignorance and lust; but its faint glimmer guides his steps to the brink of blank infidelity, and then the pale rays fade into blackest night. His religion was the logical outcome of the latitudinarian views of his father —the Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby fame. That the more intellectual American Protestants, of all denominations, have quite generally adopted Thomas Arnold's latitudinarianism there can be little doubt. Matthew Arnold himself notes this fact (vol. ii. p. 271). "The people last night were all full" of it, he writes to his sister in England; and again to the same, "The strength of the feeling about papa, here in New England especially, would gratify you" (vol. ii. p. 265). Protestant religious leaders have ever been notoriously blind to the logical outcome of their theories, and as notoriously confused in their power of detecting their own worst enemies, and this characteristic haziness of mind was exemplified in the attitude of the leaders of all the so-called Orthodox sects toward Matthew Arnold during his American lecture tours. Phillips Brooks, of the Episcopal denomination, hailed Arnold as the apostle of "sweetness and light," and Arnold pronounced him, after hearing him preach, to be "delightful" (vol. ii. p. 271). In the middle-west Oberlin College, a centre of Orthodox Protestantism, received him with open arms. In New York he lectured to the students of a Presbyterian institution of learning. Back again in New England, at that erstwhile stronghold of Calvinistic Puritanism, Andover, the seat of a Congregational theological seminary, he was "cheered by the students" (vol. ii. p. 282). The spectacle of "orthodox" theological students cheering a man whose belief regarding the Supreme Being "differed"—to use the words of Mr. Wilfrid Ward—"little in its essence from Mr. Herbert Spencer's Agnosticism," is a spectacle to impress upon the onlooker the fact that the destructive

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solvent of the elder Arnold's latitudinarianism is working fast upon the crumbling ruins of "Orthodox" Protestantism. The step from the ground occupied by the elder Arnold to that of his son is a short and a necessary one in the evolution of Protestantism, and when the "Orthodox" sects have taken that step western Christendom will be at the threshold of that day which is to be a time of tremendous conflict—the struggle between the legions of infidelity on the one side and the mighty hosts of the Catholic Church upon the other.

Of Arnold's view of Catholicity the letters do not afford much new light. He was of too fine a cultivation, and of too cosmopolitan a type, to fall into the vulgarisms regarding the church so rife in the published thought of otherwise scholarly American non-Catholics—men whose Rome-hating, Reformation-lauding traditions lead them into strangely narrow and crooked pathways of vilification.* For the English religious revolution of the sixteenth century he had scant sympathy; he says (vol. ii. p. 163): "I am glad to hear from Green,† who is expanding his history, that the more he looks into Puritanism, and indeed into the English Protestant Reformation generally, the worse is his opinion of it all." Of contemporary Catholicism he writes in a letter to his sister: "I often say to liberals that Catholicism cannot be extirpated; that it is too great and too attaching a thing for that." But he seems to have had an uneasy feeling that this was too favorable a view, for he hastened to add: "It is easy for me to say this who look at Catholicism from a distance, and see chiefly its grandness and sentimental side." His idea seems to have been that, since the faith is "too great" and "too attaching" to be destroyed by attacks from the outside, the only hope for its enemies' success lay in gradually transforming and undermining that faith, as held by the children of the church. He wrote in this connection (vol. ii. p. 154): "It can only be transformed, and that very gradually"; and to a French Protestant (vol. ii. p. 132) he said: "My ideal would be, for Catholic countries, the development of something

* This intellectual blindness, which seems to attack most non-Catholic Americans whenever their gaze is turned toward the church, is by no manner of means confined to that essentially uncultivated type so prominent among the "orthodox" Protestants. A man of such high mental acquirements, even, as the late James Russell Lowell was capable of lapsing into malicious twaddle in dealing with things Catholic—as, for example, the crude absurdities to be found in his sketch called "A Few Bits of Roman Mosaic," published in his volume of *Fireside Travels*.

† J. R. Green, author of *A Short History of the English People*, *The Making of England*, etc., etc.

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like Old-Catholicism, retaining as much as possible of old religious services and usages, but becoming more and more liberal in spirit." From Arnold's point of view it was impossible for him to appreciate the magnitude and impossibility of such a project, but that it was a feasible course of action even he found reason to doubt; he, nevertheless, clung to his theory with a somewhat amusing tenacity, because, as he despairingly expressed it, he could "see no other solution." Brother Azarias, in analyzing Emerson's characteristics, tells us that the famous Transcendentalist's "intellectual vision" was "near-sighted," and these words describe not inaptly the defect in Arnold's vision when directed toward the church; he saw that she was "great" and "attaching," he suspected that she was invulnerable also; but he was too near-sighted to be able to account satisfactorily to himself, or to his correspondents, for these obvious attributes of the Church founded upon the Rock.

There is an interesting glimpse in one letter (vol. ii. p. 196) of the all-pervading power and fascination of Cardinal Newman's personality. "On Thursday I got a card from the Duchess of Norfolk, for a party that evening to meet Newman. I went, because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman. I met A. P. S.* at dinner at the Buxtons', and he was deeply interested and excited at my having the invitation to meet the cardinal. He hurried me off the moment dinner was over, saying: 'This is not a thing to lose.' Newman was in costume; not full cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. It was the faithful who knelt in general, but that old mountebank, Lord ——, dropped on his knees, however, and mumbled the cardinal's hand like a piece of cake. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. He said, 'I ventured to tell the duchess I should like to see you.'" This picture of a Protestant lord on his knees "mumbling" a Roman cardinal's hand; of a leader of English intellectual liberalism delighted at the opportunity of speaking for once in his life to that same cardinal; and of a dean of the Anglican Establish-

* The late Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

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ment "excited and deeply interested" and assuring his friend that to be presented to that prince of the church was something "not to lose," certainly proves what a long road English sentiment has travelled since the "No-Popery" days of the mid-century, the days of the absurd and futile "Ecclesiastical Titles" bill, by means of which the English government attempted in vain to resuscitate the old Puritan hate and fear of Rome.

Aside from their somewhat perplexing lack of fresh and vivid play of intellect, such as one might naturally expect to find in these letters, they, on the whole, deepen the impression of Matthew Arnold's character that a study of his essays gives. Cardinal Newman, with his marvellous acuteness in analyzing and portraying well-nigh every conceivable type of humanity, has given us in one page of his *Idea of a University* a description of "some of the lineaments of the ethical character which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from religious principles," that might well have been written in direct description of Arnold, so accurately does it hit upon his most prominent mental characteristics. Says the cardinal: "He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable; to bereavement, because it is irreparable; and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean; who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion, or to act against it, he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions, as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent. Not that he may not hold a religion, too, in his own way. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful without which there can be no large philosophy. He invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occa-

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sion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions."

The question is asked, Is not all this good? Might not the question better be, Is it the best? And the answer to this question lies at hand, too little sought, alas! in the wonderful pages of Newman's noble *Apologia*.

A WALLFLOWER.

BY WALTER LECKY.

HOW sly he peeps from yonder wall,
With rim of rosy red!
He's come at laughing June's sweet call,
Albeit we mourn'd him dead.

He heard the robin sing a lay
To cheer a brooding mate,
To make the lonely time less long
While on the nest she sate.

He knew the pansies in their bloom,
Their fragrance fresh it filled
With odors sweet his stony tomb:
Not even then he willed

To peep above the flowery throng
Or greet the king of day;
But hid himself the stones among,
And dreamt the spring away.

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FATHER CALLAGHAN'S PLACE HAS BEEN ABLY FILLED BY FATHER MICHAEL HENRY.

HANDLING THE IMMIGRANT.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

IT was a day in May; but there was no vernal softness in the air, no balmy winds, no limpid blue in the arching sky. Gray clouds hung over the harbor like a pall—cold, lowering, depressing. The *Lucania* was coming in.

She was forcing her noiseless way through the misty wall that shut down between us and the sea; cautiously she ploughed her way up through the Narrows, past the rugged shores of Staten Island, newly softened in tender green; past the forts, the islands, the Battery, and at last drew up with slow dignity and precision at Pier No. 40.

Among her thirteen hundred souls on board that chilly May day were three hundred and fifty cabin passengers and nine hundred and fifty steerage.

The positive and negative poles of a battery are not more opposite than the classes represented by the above figures. The very manner of disembarking testifies to the difference existing between the two.

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My lady's maid gathers up the rugs, cushions, bags, umbrellas, and steamer comforts—the thousand and one little belongings a woman manages to scatter about her, even when "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the narrow quarters of a berth. The deft, well-trained hands assist her mistress to slip off the loose, comfortable travelling gown, and put her into the natty costume that has "Paris" written all over it. As the gang-plank is thrown out my lady, coldly smiling, greets her dear five hundred as she moves off on the arm of the first officer, who is nothing if not gallant. She steps into the softly-cushioned carriage that for hours has been awaiting her arrival and is whirled away; leaving to servants, relatives, and friends the disposal of the ten, twenty, or thirty trunks, hampers, cases, and silver-mounted bags that seem the necessary paraphernalia for her annual trip across.

Let us step across the deck. Here in close, narrow quarters, standing like cattle waiting to be unpenned, are the thousand immigrants that is the quota that the *Lucania* empties into our lap to-day.

There are no languid airs, no soft tones and weary countenances o'ercast with *ennui* here. Rugged, sun-browned faces are lit up with hope and fear, love, joy, and sorrow. Hope for success in the new land to which they are voluntary exiles; fear of the unknown future; joy that the long-dreaded voyage is over; and sorrow at the memories tugging at their heart-strings; thoughts "that lie too deep for tears" as the village, the glen, the mountain stream loom up before homesick eyes that perhaps will close for ever under these skies. Here in the steerage are no neat-handed Abigails to collect and carry luggage. The sturdy little mother gives an extra twist to the bright handkerchief knotted under the dark face that was bronzed under an Irish, German, or Italian sky, then gathers up in her broad arms the most helpless of the dozen or so infants she can call her own, and collects the remainder to marshal them into line for the coming steamer. The father grasps the cord handles of the black glazed bags, full to bursting of their little worldly possessions, and, talking incessantly, moves forward with the crowd to the side of the vessel where waits *The Rosa*, the little steamer which plies between the incoming vessels and Ellis Island. At length they are all transferred—Hans, with his ruddy blonde face, his thick boots, his beloved pipe, his stolid immobility, in such sharp contrast to his neighbor's volubility; Pat is there with Mary and his little flock, a half-humor-

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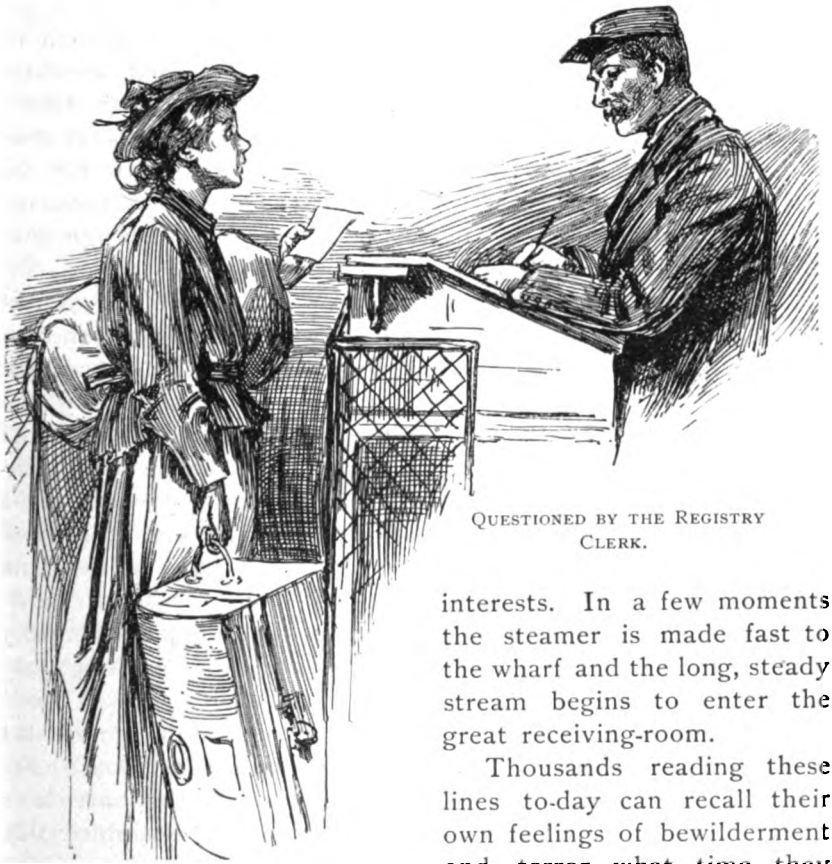
ous, half-fearsome expression on his honest, open countenance as he moves forward with the rest, jostled by Slavonian, Pole, Scandinavian, Jew, and Austrian.

The sides of *The Rosa* are perilously near to the water's edge so packed is she with her human freight. She moves swiftly on through the tossing gray waves toward the tiny island lying east of the gigantic Liberty that lifts her friendly torch on high to light the way for all to new homes, new hopes, new



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interests. In a few moments the steamer is made fast to the wharf and the long, steady stream begins to enter the great receiving-room.

Thousands reading these lines to-day can recall their own feelings of bewilderment and terror what time they landed, a stranger in a strange land, at old Castle Garden, one of the landmarks of our city. Remodelled for the reception of immigrants that began to pour into the country in the '40's, it has temporarily sheltered for the past fifty years the greater part of the eighteen millions who have arrived here, one-third of whom came in between 1880 and 1890. Forty years ago this quaint old building was the largest auditorium in the city. It was there that Jenny Lind and Catherine Hayes, "the Irish

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Nightingale," delighted thousands with their sweet voices. To-day it is being fitted up as an aquarium; for in January, 1892, the Federal government took the immigration problem out of the hands of the State, and Secretary Carlisle removed the Depot of Immigration to Ellis Island, with Dr. J. H. Senner as Commissioner of Immigration for the port of New York, and Edward F. McSweeney as Assistant Commissioner.

Ellis Island is but a tiny bit of land, but it has a history all its own. It was here that the Dutch, and afterwards the early English governors, stored the town's ammunition. On its shores the Dutch made their first landing after their wreckage at Hell-Gate had decided their settlement on Manhattan Island. Later it was known as Gibbet Island because of the execution of criminals which always took place there; and here for the past four years have been received the hundred thousand strangers who have done so much for the material progress of our land.

Nowadays most minute record is kept of every person who enters, but from colonial days to 1820 no record was taken of immigration; however, it is roughly estimated that there were one-quarter of a million added to our population during that period. The awful famine years of Ireland added an immense number, and lately the flood of Italian immigration which began early this year has increased to alarming proportions, a late Atlantic liner bringing as many as 1,151 sons of Italy in one trip. Immigrants of other nationalities have fallen off in numbers.

How about the *Lucania's* load? In that, too, the majority were Italians, though with a large sprinkling of Germans, Irish, and Swedes.

The landing and disposal of a big shipment of immigrants is a most interesting sight. From the time they board *The Rosa*, or other of the transportation steamers, they are in a constant turmoil of excitement, until they are tumbled like bundles of luggage into the express-wagons at the barge-office. Hans and Luigi, Jon and Pat are hurried about by the attendants through the complicated labyrinth leading to freedom. They obey the signs, gestures, and exhortations of the attendants as dumbly as cattle, and as patiently. They file up the steep, narrow staircase of the main building to the long aisles where they are questioned by the registry clerks, to whom the dull routine of business has robbed the process of any appearance of interest. But one would like to look behind those

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stolid faces down into the frightened, throbbing hearts, and sound the depths of emotion that must pervade them at what is to many the most momentous occasion of their lives.

With little or no interest they answer the twenty questions Uncle Sam puts before he decides whether he will adopt them or not: name, age—and even the women don't lie—married or single, occupation, education, nationality, destination, amount of money, friend's or relative's name and address, ever imprisoned, whether under contract to labor, and whether physically or mentally incapacitated, whether deformed or crippled.

WAITING HER TURN.

A continual hum, like that of a mammoth beehive, goes on; but the trouble of the guards does not commence until their charges catch sight of the friends and relatives at the other end of the long room, who have been waiting, perhaps for hours, for their arrival.

With every incoming steamer there is a demand on the steamship company for passes to the island. It is amusing to note the difference between the new arrival and the friends. Among the women the dress shows the degree of prosperity that has been met with in the new land. The colored 'kerchief has been replaced by a wonderful creation in millinery, where yellow and purple predominate. A great deal of cheap lace, not over-clean, ornaments the waist, and a poor unhappy No. 7 foot is squeezed into a No. 5 shoe. Visitors are not allowed to come into contact with the immigrant until the

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latter is finally disposed of by the authorities. As they catch sight of each other, however, their excitement knows no bounds. Then the Babel of tongues begins. Smiles and tears are plentiful. They shriek all sorts of questions across the intervening space, lean far out over the railing, yelling and gesticulating, till the guard, who has lost flesh at his arduous task, more forcibly than politely pushes them back into some semblance of order. When finally they meet, to colder, less demonstrative eyes the scene is touching. Frenchmen fall upon each other's necks and kiss with undisguised emotion. Even quiet Hans embraces his brother, who keeps the corner grocery, with half-hysterical "Mein Gotts!" and "Du lieber Gotts!" The warm-hearted Irish praise God heartily as they look through a mist of tears at the worn faces they saw last on the dear old sod. Only the phlegmatic English gaze calmly at their excited companions and unfamiliar surroundings, and hold on like grim death to their corded boxes.

In many instances husbands have been separated from wives and parents from children for many years, and fail to recognize each other at first. When their identity is made known they are clasped in each other's arms, and cling to their loved ones even while being urged out of the building and down to the ferry landing.

At the Battery the Italians have another delegation waiting to greet them, sometimes the throng numbers thousands and requires the united efforts of a squad of policemen stationed there to preserve order.

Dr. Egisto Rossi, who represents the Italian government as immigration agent at Ellis Island, attributes the extraordinary influx of Italians to three causes: the trouble Italy is having in Africa, the depressed financial condition of the country, and the glowing accounts that the Italian residents of this country are continually writing home to those expecting to come. Dr. Rossi thinks, however, that the great rush is over now, as Italy's financial condition is improving, as evidenced by the loan of $140,000,000 which was floated a short time ago.

The Italian immigrant comes here to stay. There is positively no truth in the statement that his only desire is to amass a few thousand dollars and go home to sunny Italy to enjoy himself during the rest of his days. If he goes back at all it is to bring out some others of his family. The registers at the island prove these facts conclusively. The Italian immigrant has cast his lot in America, and he brings with him some very valuable qualities.

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But it is when the immigrant leaves the *Arizona*, the ferry-boat plying between the island and the city, and turns his face toward the busy streets teeming with bustle and excitement, that his real perplexities begin. He is then thrown on his own resources—given over by the government to the tender mercies of his friends, as it were.

But what of those who have no friends here, no relatives who have gained a foothold in the new land?

The numerous emigrant homes along State Street, a minute's walk from the Battery, answer that question.

Years ago immigrants were the prey of dishonest and disreputable agents, or the victims of sharpers. Young girls who had left home with a song or a laugh on the lip, to hide an aching heart, were never heard from again. With promises of easy situations and large wages, which would enable them to send for the old folks, they were easily lured away to ruin. It was the recital of these abuses and the letters of inquiry that came to the churches that roused the interest of the citizen in the immigrant.

The Lutheran churches were the first to respond to the appeal. Twenty-five years ago the fifteen hundred congregations of that denomination in the United States and Canada united their interests and formed an association for the protection of immigrants, each congregation contributing to its support. A house was rented just opposite Castle Garden, where the immigrants at that time were landed. A work was then begun which has proved of incalculable value to the many who have entered our gates. At present, under the name of the "Lutheran Pilgrim House," it occupies one of the old-time mansions at No. 8 State Street. The house conducts a regular banking business for immigrants only; for these German, Swedish, and Danish travellers are a thrifty people, and rarely land here without a little capital to start a home in the new land. Here tickets are purchased and letters written to intending immigrants, and in each letter a yellow slip is enclosed to serve as an identification to the officers of the association who are stationed at Ellis Island. All those who wear the yellow slip in their hats are singled out. If they are going to New York they are put in charge of the missionary, who never leaves them until they are safely sheltered in the mission house. Good, clean beds are furnished them for twenty-five cents a night, and plain, substantial meals at the same rate. To those who have no money hospitality is freely extended, and help and

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advice proffered as to their spiritual or bodily needs. They are kept there until their friends call for them or until they find employment. The house has accommodations for one hundred and thirty people, though it averages but fifteen a night.

For twenty years the "Norwegian Lutheran Emigrant Mission" has been connected with the "Lutheran Pilgrim House." Two doors east of the latter the Sisters of St. Agnes conduct the "St. Leo House," which is run very much on the same principles, with the exception that it was established for

MR. PATRICK MCCOOL HAS BEEN THE FAITHFUL AND EFFICIENT SECRETARY OF THE MISSION.

German Catholics only, though no one is refused its hospitality. The same prices are charged, the same work is done. Guests for the Leo House wear a blue slip on their hats, and are greeted by kindly, alert Mr. Fredericks, who wears on his coat the large gold anchor of the St. Raphael Society. It is he who conducts the little bands of his countrymen to the *Arizona* and across the park to their temporary home. The Leo House has been established for fifteen years, Bishop Wigger of Newark being its president. It is maintained by a fund made up of voluntary contributions of twenty-five cents a year or more from the laity.

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With commendable forethought our German brethren generously contributed $50,000 toward the purchase of this emigrant home, thus enabling the reverend director to begin his good work practically free from debt.

Standing between these two German Homes is No. 7 State Street, the home for Irish immigrant girls. Originally, in 1803, this house was one of the handsomest residences in New York. These three houses are all that are left of a row of twelve that were built when State Street was the fashionable quarter of the city. No. 4 was occupied by J. Ogden, No. 6 by William Bayard, No. 12 by Samuel Cooper, and No. 7 by the well-known sugar merchant, Moses Rogers, all of whose names are closely identified with the city's growth.

Contributing as much, perhaps, to the welfare of the great metropolis is the good work that is being carried on there now by Father Henry, Father Cahill, and Father Brosnan, and their kind and trustworthy agent, Mr. Patrick McCool.

The object of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, stated briefly, is as follows: to establish a Catholic Bureau under the charge of a priest for the purpose of protecting, counselling, and supplying information to the Catholic immigrants who land at Ellis Island; to give them a temporary home while waiting for their friends or looking for employment, and to give them the comfort of a chapel. It is owing to the suggestion of the Irish Colonization Society that, in 1883, this mission was established.

During the year 1882 there were 455,450 immigrants landed at this port. Of that vast number it is terrifying to think of the percentage that came to harm. In May of that year a meeting of the Irish Colonization Society was held in Chicago. As a result of its discussion of the question, the late Bishop Ryan of Buffalo laid before Cardinal McCloskey of New York a plan for the amelioration of the condition of affairs, with the result of immediately establishing the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, with Father John Riordan at its head.

Father Riordan's first step toward the success he afterwards accomplished was to make a trip through the West, and establish bureaus of information in the cities of Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, Peoria, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and have them work in harmony with his mission. In the beginning his own private purse was his main reliance, but later on appeals to his many friends and to the charitably disposed enabled him to gather $16,000. With this he purchased No. 7 State Street. The home once established, he

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devoted all his time to caring for the immigrants as they landed. The daily press recorded thousands of cases where his helping hand, held out just at the right moment, had saved many a girl from ruin.

Father Riordan continued his missionary work at Castle Garden until he died in 1887. During his four years of service he had harbored 18,800 immigrant girls. He kept a sharp look-out for all possible and positive dangers to innocent immigrant girls on board ship, and every offending steamship officer was made to feel the influence of the zealous priest. Mr. McCool, to whose active sympathy and warm-hearted service thousands

SOME TYPES OF YOUNG WOMEN.

of girls can testify, speaks most favorably of the railroad employees on this side of the Atlantic, thus furnishing another proof of the inherent good qualities of the American man who makes it possible for a woman to travel from end to end of our broad land alone and unprotected and never be subjected to insult.

After Father Riordan's death he was succeeded by Father Kelly, who, however, was compelled to give up the work in a year from ill health. He was succeeded by Father Michael Callaghan, who was a life-long friend of Father Riordan's, and in manner, activity, and devotion to his work strongly resembled the earnest founder of the mission.

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It was in the late Father Callaghan's time that the great Metropolitan Fair was held which netted to the mission the superb sum of forty-three thousand dollars, thus assuring its future. Father Callaghan's place has been ably filled by Father Michael Henry.

Ever since the foundation of the mission Mr. Patrick McCool has been its faithful and efficient secretary. His work is immense, receiving and answering on an average fifty letters a day, greeting the immigrant girls as they come in, directing the friends who come to find their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts; but he brings to it a trained mind, a big, warm, Irish heart, and an inborn horror of the dangers which menace unprotected womanhood.

Next to the establishment of the mission itself, Father Riordan considered in importance its connection with the St. Vincent de Paul Societies throughout the Union. Fortunately he was able to accomplish this before he died, and the organization has extended to all the large cities of the United States.

No one outside those whose business it is to take special interest in the immigrant can form any idea of the necessity which demands the co-operation of the St. Vincent de Paul Societies. The number of immigrants landed in New York in a single year has reached half a million. Out of this number few have ever gone even a short distance from their homes until they entered the emigrant ship. For the most part they are entirely ignorant of the difficulties attendant upon a journey from one of the rural districts in Ireland to such distant points as Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and require to be directed at every step. It is only the good God, who watches even a sparrow's fall, who knows what would become of them but for these missions and their co-operators.*

The limited scope of an article precludes much discussion of the immigration problem. The Contract Labor Law, with its advantages and disadvantages, would require a paper to itself. The immense influx of Italians is a question that demands solution, and that promptly, as there is not a branch of manual labor in which they are not supplanting other laborers.

* Although intended primarily for Irish and Catholic immigrant girls, this Home is really undenominational in its work, and Father Henry and Mr. McCool greet in their kindly way many a lonely Protestant girl and care for her in the Home as carefully as for their own, the only distinction that is made being that the Protestant girls are never asked to attend the chapel services. It is the ardent hope of these earnest workers that Father Riordan's ambition will some day be realized, and the golden cross above a spacious chapel will flash its welcome from far down the bay to the weary, homesick immigrant, and point out the spot to all where God's good work is being carried on.

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These immigrants are not cared for as efficiently as the Irish immigrant; one reason being the fact that out of every hundred there are only five women, whereas among the Irish ninety per cent. of all who come here to-day are girls ranging from fifteen to forty years, some of whom have neither friend nor relative in this country.*

The law for deporting paupers, idiots, and cripples is strictly carried out. Not long ago a young man who was only a few hours off the ship was found in the street horribly intoxicated.

He was at once returned to Ellis Island, and the vessel that brought him had one unwilling passenger on her return trip. Sometimes this law and its enactment has its pathetic side, as in the case of the unfortunate Armenian recently, who had been a resident of the United States for seven years, and during that time had constantly sent remittances to his little family in unhappy Armenia. Some six months ago he went out to bring them here. When he reached the frontier he could not, of course, enter his own country; but he met "the wily Turk," who offered to convey his family out to him, taking all his money to do it. For months he waited, but in vain. No Turk, no money, no family. Fortunately, he thought, he had saved his own return ticket; but when he reached Ellis Island he was deported as a pauper, though his old employer at Worcester, Mass., offered to pay his fare to that place, and would gladly take such a good workman back. Five of his fellow-countrymen pledged themselves to his support until he found work, but the law was imperative and he was returned.

What phases of humanity, what little human tragedies, what comedies one sees in a day spent at Ellis Island! But running through it all, like a silver thread, is the charity, the good will, the kindness of one for another, the purity of heart that holds out a helping hand to the stranger within our gates.

* For a few weeks lately two Franciscan priests from Baxter Street Church did all that energy, courage, and sympathy could do for their fellow-countrymen. But as all their expenses—and they are not light: letters, meals, telegrams, etc.—came out of their own small purses, they have been compelled to desist and leave the hordes of Catholic Italian immigrants unattended save by government officials.

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THE LOVE OF THE MYSTICS.

BY A. A. McGINLEY.

IT would seem that literature had exhausted itself in trying to express the true relation between the love of the Divine and the love of the human, and still it is a vexed, almost a burning question, touching upon the inmost fold of the heart of humanity. One science alone explains it, and that of all sciences is the most denied, the most unknown. Few there are who have learned even its primary principles, fewer still who have sounded its depths. The very name of mysticism is regarded as an anomaly in the world of ethics. Mysticism has no place in the religious system of to-day, declares the rationalistic mind. It is a form of religious expression which could not exist under the searching light of intellectual truth which science has thrown upon the problems of the metaphysical world. It belongs to an age in which two-thirds of mankind groped in the darkness of undeveloped intelligences, and was but an abnormal revulsion of the spiritual faculties of a few among the more enlightened or finer natures against the gross and ignorant superstitions of their age regarding the supernatural.

FALSE IDEAS.

There is an unblushing boldness in the assertions of error which propagates its cause and spreads its doctrines with such an irresistible force that truth often shrinks back and yields the field, abashed and unable to withstand its onslaughts from very modesty. Thus is it that wrong conceptions of some of the most beautiful features of the church's doctrine, distorted and misrepresented by the Protestant world, have gained such headway that from their very wide-spreadedness, though from that alone, they are often conceded, even by some Catholics themselves, to be the correct interpretation.

Controlling our literature, building up our national encyclopædias, collaborating our dictionaries, the world outside the church does as it pleases in this matter, and in self-sufficient scorn smiles at our feeble protests against the false and our demands for unprejudiced judgments.

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Thus, defining mysticism, our latest authority in lexicography says, "Mysticism, as opposed to rationalism, declares that spiritual truth cannot be apprehended by the logical faculty, nor adequately expressed in terms of the understanding," when, as a matter of fact, mysticism declares nothing of the kind, and for this contradiction we may take no less an authority than St. Catherine herself, the queen of the mystical world.

Singularly apropos of this question there has come but recently before the reviewers a new version of the life and writings of this great mystic,* prefaced by an introduction that has been written by a master-hand. Although occupying but a few pages of a rather large volume, it contains therein an exposition of the subject which shows that before the writer's mind have been ranged in all their aspects the many-sided problems of human life and the bearing that this subject has upon them, not alone upon what we may call their sentimental or spiritual side, but even upon the life of sense and of practical realities.

WHAT MYSTICISM IS.

In us ordinary Christians it requires a sort of pulling together, a bracing of our spiritual nerves, to face the reading of a life of pure mysticism, but let us dare to affirm, in excuse for this rather cowardly shrinking of the human that is in us, that could we have had such an interpreter as this one to guide us we would have learned to go down into the depths of such lives with the eagerness and joy like to that which we experience in exploring the deep and wonderful secrets of nature.

"Mysticism," he declares, "is as real a part of the experience of man as the nervous system," and ". . . so far from its being a delusion it is one of the most exact sciences." It is the reduction to an emotional form of the mind's idea of God, and the making of this idea a *habit* of the intellect. To the attainment of this habit certain spiritual experiences must be gone through with, which are extraordinary, not in the sense that they are not possible to every human soul but that they are practised or desired but by few. "The great mystics," says this writer, "are not maniacs revelling in individual fantasies; they have but developed to the full extent of their

**The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena.* Dictated by her, while in a state of ecstasy, to her secretaries, and completed in the year of our Lord 1370. Translated from the original Italian, with an introduction on the study of mysticism by Algar Thorold. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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powers tendencies existing, in germ at least, in all normally developed men of all time."

The mystics are but souls who, with wings of the spirit and unburdened by the desires of the flesh, have flown higher into that spiritual world towards which every human soul at times looks with longing eyes. It is not because we too *may* not take wing and follow, but because we *will* not.

THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF SOUL ACTIVITY.

Mysticism affords to those favored beings who are competent in brain, and ready in will for its uplift, a true and lasting realization of that "desire for self-escape into something higher" which is in the very marrow of our being. Nothing can satisfy the best longings of the soul but the Infinite, because the Infinite alone is perfect truth, and truth is the proper food of the intellect. Mysticism is but the logical explanation of this craving. It explains it by a syllogism so simple that all can grasp its significance. "For thyself, O God, thou hast created us, and therefore our hearts shall be restless until they rest in thee."

The first law of psychology will accept both the premises and the conclusion. Mysticism is the spiritual term, psychology the natural term of the science of the soul, and in an analysis of the human consciousness the latter will agree with the former that "the desire for ecstasy is at the very root and heart of our nature." "This craving," says our author, "when bound down by the animal instincts, meets us on every side in those hateful contortions of the social organism called the dram-shop and the brothel."

The soul shrinks from routine and inactivity as the body shrinks from death. Activity is the life of the soul and ecstasy is the highest expression of activity.

Why do common Christians turn away in secret disgust at the thought of heaven and seek the pleasures of earth? Because never has their dull consciousness drawn near enough to the Infinite for them to feel for a moment the ecstasy which thrills the soul at the touch of God, and which constitutes the eternal beatitude of the elect. Not having this experience in their mortal lives, an eternal heaven, in which our sole occupation will be an absorbed contemplation of the beatific vision, is to them a blank; they prefer the pleasures of earth, elect them and enjoy them while they may.

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ST. CATHERINE EXPLAINS.

Let us, however, leave our own imperfect interpretations for awhile, and listen to the words of this mystical soul in the dialogue between her and her Creator. This dialogue, it will be remembered, is the expression in human words of those mystical truths which the seraphic virgin beheld when, with vision purified and strengthened, her gaze penetrated through and beyond the wall of matter which hides the invisible world. What passed between her soul and God's she expresses in her own words, speaking his part as she does her own. It is the Father, the Creator, the First Person of the Blessed Trinity, with whom she communes; and he speaks to her of the Son, calling him "My Truth"; "The Bridge" over the river of life leading to the Father; the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

"The soul I created in My image, giving her memory, intellect, and will. The intellect is the most noble part of the soul, and is moved by the affection (or will) and nourishes it. . . . The soul cannot live without love, but always wants to love something, because she is made of love and by love I created her. The affection moves the intellect, which, feeling itself awakened by the affection, says: '*If thou wilt love, I will give thee that which thou canst love.*'

"And at once it arises, considering carefully the dignity of the soul, etc." And here follows in mystical language a description of the process by which the perfect soul sets before the eye of the intellect a perfect image for its love and adoration. Then how, on the contrary, "if the sensual affection wants to love sensual things, the eye of the intellect sets before itself, for the *sole* object, transitory things, with self-love, displeasure of virtue and love of vice. . . . This love so dazzles the eye of the intellect that it can discern and see nothing but such glittering objects. It is the very brightness of the things which causes the intellect to perceive them, and the affection to love them; for had worldly things no such brightness there would be no sin, for man by his nature" (mark here the key-note of all Catholic doctrine) "cannot desire anything but good, and vice, appearing to him thus under color of the soul's good, causes him to sin."

Truly, "what the eye does not see the heart does not long for"; and once having seen the highest beauty, it can love and long for nothing else.

> "We needs *must* love the highest when we *see* it;
> "Not Launcelot—nor another!"

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cried Arthur's stricken queen when awakened conscience at length tore away the veil that covered the hideousness of her sin and showed her the beauty of the love that she had lost.

"It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known;
It must have been my pleasure had I *seen*."

THE GENIUS OF SANCTITY.

Genius is that expression of the human life in which the will and intellect have reached the highest development of which each is individually capable. But as star differs from star in glory, so does one genius differ from another, the poets from the painters, the philosophers from the statesmen, the scientists from the saints. Each possesses a "personality" which singles him out and stamps the mark of genius upon him. But the last named of these attains to the perfection in a degree (if the contradiction in the terms of comparison may be permitted) far above and beyond that ever reached by the others.

The theme elected by genius, in which it finds above all else its best expression of the highest good, is love. It has been the inspiration that has guided the heart and hand and eye of all art in all ages. It has been placed as the corner-stone above which has been reared its noblest monuments, and the crown that has been set upon their summits. If this is true of the genius of poetry, painting, and sculpture, how much more true of the genius of sanctity. Here indeed has love given the fullest and completest inspiration; for God has been the corner-stone and crown of all its works, and God is love.

Thus is it proven that the genius of the saint transcends all other genius; for, having intellect in a supreme degree, it sets before the eye of the intellect only a perfect image, and its perfect will keeps it constant to the love this image inspires.

SAINTS DIFFER AS THE AGES CHANGE.

As every age brings forth its geniuses, so every age brings forth its saints. As in our day the form of beauty which the poet or painter expresses differs from all preceding forms, for originality is a condition of genius, so does the conception of the Eternal beauty in the mind of the saint differ from that of other ages, though in essence and principle it remains the same. And as in the genius in the natural order we see reflected the aspirations, the characteristics, and the environments of the age in which he lived, so also in the spiritual

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genius, or the saint, we find the highest expression of the religious thought and aspirations of his day.

Stylites on his pillar, Anthony in the desert, brought each his message to the age in which they lived. The outward form of their peculiar spirituality could not express our conception of the perfect spiritual type, no more than the solemn elegy of a century ago could now be to us the form of poetic expression that would echo the characteristics of our emotions to-day; for these characteristics change with the ages. What is inspiring and poetic in one age seems exaggerated and absurd in another.

From a forgetfulness of this essential consideration arises those confused and painful notions regarding the lives of the saints which prevail so much among ordinary Christians. The science of union with God is not the exclusive science of any time or place, and the life of the mystic is as possible in the complications and distractions of our modern life as it was in the solitude of the mediæval cloister.

That it is even more possible, is an assertion that we may perhaps dare to make if we read aright the interpretation that St. Catherine herself gives of the teaching that the Divine Wisdom imparted to her in raising her to this union.

LOVE OF GOD SUPPOSES LOVE FOR MAN.

Of all the arguments brought against religion in these days there is probably none more potent for evil than that one, so often implied by the disciples of the altruistic school, that the love of God, as taught by orthodox Christianity, can only be perfected by an exclusion of love for man. Let the words of God's own Spirit give the lie to such an assertion. "I require," he says, "that you love me with the same love with which I love you. This, indeed, you cannot do, because I loved you without being loved. Therefore, to me, in person, you cannot give the love I require of you, and I have placed you in the midst of your fellows that you may do to them what you cannot do to me; that is, to love your neighbor of free grace without expecting any return from him; and what you do to him I count as done to me, which My Truth showed when he said to Paul, my persecutor, '*Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?*' This he said, judging that Paul persecuted him in his faithful. . . . This love (of the neighbor) must be sincere, because it is the *same* love with which you love me that you must love your neighbor. . . . It is when the love of me is still imperfect that the neighborly love is so weak. . . . In failing

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in love to his neighbor a man offends me more than if he abandoned his ordinary exercise (of prayer), and, moreover, he would truly find me in exercising love towards his neighbor; for by not succoring his neighbor, his love for him diminishes, and his love for his neighbor diminishing, my affection towards him also diminishes; so that, thinking to gain he loses, and where he would think to lose he gains. That is, being willing to lose his own consolation for his neighbor's salvation, he receives and gains me."

Again and yet again is this law of love reiterated by the Divine Voice: "Thou knowest that the commandments of the law are completely fulfilled in two: to love me above everything and thy neighbor as thyself; which two are the beginning, the middle, and the end of the law." There are four degrees through which souls must pass to reach the perfect state, is said by the Voice: fear of the Lord; love of him for his gifts, and the third, "which is a perfect state in which they taste charity, and having tasted it, give it to their neighbor. And through the third they pass to the fourth, which is one of perfect union with me. The two last-mentioned states are united—that is to say, one cannot be without the other, for there cannot be love of me without love of the neighbor, or love of the neighbor without love of me. . . . Thus will they attain to the love of the friend; and I will manifest myself to them as My Truth said in those words: *He who loves me shall be one thing with me, and I with him; and I will manifest myself to him, and we will dwell together.* . . . This is the state of two dear friends; for though they are two in body, yet they are one in soul through the affection of love, because love transforms the lover into the object loved; and where two friends have but one soul there can be no secret between them; wherefore My Truth said: '*I will come and we will dwell together.*'"

Did ever poet tell in sweeter words of the love of human friendship?

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN IN THE LOVE FOR GOD.

And even still more does He insist upon this unity and love among his creatures, and condemn the spiritual selfishness which tends to separate the soul from its fellows. "*If there be two or three or more gathered together in my name, I will be in the midst of them.* Why is it said two or three or more? The number one is excluded, for unless a man has a companion I cannot be in the midst. He who is wrapt up in self-love is solitary. Why is he solitary? Because he is separated from

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my grace and *the love of his neighbor*. So that he who is solitary—that is, alone in self-love—is not mentioned by My Truth and is not acceptable to me."

Can altruism plead more eloquently the brotherhood of man? And who shall now deny that "Catholicism is nothing if not the religion of universal love"?—for it must be remembered, to borrow the words of the introduction to "The Dialogo," in the life of St. Catherine, that it is from first to last but "a mystical exposition of the doctrines taught to every child in the Catholic Sunday-school."

"The God-idea and not the Self-idea," says the writer, "is in the Christian scheme the centre of the soul's mystical periphery." It has been shown to us that the God-idea is imperfect until it has reached that degree in which love of God and love of the neighbor are made one. "Heresy," he continues, "may be defined as a centrifugal tendency of the human spirit, which in reaction tends to replace the true centre, God, by the false centre, self. The idea under which this tendency is disguised varies indefinitely from Arius to Luther, but the tendency is always the same; like the evil spirit in the Gospel, its *name* is Legion."

HERESY PERVERTS HUMAN LOVE.

The strongest manifestation of this tendency in all religions outside of the true church is shown nowhere so plainly as in the literature of the Protestant world, with its false exaggeration of the part that is played in life by the love of the sexes, depicting the different phases of human passion—envy, hatred, jealousy, and despair—as but the expressions of the depth and power of this emotion. What is all this but the Self-idea and a forgetfulness of the true relations of the soul to God and the neighbor? In true love such emotions have no part. "Dost thou know how the imperfection of spiritual love for the creature is shown?" says the Divine Voice. "It is shown when the lover feels pain if it appear to him that the object of his love does not satisfy and return his love, or when he sees the beloved one's conversation turned aside from him, or himself deprived of consolation, or another loved more than he. . . . It is because his love for me is still so imperfect that his neighborly love is so weak, and because the root of *self-love* has not been properly dug out."

Here, indeed, is an analysis of the Self-idea, which is the motive of love as it is commonly depicted to us, that strikes at the very root of the matter. "That love which is patient and kind, which believeth all things, hopeth all things, and *en-*

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dureth all things," is not to be recognized in the selfish passion which poses as true love in the novel of to-day. It is a counterfeit which heresy alone was capable of producing, and its existence dates from that time when heresy covered with its baneful wings almost the whole face of the civilized world.

THE SELF-IDEA OF PROTESTANTISM.

The Self-idea in Protestantism was manifested almost at the beginning of its career in the reigning thought of the literature of the Renaissance, whose strongest characteristic was the revival of the element of the sensuous. The restraining hand of Catholic doctrine being lifted, there was nothing now to keep men from pouring forth from their hearts at will and in full tide every emotion and passion which the human heart can experience. No matter if souls might be swept away by the onrushing torrent, let art have its full swing and put no check on the reins of genius.

Catholic doctrine might teach, if it will, that it were better to lose a whole school of literature than that one human soul should be sullied by an impure thought, as it had proved that it were better to lose a nation rather than mar the integrity of the marriage sacrament. By such teaching the world says it but proved its ignorance and its inferiority to art. But as the church has always, and will ever, hold to a practice consistent with her teachings, so, too, has heresy worked out to a logical fulfilment the promises it gave at the beginning of its career. No Catholic, as such, could write the naturalistic novel of to-day; because the motive of such a novel is founded on the inference that the full gratification of sensual love is the be-all and end-all of human happiness, and this is a slander on human life. No child of Adam would ever be willing to accept as his full portion of happiness such gratification; for that portion of his being, his soul, which is the part that possesses the largest capacity for happiness, is left out of the reckoning altogether. They who thus depict nature have grasped but her feet of clay, and are

> "Without the power to lift their eyes and see
> Her god-like head crowned with spiritual fire
> And touching other worlds."

LOVE IN THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL.

"A pure naturalistic novel, in the strict sense of the word, is an impossibility," says our author, "because natural science

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can no more 'organize' human life than a knowledge of the chemical constituents of color can make a man an art critic."

If it were, however, but a question of the value and relation of naturalism to art or literature we might yield our ground, defeated if not convinced, but more than this and sadder than this is the import of the question involved in the delineation of love in the modern novel.

There is not a corner of the civilized world where its influence has not reached, nor a fold in the heart of society which has not been touched by it. The world no longer loves according to the way the heart dictates; it learns the art from the modern novel, and uses it as a text-book in which it finds the rules and methods by which the art is best acquired. Men and women love as they have learned to love from books. The ingenuous love of those days in which there were no books from which to learn the art would now be considered as unpardonable vulgarity. And at the end of it all it is found that the text-books have lied; their rules are false and their methods failures. Yet still are the presses grinding out the food which feeds the great divorce evil of to-day and eats the heart out of human society; and still is aspiring genius prostituting its mission in life by striving to satisfy more and more the cravings of human passion by its false analysis of human life. And how could we expect otherwise from it when at every new delineation of the "natural" there goes up the laudations of an admiring world, and a new expression of the "psychic" (not spiritual) part of our being may to-morrow win for a man a place among the "forty immortals."

There is no more pitiful evidence of the prevalence which the sentiment in regard to this matter has obtained than when we find Catholics trying to vindicate the theories of the school of naturalism; and even more than this, see those who have received the talent to use their pen weakly following in the wake of the disciples of this school.

CATHOLIC LOVE-STORIES.

Catholic literature, in order to take its stand with contemporary literature, must have its love-stories, say they; and these stories must conform, on general lines at least, to the style which meets the approbation of our modern critics. Imitation of that which is good and genuine is repulsive enough, but imitation of that which is bad is too base for us to be able to find expression for our disgust for it. The pen in the hands of such a Catho-

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lic becomes as a two-edged sword, wounding both himself and his readers. That they are not conscious in following such a course that the reefs and shoals of sensuality lie not far ahead, but makes their danger all the greater.

By all means let us have in our Catholic literature the faithful portrayal of pure love, good and true. We will, however, recognize it when we see it without the impertinent intrusion upon our imagination of silly details and the sickening delineations of its physical expression, that mar the beauty of the image and take the bloom and delicacy away from the idea.

Let us admire it not only as the reflection, but as a *part* of that perfect and Divine Love which will one day absorb our being into Itself, for the purpose of God in creating it was to give man a symbol by which he might measure with his human faculties the depth and height and breadth of the love that he shall possess eternally. We were to see its beauty reflected in our hearts, as the beauty of the heavens is reflected in the shallow pool. We know that we but see the image when we look, but it is to us as lovely as the real; we gaze upon it lovingly, both the reflection and that which is reflected, for they are one.

The part of naturalism is to destroy what is to it an illusion. It would officially seek to "analyze," according to its own gross conceptions, this "illusion"; and at its touch the reflection upon which we have been gazing becomes broken and distorted, and where once we saw the very beauty of heaven we now behold but the clay of earth.

THE MYSTIC PERFECTS NATURE.

The study of naturalism, however, is not excluded from mysticism; but mysticism goes through and beyond naturalism to the supernatural. The intricacies of human nature, in all their sense and essence, were explored by the virgin mind of this young saint to a depth unconceivable to an unspiritual mind. Human nature in all its forms and aspects passed in review before her with a realism which at times made her soul shrink back faint, sickened, and aghast; and yet viewing thus the corruption of human nature as it appeared thus to her, she could see rising far above it all the greatness and the inherent beauty of the human soul.

When naturalism shall have reached its final analysis, and when it shall have been proven to it that there is a height as well as a depth in man's nature which human thought and ex-

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pression can never compass, then to mysticism will be conceded its rightful place in the science of life, for science it is in the spiritual order as much as in the natural order is the art of music, to which of all things in art and science it bears the closest affinity. "Mystical science is the counterpoint of the soul's symphony." As one note omitted in a strain of music will create a discord that will mar the expression of the whole, so can the harmony of an almost perfect soul be marred by one false trait.

The soul that has acquired perfection is one that has become perfectly attuned in all its faculties to the God-principle underlying all creation. "Man's approach to God is regulated by the strictest laws and follows a true mathematical curve." Yet nothing could be freer than its individual action, for it can follow no other path in this ascent than that traced for it by its own intimate constitution.

Each soul is as a different instrument played upon by the Divine Hand, and each produces a different strain. It will be the blending of these strains that will make the eternal symphony of heaven.

BEATI MUNDO CORDE.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

BLEST are the pure in heart." O Love Divine!
Who seest all our weakness, all our sin;
What foes assail us from without, within;
What chains of earth around our hearts entwine:
Thou knowest all; and that sweet Heart of Thine
To every grief and care of ours hath grown akin,
For Thou art Man as we; and we may win
Grace to be like Thyself. O Christ! we pine,
We long for this alone. Lo! Thou art pure,
Purer than words can say; but we have turned
Careless away from Thee, nor could endure
Thy gentle yoke, Thy loving Voice have spurned.
Turn us at last to Thee; Thy word is sure—
Not all in vain Thy Heart for us hath yearned.

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ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

BY ALICE C. KELLOGG.

"SUCH a perfect life as hers, again
In the world we may not see;
For her heart was full of love and her hands
Were full of charity."—*Phœbe Cary.*

AS I read Adelaide Anne Procter's poems and am comforted and strengthened with their beautiful thoughts, I am impressed that she is not known and loved as her works and life merit; so replete are her verses with sweet thoughts for the sad, with courage for the weak, with patience for those that have to endure. One feels while reading, had she not realized just this pain or sorrow she could not write so feelingly and knowingly. Adelaide Anne Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. She was a daughter of the famous "Barry Cornwall," and gifted by nature. Her early life and surroundings were such as to aid her to develop her love for poetry and literature; for she met, at her father's house, James T. Field, Dickens, Tennyson, Thackeray, and many more celebrated in literature, art, and song. Her mother was a most refined and cultivated person. Her father, a true poet, had always extended to her the greatest encouragement and sympathy. From childhood she breathed an air of grace, elegance, and kindness; and it so permeated her being that through her natural gift of poetry she was able to infuse and bless others with its sweetness.

Her lofty spirit showed itself when she sent her contributions to Dickens's paper under an assumed name, lest his close friendship for her father should cause him to accept them even were they not up to his idea of excellence. But their own true worth brought great commendation from this famous genius, whose praise must have been very pleasant to the young writer, coming, as she knew it did, not for her name but for the beauty of her poems.

She was an untiring student, seeming to care only for a study to master it, and then proceed to some new task. She was somewhat of a musician and an artist. An enthusiastic

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and patient worker, her mind and heart were always filled with some project to help the poor and unfortunate. With a will and affection for humanity beyond her physical strength, such ceaseless activity at last broke down even her good constitution.

Some of her sweetest and strongest poems are comprised in *A Chaplet of Verses*, issued in 1862 for the benefit of a night refuge for homeless women and children in London, a work in which she was much interested and did much to forward. They contain that most beautiful and appropriate prayer for every human being to offer, "Per Pacem ad Lucem," closing with these beautiful lines:

"I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect Day shall shine
Through Peace to Light."

When we have reached that light and can offer it truthfully, we are prepared to live rightly and worthy to die. Among the purest love poems in the English language I count her "Warrior to his Dead Bride" and "Because." "The Present" is a stirring poem to rouse the dreamer to action, not to waste time on the promises of the past. "Strive, Wait, and Pray" closes with this blessed verse:

"Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

So full of the mystery and divinity of poetry is "A Lost Chord" that had she written no other I feel this poem should have made her name immortal.

Notwithstanding the sweet, sad vein that seems to dominate

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her verse, all her poems are permeated with a strength and steadfastness that endue one with courage to meet life's difficulties; while they are a friend that one turns to for consolation in sad or thoughtful hours. They give one sympathy, but also urge one to work and to endure. Miss Procter was a person of most bright and cheerful disposition, though her works might impress one otherwise. She came near all sides of life, and all were dear to her. These verses from "Maximus" speak forcibly to one who has known failure—perhaps failure when it signified having done right and done one's best. Though success is sweet, under some circumstances failure may mean even higher reward.

"Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

"Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight."

As we read "Links with Heaven," the last stanza of which is

"Ah, Saints in heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers;
Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers,"

it would seem impossible, did we not know the author to be A. A. Procter, that these touching lines were written by any one save a mother—one who had tasted the joy and pain of adding a costly blossom to the world's flower-garden, and also of giving this precious gift back to the arms of Jesus, while they must linger to perform their duties, cheered only by the thought that their flower was ever growing in beauty and fragrance in God's presence, and that when their work was patiently and faithfully finished they would be called to claim their own. What a generous, sympathetic nature must one have had, who had not endured the trial, to have entered into it so entirely, and written words that must ever be such comfort to all mothers who are mourning the loss of their beloved ones, that will ever give them courage to bear, and almost

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make them feel the presence of their loved ones aiding them in their otherwise desolate journey; also shedding a hope on their path of a blest reunion. Her "Chaplet of Flowers" abounds in delightful thoughts, each verse a gem in itself; one of which is

"These flowers are all too brilliant,
So place calm heart's-ease there;
God's last and sacred treasure
For all who wait and bear."

A holy message is given in the closing lines of "Life and Death":

"My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all."

But the beauties of her different poems crowd upon me so that discontent forces itself into my mind because I must leave out in any case many beautiful thoughts that plead for utterance. But what charms even more than the delightful verses is the *heart* that speaks through and beneath all in tenderest accents.

Although of a restless nature, in her last sickness, which continued many months, she was a patient, cheerful sufferer, and on the 2d of February, 1864, she fell asleep in Jesus. How complete her trust in the dear Christ was she has beautifully expressed in the close of "Beyond":

"If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know
What was our Life of Life when here—the hearts we loved so much below—
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.
But love is no such soulless clod. Living perfected, it shall rise
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies;
And that which makes this life so sweet shall render Heavenly joy complete."

A noble woman, a zealous Catholic. Faithful in all the duties of life, she has received a priceless crown at her Master's hands.

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IS IT TO BE A NEW ERA IN RUSSIA?

A COLOSSUS ought to look much better from a remote point of view than from a very close proximity. On the top of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris there is an Olympian group, representing men and horses, which seen from the street appears all symmetry, but when examined from the roof of the arch shows nothing more sightly than rough clods of clay flung together Pelasgian fashion. The great Colossus of the North, as the Russian Empire is often described, reverses this rule of vision. Tartar barbarians, with a gorgeous veneer of civilization put on for state occasions, is the description of the people to which we have been accustomed ever since we began to hear or read anything about them. The monarchy was "a despotism tempered by assassination," according to eminent English statesmen. The people were grovelling slaves, cowering in abject fear of their despotic czars. As we lately read the reports of the correspondents of our great newspapers sent to write about the Czar's coronation, we rubbed our eyes in more wonder than Aladdin at the marvels of his lamp.

THE LATE CZAR, ALEXANDER III.

One fact stands out most prominently in every one of these narratives. It is now established beyond yea or nay, by the

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testimony of many impartial witnesses, that the Russian Czar is really beloved by his subjects. All the newspaper correspondents have seen so many striking evidences of this attachment that it is impossible to doubt that their affection is entirely sincere. Now, this fact furnishes a very important element in the connection between ruler and ruled. Where such an affection exists as has been shown in this case, our notions as to a despot must undergo considerable modification. Despotism is a condition so linked in our minds with all manner of tyranny and injustice, that we find some difficulty in reconciling it with a connection where, on the one hand, there is the most unbounded consciousness of a sovereignty conferred by God and joyfully acquiesced in by the people, and on the other, the veneration for the person of the ruler as the representative of divine and temporal authority and the illustrious upholder of the traditions of a conquering people. The poorer people seem to be especially imbued with this feeling. Everywhere they went, on the public promenades, in the cafés, at the theatres, those amazed correspondents beheld men and women, even the very *garçons* at the hotels—a race not usually noted for pious practices—praying fervently for the Czar on the days of the chief functions in the coronation. They had never witnessed any such fervor elsewhere. Those who had beheld the manner in which the English and German sovereigns are received by the masses of their subjects, when they appear in public, were profoundly impressed by the striking contrast. Whatever their views of the attitude of the Russian population—whether they consider it blind servility or superstitious infatuation—it will be impossible henceforth to speak of the "divine figure of the North" as the hated despot whose iron rule is only maintained by the lances of his Cossacks, and whose death by the bomb or dagger of the Nihilist would form the just equipoise, in a semi-barbaric state of society, to an atrocious system of rule.

Who dare say that this is not the view in which the Czar of Russia and his ascendency have from time immemorial been presented by the press outside his empire, and especially by the English press? And will any English organ have the temerity so to present it in the future, in face of what the past month has witnessed in Moscow?

It is not congenial to American feeling to behold such an apotheosis of monarchy. It jars upon every fibre of that feeling which looks to republicanism as the only manly solution

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of the great problem of social existence. The abject prostration of millions before any one individual of the same kind, simply because he is the personification of power, derived originally from the people, is humiliating to *our* manhood. But there we must draw the line. The Russian people see no debasement in it, and they are the most directly interested in the question. For good or for evil they are attached to their autocrat, and no outsiders have the right to quarrel with their loyalty.

The Dowager Czarina.

Is it possible that the whole world has been long misinformed about Russia, and that what is called despotism is really the best —perhaps the only possible— arrangement by which the vast and motley congeries of peoples represented at the Czar's coronation could be kept within the bounds of order? It is no small matter for wonder that such widely separated and antagonistic races and nations could be moulded into one empire, and made to acknowledge one unquestioned authority. The question arises—What if the Russian Empire were broken up? That empire covers one-sixth of the whole territory of the globe. Something like chaos must come again over one-half Asia and the whole of Europe. In the words of Tennyson, there would indeed be "War and red ruin, and the breaking down of laws."

The Russian czars have had one distinguishing peculiarity. For the most part they have been men of ideas, and their unique position enabled them, fortunately or unfortunately, as the event proved to be, to put those, once formed, into practice. The house of Romanoff, in especial, was fruitful of men

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of ideas. It is questionable whether any other part of the world can point to such an empire-moulder as Peter the Great. Where else could we find a monarch who in order to get himself a fleet went to work to learn the mechanical minutiæ of ship-building? Few men would have dared to do what Peter did in another direction—to alter the style of ladies' dress by his own bare decree. To the mass of mankind this task might well seem a million times more difficult than that of making a fleet or building a capital. The abolition of serfdom by Alexander was a very notable instance of the originality and boldness of the Romanoff mind. Few of us living here have any idea how vast a revolution this effected, how perilous as an economical plunge it proved to be, or how like the operation was to the rashness of playing with fire. The edict ruined thousands of nobles, and the Russian nobles have often been dangerous persons to trifle with. To sweep away the property of millions of people by a simple *sic jubeo*, offering neither apology nor compensation, was an act that none but a Romanoff would dream of. Other members of the family have had ideas and carried them out—the making of the Trans-Siberian railway, for instance, the greatest engineering feat of the century. The young man who was solemnly crowned at Moscow a couple of weeks ago appears to have a full share of the Romanoff originality and independence. This conclusion is warranted by the course he took with regard to the Court of Rome and the coronation ceremony.

This one little episode embraces a whole history, spiritual and temporal.

It was not without a protracted struggle between the Court of Russia and the Vatican that the presence of a representative of the Pope at the crowning of the Czar was secured. It was a most delicate question of ambassadorial etiquette. Leo XIII. would not assent to the despatching of a representative unless he were conceded precedence over all the other royal envoys. This touched a matter of state procedure which had been left unsettled by the Congress of Vienna, and owing to there being a difficulty about it Cardinal Vannutelli, who had been nominated to attend the coronation of the late czar, preferred to remain at home rather than create a controversy. But now it was quite different. The Pope would send no envoy but an envoy extraordinary, and the place of such a Papal functionary is before all other envoys, according to immemorial usage. Nothing could shake the Pope's resolution

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on this point, and in the end the Russian government gave way. When we remember that the Czar is the head of the Russian Church as well as the Russian State, we feel the force of his surrender on this vital point. He recognizes an authority greater than his own, and rightly so, inasmuch as his spiritual supremacy is limited to the Russian Empire, while that of the Pope is world-wide. The spiritual ruler of the Catholic Church has no geographical limit to his domain, and as such his representative takes rank over all temporal princes.

And with regard to the Pope's selection of Monsignor Agliardi as his envoy extraordinary, thereby hangs a tale. The envoy does not yet hold the rank of prince of the church, a fact which makes the concession of precedence to him all the more remarkable. But the Pope has selected him for this honor because of the determined efforts made by two exalted personages to get him discredited. Up to a short time ago Monsignor Agliardi had been the papal nuncio at Vienna, and while there took sides very strongly with the Christian Social party. He is one of those progressive men to whom Leo XIII. looks for the realization of his own broad views on the elevation of the toiling millions. With these views he is in hearty sympathy. But the reactionary party in the church and in the state, the hopeless school who rely upon the *vis inertia* to triumph over all other schools and systems, would have none of him. The Emperor Francis Joseph and the King of the Belgians are strenuous disciples of this old school, and these illustrious personages used all their power with the Vatican to bring about the recall of Monsignor Agliardi. They were successful in so far as having him recalled--for the purpose of being entrusted with the highest office the Pope could ask any

THE PRESENT CZAR, NICHOLAS II.

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other dignitary to undertake. This significant act sets the seal upon Leo's document to society. He wishes all men, be they kings or be they day laborers, to understand that the church is on the side of honorable toil and with the just aims of a manly democracy.

Theoretically the czardom is the head of a democracy. It is in the working of the system that this view is proved to be paradoxical. It has been paternalism or blind tyranny, according to the personal disposition of the autocrat, or the political condition of the times. But the favorite *rôle* of the czar at his best is that of father of his people. There is no one, theoretically, between him and the people. The Council of Ministers to whom he applies for advice are nominally but the instruments of his rule; but too often they are the real rulers, and he but a terrified puppet in their hands. What indications the new Czar has given lead to the belief that he is more inclined to trust the people than any of his predecessors. The police, of course, do not like this. They would fain surround him with a battalion of body-guards and spies, forgetful of the fact that these did not avail to save Alexander II. from assassination in the street. Since he came to the throne he has gone about the streets of St. Petersburg with no more ceremony than a private citizen. Above all, he has expressed a desire for the prevalence of religious freedom. His words on receiving a deputation of Poles a short time ago were strongly significant on this point: "Be assured I make no difference on account of your religion. All my subjects are equally dear to me."

A couple of incidents of recent occurrence are noteworthy as indicative of the Czar's mind on the subject of religious toleration. The more important is the fact of a rebuke having been administered to the procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostzeff, by the refusal of the Czar to sign the manifesto which this functionary had drawn up for his signature. The procurator is by his office the keeper of the imperial conscience, and the virtual head, therefore, of the ecclesiastical establishment. Personally this procurator is a most arrogant and intolerant bigot, and it was owing to his evil counsels that the late czar was induced to adopt the policy of persecution of Catholics which disgraced his reign. To find the new Czar setting him aside and altering his manifesto in a liberal sense, is certainly an augury of better things. There is another in the invitation sent from the Imperial Chancellery to the metro-

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politan, Archbishop Kozlowski, and the Catholic bishops, to forward to the Minister Goremkyn and the Department for Foreign Religions any statement of their wishes in the direction of a modification of the laws. This the Catholic bishops had already requested the metropolitan to do, but he, fearful of banishment to Siberia, had refused.

The tendencies of a monarch are often indicated in his choice of books. It is said that the French authors whom Nicholas II. most reads are Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and the English, Shakspere, Scott, and Dickens. The lessons to be got from such minds as these are not calculated to nourish reactionary tendencies.

THE CZARINA.

The interest which centres around these personal indications derives its intensity from the action of the czars in the past with regard to religious freedom and the progressive impulses of the people. A settled traditional policy of hostility to the Roman Catholic Church has been one of the most noteworthy features of Russian rule for the past two centuries. No religious persecution has been more relentless than that of the Russian government against the Catholic Poles. This persecution has had its root in political and dynastic questions. It originated before the house of Romanoff came to the throne, through the failure of the line of Ivanovitch, the descendants of Rurik, the founder of the Russian Empire. There is a story connected with it something like that of Perkin Warbeck in English history.

The last of the Ivanovitch czars, according to Russian official history, was Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible. A younger

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brother of his, named Demetrius, was believed to have died, either by assassination or suicide, at the age of eight years. Feodor was weak-minded, and his brother-in-law, Boris Gondonov, easily gained such influence over him as to become in time the *de facto* ruler of the empire. But after some years a young man appeared upon the scene who claimed to be Prince Demetrius, son of Ivan, stating that he had escaped from the hands of the assassins, and proving his identity to the satisfaction of Sigismund, King of Poland, Henry IV. of France, the King of Portugal, the Palatine of Sandomir, and other powerful personages. The papal nuncio at Cracow, Monsignor Rangoni, became an ardent supporter of his cause, and the Polish Jesuits took it up with enthusiasm. Demetrius became a convert to the Catholic Church, and married Marina, daughter of the palatine, after he had waged a successful campaign against Boris Gondonov and the imbecile Feodor. His claims were recognized by the two popes of his time, Clement VIII. and Paul V. He was crowned czar, but did not enjoy the dignity for more than a year before he fell under the knives of assassins, in the pay of one whose life Demetrius had only a little time before spared when he had been condemned for his participation in the early plot against himself. This man, Basil Schonjski, then stepped into the murdered czar's place, and founded the present dynasty of Russia. All the records of the transaction have been carefully made to conform to the theory that Demetrius was an impostor, and therefore rightly got out of the way; but a work published some years ago in Paris, by Father Pirling, S.J., presented the strongest grounds for believing that Demetrius was the true son of Ivan the Terrible. But the Russian people have been taught to believe that such is not the case, and the support which Demetrius received from Rome, and from the Polish Jesuits and the Catholics of the kingdom generally, is bitterly remembered to this day. The course of the Romanoffs ever since that tragic event has given new point to the reflection—

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong:
> He never can forgive who does the wrong."

It is time for the ancient feud to cease, however, whether Demetrius were an impostor or a veritable Ivanovitch. Crime does not excuse crime; Schonjski is no more acceptable to mankind than a false representative of Ivan the Terrible. If

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the Poles erred in backing Demetrius, most piteously have they atoned for their mistake. If the new Czar be imbued with the spirit of a new and better time, as he appears to be, he will wipe the slate clean for the writing of a new and brighter chapter for unhappy Poland. For his own people he seems well disposed enough. There is a magnificent part before him, if he wishes to play it. His vast empire is rolling out its frontiers and rough-hewing the paths of civilization year by year in hitherto inaccessible places. His people are enterprising, kindly, persevering. They look up to him as no other people do to a sovereign, and his example must have a powerful effect for good or evil. We can only hope that the fair auguries with which his name began may be borne out by the results of his reign, so that the czardom may acquire in the apprehension of the world a less ominous meaning than history has so often proved it to possess.

A SUCCESS.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

A FRAGMENT of Fame's void whole,
A bargain bought of Pain—
The evanescent gain
Of an immortal time-fooled soul!

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THE HANGING OF JUDAS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

"I SAY, Harty, old fellow, will you come for a stroll along the quays? 'Twill freshen us up, my dear boy. After that crowded room I feel stifling. 'Tis a glorious night; no lanterns or link-boys wanted. Come along."

The speaker was a jovial-looking man, of handsome rubicund face and rich mellow voice, full of the delicious Southern Irish brogue. He was attired in full evening dress; with a frilled shirt-front, in which a diamond breast-pin glittered in the moonlight. There were diamond buckles in his shoes, and buttons of the same costly material shone along the edge of his gold-braided purple coat.

"Nonsense, Tivy!" replied the gentleman addressed; "'twould be tempting fate. In this rig we would not walk very far without being set upon and robbed."

"Robbed! Get out, you great hulking son of Anak! I would like to see the three dare-devils who would undertake to rob *you*. And we with our pinking-irons, too! A good joke, by the Lord Harry! There's Miss Gould waiting for her chair. Come, let us have another look at her before she gets in—a goddess, sir—a goddess!"

"'Tis no joke at all, Tivy," remonstrated the big man, with a desperate attempt at gravity as the two descended the steps of the Assembly Rooms; "the city is full of sturdy beggars and fellows from the mountains, and every night there is somebody robbed or attacked."

"Well, I don't mind running the risk as long as I have you for company," said his companion, in a mock soothing tone. "For while you are settling accounts with any half a dozen that may happen to come up, I can run to call the watch; don't you see, Harty?"

"Get out, you incorrigible fire-eater! *You* run to call the watch? Why, to tell the truth, my friend, my only dread about going along with you is that you may get me into a shindy."

The speaker glanced complacently at his gigantic nether

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limbs, clad in shining silk stockings, and not unworthy of adorning an Apollo Belvedere, as he thrust one elbow pleasantly into his friend's nearest ribs. The two cronies laughed hilariously and made their way up the street, to the side entrance to the Assembly Rooms, where some ladies and their male escorts were waiting the arrival of their respective sedan-chairs. There was a musical buzz of talk punctuated by ripples of silvery laughter, a shimmering of satins, a fluttering of lace, and a flashing of jewelled sword-handles and glittering shoe-buckles as the gay throng stood at the wide porch waiting their turns of exit.

It had been a musical evening at the Assembly Rooms. The great Handel had come down from Dublin to give a selection in aid of the local charities—for the time was marked by one of those periodical famines which round off successive epochs of maladministration in Ireland. All the *élite* of Cork —that is, the Ascendency aristocracy—were there, for the great musician came down under the patronage of the Countess of Cork and the Countess of Bandon, Lady Jeffreys, and other aristocratic personages.

"By Jove, Tivy, but she's a dangerous Papist!" whispered Harty, bending over the shoulder of his companion and crushing his left biceps in a grip meant to be affectionate, but which made its victim wince.

"Confound you, but you're a far more dangerous Protestant!" cried Tivy, shaking himself free and wriggling. "You've turned my arm into pulp, man alive! If all Papists have such an effect upon you, I'll go in at last for their extermination."

"You will when the river Lee runs up St. Patrick's Hill, but not till then, Tivy. I'd swear you love your Papist brother-in-law, Shandy, a thousand times more than his brother, Ludlow, who cut him out of the property by conforming."

"You *might* swear it, old boy. By Jove, Harty, I'd rather have his little finger than the other's whole anatomy! I don't believe there's a bit of sincerity in that fellow, not to mention religion."

"Religion! Faugh! Don't mention it, Tivy. Such religion as we see consists in the endeavor to get hold of your neighbor's possessions and say that you are excused because you are one of the saints. But there she goes! What a vision of loveliness! Enough to make a fellow turn Mahometan if she only asked him."

"There's nothing on the statute book about Mahomet; so

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that a fellow like you might safely make the sacrifice. But what about a Papist? Eh, Harty? Do you think you would join the idolaters if she asked you?"

"Good faith, I would, if she were to be the idol—and I could do that this minute without making any change at all!" said Harty enthusiastically. "But I suppose that matter is already settled beyond alteration. That French fellow with the long, queer name—"

"Count de la Verrha—Verrhay de—"

"Yes, that's about enough. He, it seems, has carried all before him—confound him for a frog-eating Johnny Crapaud! He has the title, you see."

"And he'll have the Goold too—eh, Harty?" interjected the other with a merry cackle at his own orthoepical witticism. "There she's landed now—safe at home; and well she may thank her stars for it with such a wild pack around her, and when it's quite the fashion to run away with heiresses, whether they have beauty or not."

"Ay, and when it means hanging, maybe; or at the least transportation to Van Diemen's Land, if you're caught at it—and 'faith only it did I might be almost tempted,'" returned Harty a little moodily and bitterly. "It's too bad to see those foreign beggars coming over here and capturing every pretty Papist girl that's worth the taking."

"It is maddening, my dear boy; but what can you do? Unless you get Papist heiresses included in the Act of Parliament which enables you to demand a Papist's horse for five pounds, I don't see any help for the grievance."

"A good idea, by Gemini! and I'll see about getting up a deputation of eligible bachelors to press it on our city members' attention."

While this dialogue was going on, the fair girl who was the subject of it and an elderly lady whose chair had led the way had mounted a flight of steps which led up to the Gould mansion; a stream of light had issued from the opened door, and a crouching figure which had been concealed by the flight of steps drew back a pace lest its rays might reveal his presence. As soon as the door was shut and the chair-bearers were about to move off, the figure darted forward to the foremost man. Harty and Tivy, who stood at the opening of a narrow laneway close to the house, could easily hear his eager half-whisper:

"My friend, tell me—are you a Catholic?"

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"A Catholic!" was the astonished reply. "Why what else 'ud I be? Why do you ask?"

"Because, my friend, I am a Catholic priest, and there is a party out hunting for me. I implore you, for the love of God, to take me into your chair and find some means of getting me on board a Portuguese vessel that's lying just below the Custom-house. You do not believe me—see, there's my stole."

The man and his companion had stood hesitating and incredulous, but now their doubts were removed.

"That's enough, your riverence," said the man first addressed. "Get into the chair, and then we'll see how 'tis to be done. 'Tis likely enough that there's a watch kept on the ship, so we'll go about it some other way. In wid you, and then my mate an' I will fix upon some plan."

The fugitive stepped into the stuffy receptacle, and the speaker closed the door after carefully shutting its little windows and drawing the blinds. The bearers lit their pipes and began conversing in low tones preparatory to starting.

It was on the thoroughfare known as the South Mall that these incidents transpired. The Custom-house was situated at the extreme end of the Mall, not a very great distance off; but the Mall was by no means deserted. An exceptionally brilliant moonlight flooded the wide street, and groups of wayfarers sauntering leisurely along could be seen for a considerable distance. The tramp of armed patrols, too, at times broke the stillness, for the city was under a modified martial law, and the air had been full of rumors of the return of the "wild geese" ever since the rout of the English by the avenging brigade at Fontenoy, some score of years before.

"There's a chance for you, Tivy," chuckled the big dandy. "If you want to get yourself into good graces with the government, now is your time."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment," retorted Tivy a trifle stiffly. "But if my success in life is to depend on my turning informer, priest-hunter, or thief-taker, I'm content to jog along as I am."

Harty justified his cognomen by the genuine character of his outburst of mirth at his friend's annoyance. He laughed so long and so loudly at the success of his "feeler" as to attract the attention of a couple of distant wayfarers, who, out of curiosity, turned their steps in the direction of the hilarious sounds.

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Warned thus of the necessity of getting away from the spot, the chair-bearers to whom the fugitive priest had entrusted himself took up their burden hastily and moved off with it at an easy, swinging pace.

An odd figure now approached the other two carriers—a little old man, dressed in a tattered naval uniform and wearing a three-cornered hat, with a ragged semblance of gold edging here and there on coat and hat. He limped along with the help of a stick.

"Good-night, Admiral Ben. How are you, old boy?" were the greetings with which the two carriers received him.

"Good-night and good-luck," he returned cheerily. "I'm finely, thanks be to God—only just a little bit tired, boys. 'Tis hard work, you know, reviewing all these ships the whole day long. But duty must be done—duty must be done!"

"Thrue for you, admiral. Maybe you'd like a lift home now?"

"I wouldn't objèct, boys; I don't mind if I confer on you the honor of carrying home an admiral; and maybe I'll write to the king to get him to decorate you for distinguished service in presence of the enemy."

"The inimy, admiral. Yerra, tell us where the inimy is. I can't see him at all," replied one of the carriers, laughingly.

"There he is, coming along there with a couple of his gang—that hangman, Knox. He's on the prowl for somebody to-night, and when I couldn't give him the information he wanted he kicked me out of his way."

"He did, admiral? And what did you do?"

"I did what any gentleman should. I asked him for an explanation of his intentions, and instead of giving me any he only cursed me. I'll report him to the king and have him reprimanded. His behavior is entirely unbecoming."

"Why don't you fight him, admiral?"

"Fight him! You forget my rank, boys. An admiral cannot fight with a low fellow like that—a common priest-hunter?"

"Glory to you, admiral! You wouldn't dirty your boots with him. That's the gintleman all out. Here, get in, an' we'll take you home safe an' sound."

"Thank you, boys. I want to be up early in the morning. They're going to hang Judas on that Portuguese ship below there, and I'm bound to be there to review the ceremony."

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"What's that he said about hanging Judas, Tivy?" said the big beau, as the carriers moved off with "the admiral."

"Oh! 'tis a custom the Portuguese ships always carry out on Good Friday," answered his companion. "To-morrow—or rather to-day, for that's one o'clock going by Shandon—they will enjoy this religious pastime. Did you never see them at it?"

"No; and I'd like to see the performance."

"Well, drop in on me in the forenoon, and we'll both go down to the quay. Perhaps they'd let us on board the ship if we're civil."

"Faugh! Garlic and olive-oil! I think I'd forego the honor."

"All right; we can stay ashore then. But come away; that fellow Knox seems to be coming over."

"Stop. I've a notion. Let us hear what he has to say."

"He's a repulsive scoundrel; the sight of him makes me sick. One of those wretches who turned Protestant in order to get hold of his poor old father's property; and d—— a much good it did him. Too lazy to work at his blacksmith's forge, he's a loafer now—waiting for something to turn up in his line—something dirty to do."

"All the better for our fun. If we don't manage to play a trick on him, I'll stand a magnum of port."

"All right, then; but, mind, I'll have no hand in it. I despise the creature so much that I couldn't trust myself to speak to him."

"Leave it all to me, then. Here he comes."

Separating himself from a couple of ill-looking fellows who accompanied him, a gaunt, slouching, large-headed, black-avised man came over to the spot.

"Good-night, gentlemen," said he.

Tivy made no reply, but promptly turned his back upon the speaker. Harty, however, returned the salutation.

"Well, what's the matter, Knox? Anything up to-night? What rogues, rebels, or rapparees are you after now?"

"I'm after a vile traitor of a Jesuit priest, an emissary of France," answered the fellow gruffly and eagerly.

"What's his name?"

"Oh! he has a dozen names. Langley, I believe, is his right one. He's in the city, I have positive information; and his purpose is to get away on a Portuguese ship that's down there by the Custom-house quay."

"And you want to prevent such a misfortune and at the same time earn a hundred pounds?"

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"I want to uphold the law and serve the king," returned the other surlily. "You didn't see any suspicious-looking person about here—did you? One of my men is certain that he ran him to earth in this neighborhood."

"Now that you speak of it, a very questionable sort of character was about here a little while ago. He's gone off in a chair down there towards the shipping."

"What was he like, Mr. Harty?"

"Hard to describe him; but I wouldn't be at all surprised if he was one of those erring fathers whom it is the duty of pious sons like you to enlighten or lighten. *Thiggin thu?*"

Knox scowled an almost audible scowl, it was so expressive. He would doubtless have vented his rage more freely, if he dared. He walked off quickly as if afraid to trust himself, and with his companions started off in pursuit of the second sedan-chair. It had got a good start, however, and it took him a quarter of an hour's run to come up with it. When he had brought the bearers to a stand-still and found that the occupant of the chair was the half-witted "admiral" upon whom he had lately vented his spleen for some trifling pleasantry, he executed some feats in profanity, and would have pulled the poor old creature out of the vehicle to abuse him further but for the interference of the chairmen.

Meanwhile Father Langley had been borne off to the house of a well-known merchant at the farther end of Old George's Street, close to Warren's Place. From thence to the Custom-house quay was only a matter of a few hundred yards.

It was the only house in the street on which light was visible. As the owner was one whose business, that of ship-chandler, necessitated frequent night-duty, he had been accorded the privilege denied to his neighbors who had no such excuse. Moreover he was a Protestant, and a citizen above suspicion or reproach.

One of the chairmen rang the bell, and the summons was soon answered by the merchant himself—a venerable, cheery-looking man, whose silvery curls gave his ruddy, honest face a look as of the presiding deity of active business.

"Mr. Wycherley," said one of the men, touching his hat with an unfeigned air of respect, "we have taken the liberty of bringing to you a poor gentleman who is in danger. To put it plainly, sir, he is a priest, and there are people on the look-out for him. He wants to get away to-morrow by that Portuguese ship below there, and if you would be so kind as

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to shelter him for a few hours 'tis all he'd ask. There's no fear of any one coming *here* to look for him."

George Wycherley looked at the face of the man inside the chair before he made answer. He was one of those who depend a good deal upon what they read in the human countenance. In the gentle, patient, and refined face of the hunted priest he read enough to satisfy him.

"My friends," he said to the chair-bearers, "you have paid me a compliment higher than anything you could say in bringing this gentleman to my house. Come in, sir, if you please, and make yourself perfectly at home."

He extended a welcoming hand as he spoke, to assist the priest from the vehicle, and led him up the steps and into the house.

The priest had offered the men some money, but they would take nothing from him but a blessing. Mr. Wycherley insisted on their accepting a crown from *him*.

George Wycherley was a type of a noble-hearted few whose generosity lighted the gloom of the penal days. His mother had been a Catholic, and his father so liberal a Protestant, and so respected as an honorable man, that a neighbor of his, who had been proscribed after the Williamite war, had left him his personal property in trust for his children; and most faithfully was the trust discharged. To emulate his parents in charity and justice had been George Wycherley's great ambition through life.

He made no attempt to gain any knowledge of the business which had brought his guest to Ireland. He knew full well that that business was connected with the interests of the proscribed religion. He never for a moment had given ear to the many concocted tales of popish plots with which the enemies of the old creed filled the public mind for the basest of purposes. He preserved too tender a recollection of his gentle mother, and her wise and loving counsels, to believe she could be so firmly attached as she was to a religion so gross and mundane in its objects as Catholicism was represented to be by its detractors.

He brought his guest into the back parlor of his house, put out the lights in the front, so as to remove all suspicion, and sat with him until daybreak listening delightedly to the learned priest's conversation while he did the honors of the table. At daybreak they started for the ship, Mr. Wycherley drawing his guest's arm within his own. They met nobody but the sentries

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outside the Custom-house. A solitary boatman was stationed at the slip below Warren's Place.

A few hundred yards down the river lay the craft of which Father Langley was in quest. She was a scooped-out-looking sort of ship, whose mid-deck line lay very close to the water's edge, while her bow shot up obliquely like a bird's bill, and a squat, three-windowed coupé was perched top-heavy-looking at her stern.

They hailed the boatman, who was nodding at his ferry, and in a brief space they were clambering up the ladder which the men of the *San Pedro* had let down the ship's side.

In a few words Father Langley, who spoke in Spanish, made known his mission to the mate, and the mate roused the captain. Then the captain roused the cook, and then the cook roused the crew, and, although it was Good Friday morning, there was quite a joyous bustle on board the ship.

Only the blue peter showed on her mizzen-mast, the visitors observed as they approached. Now the captain had the flag of Portugal run up on her main-mast as well.

The mists of morning soon lifted from the bosom of the river and began rolling up the beautiful wooded heights of Glanmire and Tivoli. By and by people began assembling on the quays at either side of the river, in expectation of the curious spectacle of the hanging of Judas in effigy.

The swarthy Portuguese mariners, dressed in bright fantastic costumes, assembled on the deck about ten o'clock, and proceeded to hold a solemn court over the culprit Judas. A very life-like figure of a man represented the arch-traitor. Counsel for prosecution and defence spoke briefly, and then the judge, the ship's mate, delivered sentence. Judas was to be keel-hauled, whipped, and hanged at the yard-arm, as often as his stuffed figure could stand the punishment.

Chanting a weirdly mournful sea-hymn, the mariners bore the culprit off to his doom. They suspended him from the yard-arm, ducked him in the river, and then hauled him up and gave him the rope's end unstintedly. Then they chanted another pathetic melody and dragged him from end to end of the ship and under the keel. Then they hitched him up again to the yard-arm and sang another vociferous requiem. All this they went through with the same gravity and earnestness as if the figure had been a real thing of flesh and blood undergoing a merited punishment.

Messrs. Harty and Tivy were in the crowd that in the

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forenoon watched this quaint "mystery" from the quay. As they stood there they saw a boat row over to the side of the ship, which lay ready to weigh her anchors, in the middle of the stream.

"There goes Knox, by Jupiter!" cried Harty excitedly. "He's got on the priest's scent, and there's going to be trouble."

What transpired then was plainly visible to many. Only one man was allowed to get aboard the ship from the boat, and this was Knox. The captain stood at the gangway warning the others off, with a few of the crew armed with marlinspikes to repel them in case they invaded his vessel. Knox was seen expostulating with the captain and gesticulating with much vehemence.

Then a cry of rage could be distinctly heard by those on shore, as Knox moved over to a quiet-looking man leaning against the bulwark and seized him by the collar. A rush was made upon him, he was flung upon the deck, and in a twinkling his hands and feet were bound and he was run up to the end of the yard-arm.

Then the quiet-looking man came forward, and appeared to be expostulating with the men. They waved him respectfully away, and in a moment or two the stuffed figure had given place to the real one. Knox, the priest-hunter, was allowed to take the part of Judas Iscariot!

They soused him into the water and keel-hauled him until he was nearly dead. Were it not for the intercession of Father Langley, they would probably have finished the performance according to their ideas of poetical justice, by hanging him in earnest at the yard-arm.

While the startled onlookers were watching these movements in fear and wonder, the vessel had got ready for sea, and before Knox could be rescued from his danger the vessel was out of reach.

Toward evening Knox was picked up by a carman, as he was wandering in a sorry plight toward Passage West. There a boat from the *San Pedro* had put him ashore. He was found gazing ruefully upon a placard containing the speech of King George III. encouraging all loyalists to uphold "the Protestant interest." "The Protestant interest!" muttered Knox bitterly. "Much good it was to me when I was nearly drowning. I'll go home and set up my forge and work at my trade for the future, and let the Protestant interest look after itself."

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A TANGLE OF ISSUES IN CANADA.

ALTHOUGH the electoral battle will have been fought and won by one side or the other in Canada before the issue of this magazine, it is not irrelevant to make some observations on the salient points in the fight. The great interest for all parties centred around the education question. Circumstances have combined to elevate that question, as it affects Manitoba, to one of the first magnitude. Like Aaron's rod, it has swallowed up all other questions by its own intrinsic importance. This is the case in Manitoba at least; in the rest of the Dominion the interest of the constituencies is divided between the Manitoba problem and the question of protection or tariff reform. Is it a very startling thing to find that the Catholic bishops have advised the Catholic voters to support the party which is pledged to do the Catholics of Manitoba justice in the vital matter of their children's education? To us it would seem a dereliction of their duty had they held their peace at such a crucial moment. Bishops, although they be Catholics, have rights as other citizens have, and it is not unlawful for men connected with labor or philanthropic associations to meet and recommend certain men and measures in politics to the support of the public. There is nothing in the office of a Catholic bishop or priest to deprive him of the fundamental rights of a free constitution. Hence we say that the expressions of surprise we find in certain non-Catholic publications over the action of the Canadian bishops belong to that order of rhetoric which is popularly known as cant. There is no fact more widely known, because there is no attempt to disguise it, than the active interference, often amounting to pulpit indecency, of non-Catholic ecclesiastics, in the United States, in political struggles. Deprecation of the course taken by the Dominion episcopate by non-Catholic organs is, under these circumstances, something suggestive of the piety of Pecksniff and Chadband.

Whether the Conservative party have lost or won, there can be no doubt that the Catholics were well advised in giving them their support. Nothing could be clearer or manlier than the position taken up by Sir Charles Tupper, their leader, on the Manitoba school question. He insisted that the public faith

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of the Dominion was at stake in the settlement of this question, and that if it repudiated the guarantees given the Manitoba Catholics on the entry of their province into the Canadian Confederation it forfeited its honor as a state. If the Legislature of Manitoba desired to trample solemn undertakings under foot because the relative proportions of the religious denominations had changed since then, such evil example could not be imitated with safety by the larger Legislature. This was the position taken up by Sir Charles Tupper. On the other hand Mr. Laurier, who led the Liberal campaign, sought to shelve the school question by the device of a commission to inquire into the facts. This is a transparent subterfuge. The facts have been investigated *ad nauseam*, and the Privy Council in England, which is the tribunal of ultimate resort, has decided that the Catholics must not be deprived of the rights guaranteed them by the State and the Dominion jointly before they consented to enter the Confederation. It is discreditable for organs which professedly support the cause of truth and morality to encourage the Orange majority in Manitoba in a course of shameless oppression and a flagrant breach of public faith.

A MEDITATION.

BY VIATOR.

UNTO the house of mourning I will go,
Beside the bed of death to take my place,
And learn upon the rigid form to trace
The lesson of life's journey here below,
I said, intent to find that house of woe,
When Conscience, holding forth its wizard key,
Whispered: Amid the hall of memory,
Whose door this opes, the dead I will thee show;
Go, enter softly, and, with tender tread,
Beside yon lonely couch thy station take;
Behold a form thereon in starkness laid,
No more to rise till doomsday's morn shall break;
Thy present self bent o'er thy past self dead—
There mutely gaze and meditation make.

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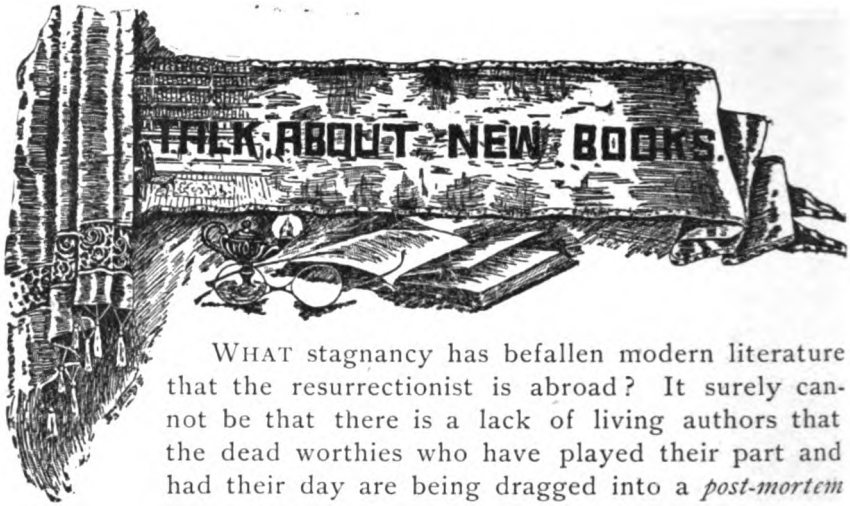

WHAT stagnancy has befallen modern literature that the resurrectionist is abroad? It surely cannot be that there is a lack of living authors that the dead worthies who have played their part and had their day are being dragged into a *post-mortem* notoriety. Old works out of print and out of mind—and deservedly so—are thrust upon the market again without the slightest demand on the part of the public. Were it not for the respectability of the firms whose imprint they bear, we might suspect that thrift had something to do with the matter, since it costs nothing to produce a time-expired book save the printer's bill. Recently we had to protest against the resuscitation of Carleton's distortions of Irish life. Now we have to denounce the reproduction of a still more outrageous caricature—the piece of literary buffoonery called *Handy Andy*.*

Of Lover's own purpose in writing this roaring extravaganza, save to gratify a vulgar appetite for such horse-play as passes for fun in an English pantomime, it is hard to conjecture. He must have been not altogether insensible to the injury likely to result from the presentation of such characters as abound in *Handy Andy*. We find him dismissing the villains of his work in the following most decorous piece of moralizing:

"It is better to leave the base and the profligate in oblivion than drag their doings before the day. . . . There is plenty of subject afforded by Irish character and Irish life honorable to the land, pleasing to the narrator, and sufficiently attractive to the reader, without the unwholesome exaggerations of crime which too often disfigure the fictions which pass under the title of 'Irish,' alike offensive to truth as to taste—alike injurious both for private and public considerations."

If we substitute for the word "crime" in the foregoing piece of censure the word "humor," we have Lover's condem-

* *Handy Andy*. By Samuel Lover. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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nation pronounced out of his own mouth. His hero *Handy Andy* is simply a grotesque exaggeration—witless, vulgar, and besotted; and the remainder of the company fit only for such a roaring farce. No doubt in Ireland, thanks to English influence and English corruption in the days which preceded Lover's boyhood, grotesque types of character existed; but that such types serve the purposes of prejudice we have proof in the utterly illogical and contradictory introduction written for this issue of the book by Mr. Charles Whibley.

After telling the reader that "its incidents are as impossible as its characters; you know that none of these comedies could have happened," Mr. Whibley goes on coolly to say (of Squire O'Grady's mother) "The picture is excellently imagined; and the old lady's appearance in Dublin with a brace of duelling pistols and the cuckoo to see fair play, was assuredly seized from life."

Lover wrote in an age when such drivel as *Handy Andy* paid the author to write—just as "jungle" yarns pay Mr. Rudyard Kipling just now. His *Handy Andy* is hardly any more a reflection of Irish life at any time than *Rabelais* was of mediæval French.

We welcome a new edition of Rosa Mulholland's charming Irish story, *Marcella Grace*,* and must congratulate the publishers, Benziger Brothers, on the exceedingly elegant binding and fine illustrations which embellish this issue. This is a specimen of Irish literature which one can commend without the slightest reservation. Its plan and workmanship show that to the true artist and pure-minded *littérateur* it is not necessary to the success of a work that the nauseous and the prurient element in human nature be presented as the subject of study, nor the morbid appetite for sensational and harrowing incident be catered for. Neither in this work is there observable the faintest effort to create effect by the microscopic delineation of the little things of life, which makes so large a part of the aim of the new school. The author knows the value of such materials in their proper place, but wisely aims to depict human nature by means of the workings of the heart and the intellect rather than the number of patches on its raiment and the quantity and quality of the weeds in its back garden. There are no theories to be sustained, no literary fads to be

* *Marcella Grace.* By Rosa Mulholland. New York, Cincinnati, an Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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aired in Rosa Mulholland's work; and the reader who cannot find genuine pleasure in its easy grace and effortless power must be insensible to the worth of genuine literary work.

We are reminded of the prairie device of fighting fire by starting another fire in an opposite direction by a little book of the erotic school called *A Summer in Arcady*.* In a very stilted and enigmatically-worded preface the author avows his intent to make use of some very plain language in telling his love-story, but only for a high and noble purpose—namely, to stem the demoralization that the recent flood of bestial literature has produced. The remedy seems more homœopathic than allopathic, after it has been carefully examined, and not a little reminds us of the warning against the handling of edged tools by certain elements of society. It would be ridiculous to call this production a story. It is a homily against the negligence of parents in not being more plain-spoken to their children on questions affecting their moral welfare. The tone in which this lesson is conveyed would seem to imply that the Fourth Commandment is out of date, or rather that its vocative and objective should change places. Respect for parental authority is not, unfortunately, the most conspicuous trait of our golden youth, and the result of the general spirit of precocious independence is pretty often a scorn of the most solemn warnings and the sagest advice from father and mother when these run counter to the own sweet will of the spoiled and puffed-up product of a false educational ideal. As a proof of his sincerity in tendering advice, the author dedicates this effort of his genius to his mother.

Another theory of this preachy and nauseous novelette is that immorality in young people is a hereditament. This is one of the latest fads of the Lombroso school of theorists. It is shocking to find the true doctrine of the accessibility of sacramental grace to every soul, under proper guidance, confronted by this fatalistic superstition. Obscene literature is bad enough; sham philosophy and false religion are worse.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith possesses a strong style of story-telling. When he sits down to write one, it is a story he tells, not a thesis in philosophy he propounds.

In *Tom Grogan*† he paints with graphic touch the struggles of a brave, big-hearted, masculine sort of Irishwoman to carry

* *A Summer in Arcady*. By James Lane Allen. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† *Tom Grogan*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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on business after her husband's death, and defeat the machinations of the Labor Union. The latter are depicted as being of a very pronounced Sing-Sing-deserving type. Although the book appears to be written for the purpose of arousing prejudice against labor organizations, it has a pathetic story running through it, and its technique is very life-like. We have no doubt it will be read with pleasure by people on the capitalist side. The book has many nice plates.

A translation of Dr. Wederer's *Outlines of Church History* has been made and published by the Rev. John Klute. The work is useful as a guide or exegesis, but does not pretend to be of any more help to the student. Being intended for the use of English-speaking scholars, a good deal of the original text of Dr. Wederer, having no relevancy to that object, in the translator's view, has been omitted. He has had recourse in making his translation to the excellent manuals of Alzog and Brueck. The book bears the imprimatur of the Bishop of Cleveland, Right Rev. Dr. Horstmann. It is published by the *Catholic Universe* Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Brief biography may be regarded, in its skilful execution, as a fine art. To present the leading facts of a man's life in the world, and his life in the spirit, requires something more than the laconicism of a Cæsar. The art was understood by the learned monk who compiled the Calendar of the Benedictine hagiology,* Dom Ægidius Ranbeck. In this interesting work, which was published in Augsburg in 1677, we find some excellent specimens of nutshell biographies—graphic, pungent, and suggestive of character by their quaint touches. The facts that each saint's nook was embellished by a plate, and that all these plates were the work of members of the order, lent the work an exceptional value. An English edition is now appearing. It is from the translation of J. P. Molahan, M.A., and has been edited by a Benedictine father, the Very Rev. J. Alphonsus Monall. Volume I. embraces the calendar for the first quarter of the year. The plates reproduced are full of curious detail, symbolical of the career of each of the saints described. The portraits will attract attention as being the work presumably of contemporary Benedictines, or faithful copies of such pictures. It is to be remarked that the original biographies were never intended to be more than explanations of these engravings;

* *Saints of the Order of St. Benedict.* From the Latin of F. Ægidius Ranbeck, O.S.B. London: John Hodges, Bedford Street, Strand.

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hence their brevity, and sometimes unsatisfactory character. To some of the saints a wrong nativity is ascribed—St. Fintan, for instance, who is spoken of as a native of Britain.

In this instalment of the Calendar the print is very large and clear, being of the quasi-antique pattern; and the reproduction of the old engravings admirable.

Another edition, making the fourth, of the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks's pleasant book, *A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land*,* is now put forth by the publishers. In this fact we find substantial evidence of a desire for literature of a solid but unpretentious kind, such as may be serviceable to people in a position to make "the grand tour" at some period of their lives. Father Fairbanks's book is eminently suitable for all on such practical purpose bent. There is a fund of valuable information, conveyed in a pleasant, easy way, in his book, which to Catholics especially makes it an excellent and agreeable itinerary. Many handsome plates embellish this edition.

The third quarterly report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is a valuable addition to the literature of Christian sociology in the domain of fact. The *Quarterly*, as the report is formally intituled, has assumed quite a literary air, from the many flowers of poesy which blossom out amongst its drier records of relief work done, and administrative arrangements for the working of the charity. It opens with a paper on "Intemperance and Poverty," by the Rev. A. P. Doyle, concerning the merits of which, for obvious reasons, we shall preserve a discreet silence. There is, amongst other interesting articles, an excellent one upon the "New York Foundling Hospital," by Mrs. J. V. Bouvier; also one of a suggestive and useful character on "Parochial Libraries," by Lucien J. Doizé. The *Quarterly* bears a strong recommendation from Archbishop Corrigan as eminently helpful towards the attainment of the beneficent ends of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The triumph of mind over matter is fitly symbolized in the wonderful renaissance in Celtic literature which our days are witnessing. Such an uplifting as this could never have been dreamed of twenty years ago, when sciolists were loudly declaring about the forgotten Gaelic literary heritage that there was "nothing in it." Never has there been so signal an overthrow of arrogant impertinence as in this case. A wave of Cel-

* *A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land.* By Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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ticism is now dancing in upon us with a vim and volume that suggest a world-wide impulse behind it. When the tide is at its flood, the manes of the long-forgotten great may well feel appeased, for it will be found that they have sped the spirit of their song not only adown the centuries, but over the seas and the continents wherever ship has sailed or foot has trod. Thus the dispersion of the Celt, mournful world-drama though it has been, has proved to be his moral triumph. Wherever he went he has left the impress of his genius and the touch of his adorning finger.

The latest addition to our Celtic library comes from bonnie Edinboro' toune. It bears the title *Lyra Celtica*,* and its sponsors are Elizabeth A. Sharp and William Sharp. It does not pretend to be anything more than a precursor volume, yet we cannot grumble at it on the score of niggardliness in range. Celtic poetry of many periods and countries is to be found in it—Ancient Irish Celtic, going as far back as the mythical Amergin and the demigod heroes of the Oisin legend; Celtic poetry of Albany, Bretagne, Wales; modern Irish and Scottish poetry; early Cornish, early Armorican, early and mediæval Cymric, and Canadian and American Celtic. The poets of the latter classification are dubbed "The Celtic Fringe," and a very curious mistake has been made, it appears to us, in placing Thomas Darcy McGee in that category. There was nothing fringy in poor McGee's Celticism; it was purely Irish of the Irish. However, for Celts of the Scottish rite a slip of this kind cannot be regarded too seriously. The collation has otherwise been done judiciously and apparently without favor or affection.

In the foreword (as it is the fashion nowadays to style what has been known as the preface) to this work Mr. Sharp makes a shrewd observation touching the speech of the Celts of to-day. While it is unquestionable that the literature of Wales, where Cymric is the spoken as well as the written tongue, is limited to the principality, and very sparse in quantity, the Irish have infected the whole Anglo-Saxon world with the passion of their song. The language has almost perished, but the spirit is alive and glowing all over the world. And in a million ways the language has penetrated into other tongues, and lent them their richest and most serviceable verbal materials.

The term Celtic is a wide one, and under it are embraced

* *Lyra Celtica:* An Anthology of Representative Celtic Poetry. Edited by Elizabeth A. Sharp; with Introduction and Notes by William Sharp. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, the Lawn Market, Edinburgh (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons).

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many races of people of diverse habits and speech. But those who study the mental bent of this widely-scattered human family, as revealed in the poetry and literature of the respective members of it, will find a striking similarity in the key-notes of all. Sublimity of thought, lavish wealth of imagery and epithet, fine judgment in the adaptation of metaphor, are the common property of all. The older poetry was especially rich in passionate power of expression. Take, for instance, the song of Columkille (as translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde, under the title "Columcille Cecenit"):

"O son of my God, what a pride, what a pleasure
To plough the blue sea!
The waves of the fountain of deluge to measure,
Dear Eiré, to thee.

We are rounding Moy-n-Olurg, we sweep by its head and
We plunge through Loch Foyle,
Whose swans could enchant with their music the dead, and
Make pleasure of toil.

The host of the gulls come with joyous commotion
And screaming and sport,
I welcome my own "Dewy-Red" from the ocean
Arriving in port.*

O Eiré, were wealth my desire, what a wealth were
To gain far from thee,
In the land of the stranger, but there even health were
A sickness to me!

Alas! for the voyage, O high King of Heaven,
Enjoined upon me,
For that I on the red plain of bloody Cooldrevin
Was present to see.

How happy the son is of Dima; no sorrow
For him is designed,
He is having, this hour, round his own hill in Durrow,
The wish of his mind.

The sounds of the winds in the elms, like the strings of
A harp being played,
The note of the blackbird that claps with the wings of
Delight in the glade.

* Dearg-drúchtach—i.e., "Dewy-Red"—was the name of St. Columba's boat.

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With him in Ros-Grencha the cattle are lowing
At earliest dawn,
On the brink of the summer the pigeons are cooing
And doves in the lawn.

Three things am I leaving behind me, the very
Most dear that I know,
Tir-Leedach I'm leaving, and Durrow and Derry;
Alas, I must go!

Yet my visit and feasting with Comgall have eased me
At Cainneach's right hand,
And all but thy government, Eiré, has pleased me,
Thou waterfall land."

We congratulate the editors and publishers of this volume on the work they have done. The scholarship of the one and the taste of the other have combined to give us an admirable quiver of Celtic song.

Zola's *Rome** brings to our mind good old Æsop and his witty zoölogical parables. There is an unmistakable echo of the fox and the grapes which he found to be sour, when they lay beyond his reach, ringing through the chapters of this stale bit of scissors-work. Whatever force there is in the original parts of it is derived from spleen. Furious at being forbidden to approach the sacred threshold of the Vatican, the dealer in smut pours out the copious vials of his vituperation on the venerable head of the great Pontiff upon whom the rapt reverence of all Europe is fixed. He raises him up to a lofty pinnacle with the one hand, in order that he may dash him down into the gutter of his description with the other. Wretched fool not to see that such unbridled scurrility defames only the besotted reviler who wreaks his passion in this wise! Carlyle was right in some of his sayings. When he laid down the dictum that "the style is the man," he implied that no author is superior to himself. Zola's style is Zola's very self, and we know how capable such a mind as conceived the abominations of *Nana* and *La Terre* is of gauging that of Leo XIII.

We deeply regret the time we have wasted upon this latest literary nuisance. We would waste no more in writing about it were it not for the same stern compulsion that dictates an appeal to the Board of Health when sewer-gas menaces public safety. But, in the utmost sincerity and candor, we say that

* *Rome.* By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernst Alfred Vizetelly. 2 vols. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

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the task of carefully perusing this book as a matter of duty on a dismal, wet day, with no possibility of out-door exercise to offset the penalty, was a sore trial. The ills of life in the world of reality are numerous enough; it is frightful to have superadded the weary, dreary tissue of blasphemy and obscenity of this degraded penman thrust under our eyes and dinned into our ears, simply because he is compelled to get a living.

It is not necessary to put any sensible reader on his guard against the second book of this remarkable trilogy. *Lourdes*, the first one, tired out the patience of the most persevering and strong-stomached. *Rome* is more than nine hundred pages of vileness of a different brand—old Italian stories vamped up, and the usual fee-faw-fum about the Jesuits and the Pope. Gentlemen of the A. P. A. school may be interested in the recital of how the various popes are poisoned by the successive aspirants to the same equivocal honor. They will find it all there by the fathom—pulled out as long as the ribbon which the other kind of charlatan pulls out of his mouth at the fair. Yet when even A. P. A. gentlemen—who, some of them at least, are men with manly respect for mothers and sisters and sweethearts—find this stuff so mixed up with outrage to womanhood that to get at the one they must swallow the other—even they would take Zola's book, as they would take a ruffian who dared insult them in their most cherished feelings, and fling it out the window. But not alone the verdict of this class of people must be against him. The sated sensualists for whom he has catered so long will find that he has played himself out. In the effort to produce something extraordinary he has mixed spices and condiments that are no more assimilable than vinegar and milk. He has sought to utilize religion in the service of filth, and the failure is as complete as that of Satan in the temptation. He has sought to out-Shelley Shelley in *The Cenci*, and the result is that he has out-Zola'd Zola.

The next book of the trilogy will be *Paris*. It will be curious to see how the author will deal with this. If it be Paris of to-day he essays to handle, he must needs be circumspect. In Rome he has been dealing with ecclesiastics, who would not touch him with a pair of tongs. Laymen in Paris are of a different mind, and if he hold any prominent men up to obloquy under aliases, as he tries to do in *Rome* with certain Roman ecclesiastics, he runs some risk of bodily hurt.

Rome has been translated by Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly.

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We gather from his preface that he has curtailed the original at times, as he says the author himself admitted that he "now and again allowed his pen to run away with him." This explanation reads somewhat curiously, side by side with the charge of a French writer, M. Deschamps, that much of *Rome* is made up from works now out of print. Some light is thrown on this contradiction by a note of the translator, in which he tells us that M. Zola was unable in his early days to obtain a pass for the elementary degree of bachelor at law, on the ground of "insufficiency in literature." He has since made amends, if M. Deschamps be correct, by his diligence in ransacking the shelves whose contents are little sought for by the newer school of students. To give such borrowing a new look something daring was necessary, and to surpass himself was no easy task even for M. Zola. He has failed, because the jump was too high. His "shocker" outrages not only modesty, but what is of more importance to him, common sense. Having begun, like his own name, with the last letter in the alphabet of decency, he is unable either to get back to the first or to plunge any deeper. His scornful rejection at Rome has left him much in the position of a cuttle-fish, stranded and spewing out filth, which happily touches no one but himself.

Going over a road with which we are familiar, it is pleasant to have an intelligent companion to share our feelings and give us his commentaries; doubly enjoyable is it to have one when our path lies where we are not altogether at home with the surroundings. Such a "guide, philosopher, and friend" is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. In his *Jewels of the Mass* he helps us to realize more clearly, perhaps, than our own conceptions might the wondrous beauty and sublimity of that great central act of Catholicism. Now he comes to our aid with suggestions on the reading of the immortal work of Thomas à Kempis.* Here he is more needed as a help than in the other work, because "The Imitation," admirable though it be, requires steady perseverance in reading before one can really master the grand design which the writer had in view. The beauties of the "Imitation" are not by any means visible on the surface. They must be mined for and dug out, and Mr. Fitzgerald shows us how we can best succeed in that salutary toil. The philosophy of à Kempis will, under his acute reasoning, soon make itself apparent to the ordinarily diligent reader.

* *Jewels of the Imitation*. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates.

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His little book, which bears the title *Jewels of the Imitation*, is put forward in a very attractive binding of white and gold.

Catholic Truth is the name of a new quarterly started last April in Worcester, Mass. Its object is the laudable one indicated in its title—the diffusion of accurate knowledge upon Catholic subjects of every kind, by means of the printing-press. In England a vast amount of good has been effected by the publications of the Catholic Truth Society. Here there is no less a field for the enlightenment of the ignorant and misinformed. The first issue of the new publication contains articles relevant to its mission by Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Kain, Bishop O'Gorman, the late Sir John Thompson, Rev. T. F. Butler Elsworth, Rev. James C. Byrne, and George Parsons Lathrop, as well as a poem by Francis P. McKeon. The Catholic Truth Society is intended to develop the strength of the lay help which the church can command, and there are some rousing words on the reason for this help in the article contributed by Archbishop Ireland.

ORIGIN OF THE MONASTIC LIFE.*

In the construction of his great and valuable work on the Formation of Christendom Mr. Allies has now reached as far as the eighth volume. This volume bears the distinctive title of *The Monastic Life*. Though marking no break in the continuity and order of the general series, it is hardly necessary to say that it is distinguished in its arrangement and array of authorities by the same profound scholarship and fine literary manner which have rendered his previous work a great English classic.

The monastic life was the direct outcome of the cenobite or anchoret idea, in the early ages of the church. This was the revolt of the spiritual life against the life of the sensual world, and when men and women abandoned its luxury and fled into the desert that they might commune with God in spirit they found that even the spiritual life in solitude demanded for its practical realization the establishment of a rule. The tradition of Pachomius and Palemon, the founders of the Thebaid, affirms that the first rules were inscribed on a tablet which an angel revealed, and which the two hermits forthwith erected in their cell. It is astonishing, when we consider the difficulty of communication in those early days, how quickly and generally the

* *The Monastic Life, from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne.* By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

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idea spread over the East and over southern and western Europe. In it the church found its earliest theological seminaries.

Women, it should be noted, were almost as early workers in this field, and quite as zealous, as men. The sister of Pachomius imitated his example, and set up a house for women where they might devote their lives to God away from the temptations of the sinful world. The islands of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic were soon filled with retreats founded by noble Roman ladies like Fabiola. St. Ambrose, writing of this singular phenomenon, says: "Why should I enumerate the islands which the sea wears as a necklace? Here they who fly from the snares of secular indulgence make their choice by a faithful purpose of continence to lie hidden from the world. Thus the sea becomes a harbor of security, an incentive of devotion; chanted psalms blend with the gentle murmur of waves, and the islands utter their voice of joy like a tranquil chorus to the hymns of saints."

The monk has now been acknowledged, even by those most hostile to all he represents, to have been the light-bearer of civilization. We are too apt to overlook the fact, too, that he was no less the chief agent in the rescue of the soil from the forest, under which the savage foes of civilization found shelter, and from the wilderness. When St. Benedict arose the Black Forest enshrouded a great part of Europe, and owing to the repeated inroads of successive hordes of barbarians vast tracts in the heart of Europe had gone out of cultivation and had actually become deserts like those of Africa. Monasteries of men and women arose, under the magic influence of Benedict, in the heart of the forests, and the labor of hundreds of pious hands soon restored to the service of man those wild tracts which had been abandoned by the husbandmen at the approach of the general foe. In building stately and solid structures for their communities, and in the reclamation and cultivation of the land, the early religious passed the whole time not given up to prayer and the instruction of neophytes. All over Europe this work went on in hundreds of places for several centuries; so that the part of these children of God in European development was a twofold one—an advance along material lines as well as along the spiritual one. What a wonderful record, truly! Is there any institution over the whole earth, at any epoch, that can even remotely approach the church in this regard? If there be not the sign and seal of a divine motive power in all this, then there is nothing in the

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whole universe that can afford secondary evidence of the hand of God in its function or existence.

A portion of Mr. Allies' book which must command an unusual degree of attention is that which he has devoted to the work of St. Columban and his companions. The light which his labor throws upon the chaotic social condition of France under the Merovingian kings and queens, at the time when Columban took up his station there, is valuable indeed. Out of the disordered and ever-loosening framework of society arose the very condition of things which made the ground friable for the seed which was destined to bring forth such fruit in time as gained for France her proud title of "eldest daughter of the church." Confined, as he necessarily is, by the multiplicity of personages and events embraced in his panoramic work, the author nevertheless utilizes his splendid gift of description to give us such a picture of the great Irish evangelist, and the memorable scenes in which he was an actor, when confronted with the brutish lords and queens of the Franks, as one cannot readily forget. The work of Benedict, Patrick, and Augustine demands ample treatment likewise, at the commentator's hands, and the fulness with which the peculiar conditions of each period is treated, and the philosophic breadth of his survey of results in the spiritual and material order, impress the student with the force of a new revelation.

A work such as Mr. Allies' enables us to see clearly the difference between history, in the former sense of the term, and the record of mundane events as presented by a writer conscious of the dual life of man. In the one case the range of events surveyed is treated as connected only by the tie of visible cause and visible effect; in the other, we find the recognition of God's providence, working through spiritual forces, and often operating on the most unpromising social agencies, to the formation of a higher society and the establishment of his kingdom amongst men.

To three authors chiefly the writer expresses his gratitude for the light which guided him on his laborious way through this volume. They are Montalembert, Bede, and Aubrey de Vere. Besides these he has relied on Gregory of Tours, Mabillon, Hergenröther, Hefele, Ozanam, Kurth, Möhler, and Belleshein. To Aubrey de Vere, as the first who welcomed his earliest work, and gave him words of cheer, Mr. Allies dedicates the present volume.

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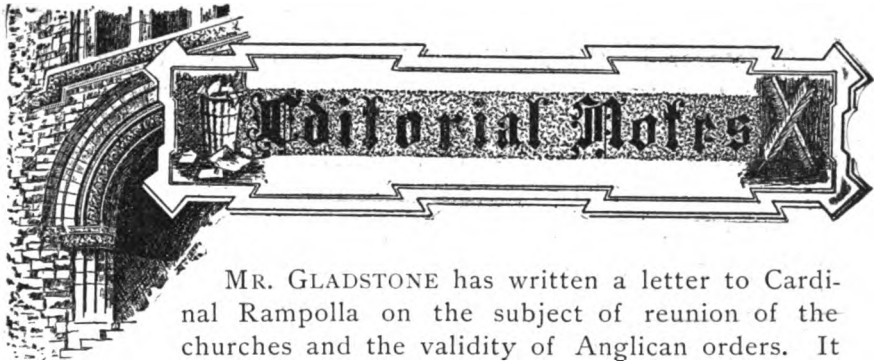

MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter to Cardinal Rampolla on the subject of reunion of the churches and the validity of Anglican orders. It is well that it is in his period of retirement the distinguished correspondent has so acted, else we must have heard the roll of the Orange drum beating the reveille all along the line. But the times are changed, even though we change not with them. Mr. Gladstone has always taken a deep interest in canonical as well as doctrinal questions; in his character his more serious and thoughtful side has for many years exhibited a profoundly religious and ecclesiastical tendency. When one considers, furthermore, the peculiarity of his mind, as revealed in his methods of argument and *nuances* of speech, it must be owned that scholastic theology has either lost or gained very considerably by the deflection of his subtle talents into other channels.

Mr. Gladstone is deeply anxious to prevent either a denial of the validity of Anglican orders or a formal condemnation of them by the church; this is why he has taken the strong step of writing, as he does practically, to the Holy Father on the subject. His anxiety reveals his knowledge of the weakness of the case he pleads, as his object manifestly is to prevent that word being spoken which, though true, means in his view disaster. It is beyond the power of any one to effect what he desires. A commission of the ablest ecclesiastics in the church has sifted the whole question, and their report on the subject may by this time be in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. What they have been examining is a question not merely of dogma; it is, to a great extent, a question of fact. Everything which has been heard of late from the Sovereign Pontiff emphasizes the overpowering anxiety which fills his own mind over the same subject. The responsibility of his position lies deeply on him, and whatever decision he makes we may rest assured that he will act for the best interests of the universal Church, because his decision will be true and just.

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Whatever be the decision taken, who can fail to be moved by the fact that it is "to the Pope, as the first bishop of Christendom," that the greatest Protestant Englishman of his age addresses this history-making letter?

His letter has acted as a chemical precipitate upon the English Nonconformists. They are effervescing with fury at what they call his betrayal of the English Church into the hands of Rome. Mr. Gladstone's action has been fiercely denounced by some leading lights of Dissent, such as the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the Rev. Guinness Rogers, and the Rev. Dr. Berry. Bishops and the apostolic succession, and the consequent validity or non-validity of orders, are with these gentlemen a secondary consideration altogether. As long as Rome is kept out, religion is able to take care of itself, is their doctrine put into a nut-shell. They are, however, a daily diminishing power. Since the day when Lord Brougham was able to declare that "the school-master was abroad," the power for mischief of the sects in England has been surely if slowly declining. The school-master is very much abroad just now, and every day adds to the people's stock of enlightenment on the true facts of the English schism. All honor to the Catholic Truth Society of England! It is doing splendid work for the recovery of the old faith, and we hope its efforts may now be redoubled.

THE MISSIONARY.—The success met with in issuing our new publication, *The Missionary: a Record of the Progress of Christian Unity*, is so very remarkable that it deserves a prominent notice here. Few publications seem to have struck so responsive a chord in the hearts of the more intelligent and more thoughtful people as this. The general testimony is that this *quarterly* publication has preëmpted an entirely new and at the same time unique field. The spirit that pervades it is so novel for a paper, while at the same time it echoes a sentiment so much in accord with the way the best people feel and think, that it has found no difficulty in making its way among the host of publications that endeavor to secure public attention these days. A publication must be remarkable in what it says, or how it says it, to draw out the bundle of commendatory letters we have received in reference to *The Missionary*.

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

CARDINAL MANNING AND MR. GLADSTONE.

(*From the London Tablet.*)

MR. BERNARD HOLLAND, writing in the March number of the *National Review* of Cardinal Manning's conversion, says: "Many roads, it would seem, lead to the spiritual city of Rome. Some men have taken the road of historic learning, others that of a deep and mystic philosophy. Some have been led, apparently, by love of the beautiful; others by the desire to belong to the widest fraternal association on earth, extending to people of all classes and all countries. Others again have followed the road of human affections and the lead of those whom they love or admire. Others, like Alexandrine de la Ferronays, in the touching *Récit d'une Sœur*, in terrible suffering or affliction have sought divine consolation in a form of religion which, more than others, recognizes the power of intercession, and spiritual communion between the living and the departed. The road taken by Manning was that of high policy, the theocratic route. He was attracted by the greatness and system, the antiquity and continuity of the Imperial Church of Rome. The nature of this attracting force, taking so many various forms, this kind of home-sickness which outsiders of very differing kinds have so often felt, is, at least, a fact which deserves careful study. Does the Anglican Church exercise this indrawing power, or does the Russian?"

Touching the absurd charges of insincerity brought against Manning in connection with his conversion, because he did not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for every daw to peck at," Mr. Holland says: "When in January, 1895, Mr. Gladstone saw Manning's letters to Robert Wilberforce, and for the first time learned that from the year 1846, at least, onwards, the faith of Manning in the Church of England had been breaking down, he was pained and surprised, and said to Mr. Purcell, 'In all our correspondence and conversations, during an intimacy which extended over many years, Manning never once led me to believe that he had doubts as to the position or divine authority of the English Church, far less that he had lost faith altogether in Anglicanism. That is to say, up to the Gorham Judgment.' After a few minutes' reflection Mr. Gladstone added, 'I won't say Manning was insincere; God forbid! But he was not simple and straightforward." The story only seems to show that Manning did not, naturally enough, feel that he could confide personal secrets to a public man like Mr. Gladstone as he could to Robert Wilberforce or to Mr. Laprimaudaye. When Mr. Gladstone himself, in 1886, suddenly announced his own conversion to Home Rule, he was accused of having been converted to it upon a single ground, that of the existing balance of parties. He has, I believe, given it to be understood that his change of opinion had secretly been taking place during many years, and that the difficulty of carrying on government as parties stood in 1886 was merely the immediate cause." Apropos "the amazing biography," we may note that Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* wittily describes it as "Mr. Purcell's attempt upon the life of Cardinal Manning."

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ROMANES'S RETURN TO FAITH.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

A TRUE man of science was George John Romanes, whose wife has now written and edited his "Life and Letters." He had the true scientific temper, insatiable in the appetite for facts, eager to put all statements to proof. A contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, under the title of "Through Scientific Doubt to Faith," says:

"Those who regard his history only from the outside might be tempted to explain his final return to faith by the overpowering force, acting upon a sinking life, of the desire to find happiness in religion. Such an explanation is erroneous and inadequate. If the wish to believe must be credited with his later movements, it must be credited also with his earlier. The desire remained when Romanes was in the full vigor of strength and happiness; it belonged no more to the physical weakness of the close of life than to the exuberant power of successful manhood; though working in a different manner, it characterized equally the beginning and the end of the long struggle between rationalism and assent."

The writer goes deep into the life and motives of his subject, tracing him closely through a labyrinth of scientific speculation, and finally comes to say of him:

"Under suffering he began to seek more eagerly the outlet of love. When pain came most heavily on himself, he ceased to judge God for pain in nature. For him, as apparently for St. Paul, his own pain interpreted that of the world and gave the clue to hope. The pressure of his calamity was felt as a most bitter trial; yet it led to a daily growth of inward strength. There were moments of passionate regret for work undone, and, in the early stages of his illness, a fervent desire to recover in order that he might prove his resolution by action. But he never faltered in his manly resignation. He often reverted to the feeling that he had been distracted from the life of Christian thought and work which he had promised himself in early youth, and now regarded as his proper line of development. He would willingly have recovered the track and completed his task, not, as he often said, with any thought of the ulterior advantages of faith, but to have the happiness of knowing God and seeing him as he is. Yet the track had been recovered and the task was truly accomplished. His friends heard from him many new and penetrating expressions of belief while he was still, at times, discussing its merits. For those who warm themselves at the fireside of faith, he had worked as miners work, who labor in darkness throughout the day. Yet, assuredly, he will not be the poorer by one hour of the light.

"Romanes felt an admiration for Christianity which a severe criticism might, at one time, have treated as artistic only. The feeling was always more than that, and not it gave its special help. That beauty of the faith must mean something; why was its influence to be disregarded? Did it not rest on something deep and real in man and nature? Why was the Gospel story so natural to the human heart? Why could we find no flaw in the Person there presented? Were his words, after all, the words of truth, telling the mind of God more surely than any reading of nature? And the final Tragedy—would it not, if once believed, solve that obstinate mystery of pain and failure, and show finally how God can love and let us suffer? To have faith in this would be to solve the great contradiction of speculative theism. Still what a tremendous thing it is to believe! Day after day he concluded that it was reasonable and coherent, and yet each day recoiled from the thought of it as a fact, only to be pressed up to it again by the continued effort toward theism."

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THE ST. LOUIS DISASTER.

(*From the Press, Philadelphia.*)

"IT is a human weakness to exaggerate the present. The impression made by a reality is always stronger than the one memory brings up. It is not strange, then, that the remark is now being frequently made that the year 1896 will show a larger list of fatalities from tornadoes and cyclones than any twelve months on record. This is possible, for the year has still seven months to run. But the list of fatalities will have to be very much larger than it is now if it is to equal the record of some past years. The Chicago *Tribune* has kept a record of the loss of life in this country, by wind-storms, for fourteen years past. It is as follows, including the first five months of this year:

Year.	*Loss.*	*Year.*	*Loss.*
1882	369	1890	922
1883	509	1891	133
1884	578	1892	448
1885	111	1893	4,462
1886	242	1894	517
1887	188	1895	410
1888	547	1896	885
1889	163		

"The known number of wind-storm fatalities for this year previous to the St. Louis tornado was 485, and the number killed in that city and vicinity is estimated at 400 more. This brings the number of deaths from this cause up to 885—a large total, it is true, but still below the total of 1890, and not one-fifth the total of 1893. The appalling list of wind-storm victims in 1893 was due very largely to the West India and Gulf cyclones, which swept the southern and southeastern coasts of the United States with such destructive force. These storms were probably the most fatal to life and destructive to property of any which ever visited this country. But their effects were scattered over a wide area and the results were not so noticeable."

(*From the Times-Herald, Chicago.*)

"Lieutenant (formerly Sergeant) Finley, probably the greatest living authority on violent atmospheric disturbances, names the region of St. Louis as particularly liable to storm ravages. He says:

"'There is not another section of our vast domain wherein there exist opportunities so unlimited for the unobstructed mingling and opposition of warm and cold currents, and currents highly contrasted in humidity. As an area of low barometer (not necessarily a storm area) advances to the lower Mississippi Valley, warm and cold currents set in toward it from the north and south respectively, which, if the low pressure continues about stationary for some time, ultimately emanate from the warm and moist regions of the Gulf and the cold and comparatively dry regions of the British possessions. Here lies the key to the marked contrasts of temperature and moisture, invariably foretelling an atmospheric disturbance of unusual violence, for which this region is particularly suited by nature and in apparent recognition of which it has received the euphonious title of the battle-ground of tornadoes.'

"Kansas, Illinois, and Missouri, in the order named, suffer most severely from tornadoes. The favorite month for these violent storms is June; but April, July, and May all seem to breed weather suited to the type. The St. Louis storm was typical in its origin and characteristics, and more fatal than other tornadoes only because in its path lay a great city, whose people were unprepared for the wrath stored up for them in the plausible summer weather."

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(*From Weather Observer Dunn, in New York Journal.*)

"There is a very specific difference between a cyclone and a tornado. The cyclone covers from 500 to 1,500 miles, and owing to its diameter the territory at its exact centre is comparatively calm. The currents of the cyclone are comparatively uniform. They blow at the rate of from forty to ninety miles an hour, but there is a steady, rotary motion around the storm-centre, while the progressive motion of the wind is from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour. And here arises the distinction between the cyclone and tornado. The tornado covers a relatively small territory, but it is the most terrible of all storms. It may be from 20 to 200 yards in width, and travel a distance of from 50 feet to 200 miles. Its great power is in its centre. . . . There may exist at the same time and place a number of local tornadoes. Tornadoes form and disappear rapidly. Eight or ten of them may appear in a bunch, and you might pass between two of them and not be affected by either. Of course the tremendous force of the tornado can only be estimated from inference. We know what it can accomplish, but we cannot measure its power. No instrument has yet been devised which is strong enough to do that. . . . Tornadoes are invariably attended by lightning, hail, and rainfall. Tornadoes are most frequent during April, May, June, and July, but one is occasionally noted during the other months of the year. After the storm clears away the atmosphere seems strangely light and exhilarating, probably due to an excessive amount of ozone. The St. Louis disaster was, of course, the work of a tornado, not a cyclone."

MORE CATHOLIC EVIDENCE ABOUT ARMENIA.

(*From the London Tablet.*)

PATRIARCH AZARIAN continues to receive from his various suffragan dioceses detailed reports of the losses of the late atrocities. He is now able to sum up the losses of the Catholic Armenians, exclusive of the Gregorians and Protestants, as follows: Massacred, 304; houses and shops burnt down, 754; churches and presbyteries burnt down, 25; total monetary loss of Catholics in the patriarchate, £138,320. This, of course, excludes the losses of the villages about Zeitun and the provinces of Diarbekir and Mardin.

The work of the Red Cross appears to have entirely failed. The Porte has formally declared that its functions are for times of war only, and that to allow its action in Asia Minor at present would confer upon the Armenians the position of belligerents. "And yet," says a Catholic missionary father, writing from Armenia, "all that was aimed at was to relieve the misery of widows and orphans of families whose heads had fallen victims of massacre, and whose homes had been destroyed or pillaged. Is it possible to give the sounding title of 'belligerents' to these poor creatures in dire consternation, hungry and defenceless not only against their savage oppressors, but even against the severity of this cold season?" After referring to the efforts of the Armenian ladies in favor of the Red Cross, he continues: "The Porte, *influenced by the advice of some great power*, telegraphed to its minister at Washington to urge the United States government to prevent the realization of this purely philanthropic object. And so vanish the hopes founded on the inestimable services which the Red Cross might have brought to suffering humanity in the theatre of the bloody drama of Asia Minor. The 500,000 wretched Armenians can now count for the relief of their miseries only upon the help sent by private donors."

The last passage of this letter brings a ray of consolation after so much sadness: "The devotedness displayed by the Catholic Armenians towards their

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Gregorian fellow-countrymen during these disasters has given rise among the latter to a strong current towards Catholic unity, and this movement would assume considerable proportions if it could be favored. Now the Catholic Armenian Patriarchate could do this, but means are necessary, for it is a question of providing for the wants of these new adherents to the Catholic religion. This difficulty complicates our present misfortune. Still the Patriarchate is prepared, if properly seconded, to do anything rather than sacrifice so valuable a field."

LORD HALIFAX AND THE COMMISSION ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times.)

WE have more than once expressed our hearty approval of the tone of utterances by Lord Halifax on the reunion movement, but his latest speech has greatly disappointed us. A special Roman correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*—understood to be the editor—stated on Saturday in that journal that the question of Anglican orders has been reopened because "Lord Halifax and a section of the extreme High-Church party desire the Roman Church to declare that the English Church possesses a qualified, sacrificing priesthood." The correspondent added: "That is a matter which I think should be plainly set out and understood by the people of England. I must say that at first blush it seems difficult for an outsider to understand why the Pope should trouble himself to oblige Lord Halifax. But troubled he is, and though I am convinced that the majority of the commission, and certainly the English and Irish members of it, are hostile to the Anglican claim, the French section, and possibly one or two of the Italian members, look upon it with fairly friendly eyes." Lord Halifax disclaimed the *rôle* attributed to him in connection with the reopening of this question. That disclaimer we accept, though we must say that we were of the same opinion upon the point as the writer in the *Daily Chronicle*. What caused our disappointment was the language with which his lordship followed the disclaimer. It was practically to this effect: that if the Holy See admitted the validity of Anglican orders, his lordship and those who believe as he does would greatly rejoice; but that if the validity of the orders were denied, it would not make the slightest difference to them. Now, we cannot help calling this a very disingenuous attitude. It is certainly very different to that taken up by Catholics in the matter. They desire that the question should be settled according to the true state of the facts, and whatever may be the effect of the decision they will accept it with docility.

THE BOERS AND THE LIQUOR-TRADE.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

WE have pointed out in a former issue that the Transvaal Boers are an eminently sober race. Prohibitionists will be interested to find that they are also opposed to the liquor-traffic. A lady correspondent of *The New Age* accused the Boers of fostering strife and rebellion in the gold-fields by the liquor-traffic. As a matter of fact the Boer dislikes nothing so much in his hereditary enemy as the leaning toward intemperance, although total abstinence is not, on the whole, viewed favorably by the Afrikanders. The lady correspondent of *The New Age* was, therefore, deceived. Her statements are now corrected by a correspondent from Johannesburg, who expresses himself to the following effect:

"The statement of this lady correspondent contains two 'inaccuracies,' not

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to use a stronger expression, and doubtless with the intention of placing the Boers in an unfavorable light. For we *have* here a liquor-law, and it is enforced rigidly. Fines of £25 to £50 are imposed almost daily for contravention of the law, and licenses are not seldom cancelled.

"As regards the canteens supposed to be erected by the Boers, you will be astonished to hear that the entire liquor-trade is in the hands of Englishmen and other foreigners. Not *one* canteen is owned by a Boer. Further, nearly all the ground in the vicinity of Johannesburg is in possession of the mining companies, and no saloon can be opened without their consent. They are, therefore, the responsible parties. The law also provides that a native shall not be sold liquor without the consent or order in writing of his employer. The liquor-dealers, nevertheless, manage to evade this law, especially on Sundays. The law also prohibits the sale of spirituous liquors after 9 P. M. or on Sundays, but it is broken continually; not, however, by the Boers, not *one* of whom makes the sale of drink his business."

EDUCATION USEFUL, BUT NOT NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS.

(*From the Republic, St. Louis.*)

CAN the United States afford to exclude from its dominions a man who may possess all the qualities which go to make worthy citizenship except education? There are men in this country to-day who have barely succeeded in learning to write their names, and who are nevertheless among the most enterprising citizens in the communities in which they live. Education, exceedingly useful, exceedingly desirable, one of the greatest advantages of civilization, is not necessarily an element of success in life, and its absence is not necessarily an element of want of success.

"If a young man has reached in his own country that stage which enables him to meet the requirements of the old immigration laws, thereby giving a guaranty that he is neither a felon nor a pauper, and that he is not likely to become a burden on the country of his adoption, why should he be prevented from landing on our shores and deprived of the opportunity of bettering his condition?

"The immigrants to this country have always belonged, and will continue to belong, to the distinctly industrial class. And that is the class, after all, which is the bone and sinew of every land. They have been literally the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. They have built the railroads, they have delved in the mines, they have added in every way to the riches of the nation. They have enabled those born here and the prior immigrants to advance to higher and pleasanter forms of work."

THE NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE AND THE IRISH VOTE.

(*From the Liverpool Catholic Times.*)

THE Rev. Mr. Price Hughes's manifesto has brought him much more trouble than he probably anticipated. All the influential organs of the Liberal party and many of its leaders have strongly repudiated the attempt to renounce a cardinal principle in its programme because, forsooth, the Irish members have not been guided on the education question by the Nonconformist conscience rather than their own. But sufficient stress has scarcely been laid on the humorous side of Mr. Price Hughes's letter. With burning indignation he declared that, judging by

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their vote on the Education Bill, it was vain to expect the Irish members would do justice to their countrymen in the North under Home Rule. When we bear in mind that the Ulster members voted precisely as the Nationalists, it becomes perfectly clear that Mr. Price Hughes's bigotry had for the moment obscured his reason. But stupid as he appears, the Duke of Devonshire has surpassed him in obtuseness. In a public speech his grace took up the Price Hughes parable and informed his hearers that he would remember the incident of the Irish vote "when the time came, as come again it might, when he would be compelled to defend his fellow-Protestants in Ireland." In other words, he is prepared to arraign the Irish Nationalist members because they did not vote in the interests of the Irish Protestants against the representatives of those same Protestants and against his own bill. Could there possibly be more downright self-stultification?

NEW BOOKS.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

Primer of Philosophy. By Dr. Paul Carus. (Revised edition.)

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

Father Furniss and His Work for Children. By the Rev. T. Livius, C.SS.R. *The Banquet of the Angels.* Edited and translated by the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. *The Boys and Girls' Mission Book. Little Manual of St. Anthony.*

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

St. Francis' Manual: A Prayer-book for Members of the Third Order. Arranged by Clementinus Denmann, O.S.F.

DESPATCH JOB PRINTING COMPANY, St. Paul:

Ingersoll's Mistakes of Moses Exposed and Refuted. By J. T. Harrison.

JOHN HODGES, London:

The Great Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide. I. Corinthians. Translated and edited by W. F. Cobb, D.D. *A Complete Manual of Canon Law.* By Oswald J. Reichel, M.A., B.C.L., F.S.A. Vol. I. The Sacraments.

BURNS & OATES, London:

Many Incentives to Love Jesus and His Sacred Heart. By the Very Rev. J. A. Maltus, O.P. *Moments with Mary: Selections from St. Francis de Sales for the Month of May.* Translated and arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Jeanne D'Arc: Her Life and Death. By Mrs. Oliphant.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Weir of Hermiston: Poems and Ballads. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.:

Armenia and her People. By Rev. George H. Filian.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

Celtic Influence in English Literature. By Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.

Catholic Child-Helping Agencies in the United States. By Thomas F. Ring, President Particular Council, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Boston, Mass.

The Sublimity of the Most Blessed Sacrament. A Course of Sermons for the Forty Hours' Adoration. Translated from the German by a Catholic Priest. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The Nature of Biblical Inspiration. By Rev. Fr. E. Levesque, S.S. Translated from the French. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

The Religion of a Traveller. By Cardinal Manning. San Francisco: The Catholic Book Exchange.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

SIX hundred members of Catholic Reading Circles in Philadelphia attended the reception at St. Ann's Hall tendered to Archbishop Ryan. Members of the Catholic Young Men's Societies acted as ushers.

Miss Kate C. McMenamin, president of the Reading Circle Union, made her annual address, which, after a reference to the occasion being in the nature of a second anniversary, proceeded to welcome the guests of the union, and in particular its guest of honor, the archbishop. The address was brief but to the point, and took occasion to thank Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., the director of the union, for the interest manifested in its success.

Miss Mary C. Clare, secretary of the union, then read her annual report. She began by drawing a parallel between the first literary club and similar organizations of the present day, the first being established in Athens 340 B. C. Then, referring to the first meeting of the union for the present season, which was held last October, and to the plans then drawn, she sketched graphically their successful accomplishment, reviewing not only the public entertainments, but also the inner work of the Circles, their courses of study, etc. She closed by tendering the thanks of the union to His Grace, to Dr. Kieran and Rev. Thomas J. Barry, Rev. D. A. Morrissey, and others who had lent assistance and encouragement to the Reading Circles.

Among the clergymen present were Revs. Thomas J. Barry, D. A. Morrissey, Thomas F. Ryan, Fidelis Speidel, C.SS.R.; M. C. Donovan, Peter Molloy, C. J. Vandegrift; H. F. White, C.M.; George McKinney, C.M.; Andrew Leyden, C.M.; Thomas F. Shannon, F. J. Quinn, P. R. McDevitt, James P. Sinnott, Joseph F. Nagle, James T. Higgins, Joseph F. O'Keefe, Nevin F. Fisher, Joseph H. O'Neill, B. J. McGinniss, M. M. Doyle, John F. Crowley, James M. Flanigan, Richard A. Gleeson, O.S.A.; John F. Medina, O.S.A.; Joseph C. Kelly, B. F. Gallagher, A. A. Gallagher, John J. Walsh, Charles P. Riegel, James Timmins, John J. McAnany, James V. Kelly, S.J.; H. J. McKeefrey, Martinsburg, W. Va. The Brothers of St. Ann's school were also present.

The Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., despite the numerous duties imposed upon him by the office of chancellor of a large diocese, has given a large share of his time to the Reading Circles because he has "the greatest faith in their usefulness." In his address as chairman of the meeting, speaking of the Reading Circle movement, he said:

"We are in it, and we are in it to stay. How much benefit it has been each individual alone can tell. That it *has* been a benefit is visible to the whole city. It got you acquainted with yourselves, and I am going to claim the credit of that until my dying day and long afterward. You did not know there were so many nice young ladies in the city, and you first got acquainted with those in your parish circles and then with those in the union.

"Another result is that it has brought you into closer relations with your pastors. That is proper. They should be the leaders in every Catholic movement. I have heard it said, 'Let the laity take hold of this movement,' but I have never known it to amount to much. Let the clergy lead; that is a guarantee of duration year after year, each parish falling into line and its clergy taking a hand. We cannot blame them for holding off at first; they did not understand it, but they are beginning to see it and are taking an interest. We want more of them

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in it. It is better; it lets the rest out a little easier. It will not do for one or two to take an interest; the Circles take the impress of their tastes, and we want variety. I like to see the Circles brought into close relations with the archbishop. It is a pleasure for him and an honor for you. Every Catholic movement should have him at its head."

Referring to the elaborate list of studies reported by the secretary, Dr. Loughlin compared it to a *menu*, and then said that each of the members had not pursued the full course; they were not expected to eat everything on the bill of fare. He assured his grace that this had been a very successful year. The members had been hard at work, and they need the rest of two months which they are about to take.

Dr. Loughlin then stated that as the clergy had a habit of objecting to speak after the archbishop, he would call on any one the Circles desired to hear. There was a call for Rev. P. J. Dooley, S.J., of the Church of the Gèsu, who referred to a pamphlet he had received in the morning mail, which gave a pang to his heart as a priest and his dignity as a man when it stated that a certain book, dealing with the failings of mankind, had reached a circulation of four hundred thousand volumes; and he shrank from considering the harm done if only one reader were to peruse each volume. "The author," continued the speaker, "claims to be a student of crime and is, I fear, a practiser of crime. He claims that in order to rescue humanity you must make known the lowest depths to which it fell. If this pamphlet statement was a shock to me, what a pleasure this is to find that these young ladies are reading towards their own uplifting—a pleasure I hope the Reading Circles will always afford to the clergy."

The Rev. William Kieran, D.D., made a brief address in which he said the reference to a *menu* had suggested to him the old saying that "too many cooks spoil the broth," and that he would not endeavor to add to what had been so well said by the worthy leader of the movement. He thanked them for the entertainments given at his parish hall, and trusted that what they will do in the future will be even better, if possible. He stood ready to encourage them as far as possible.

His Grace Archbishop Ryan addressed the Circles, speaking in substance as follows:

"I say to you members of the Reading Circle Union that I am more than pleased with the entertainment this evening, and don't know when I have enjoyed an evening so thoroughly.

"You have had variety of subjects and variety in the method of treating them, and that variety has, I am pleased to see, included music. I am sure all have been charmed with the songs rendered so admirably and selected so judiciously—not out-of-the-way music which we cannot understand. It is an evidence of good taste in selection and of much study in preparation. May your Reading Circles extend far and wide. In reading and in union you will do great good, but as Catholic Reading Circles one great thought should prevail—the good you ought to do. You need not be mere sodalists, restricted to pious reading; but you must see that all that is good in poetry, in the natural order as in the supernatural, comes from God. So always be not only Reading Circles, but Catholic Reading Circles, the church's defenders, the defenders of the pure characters of calumniated Catholics of your own sex, such as Joan of Arc and Mary, Queen of Scots. As time advances and investigation becomes more thorough, the beauty of their characters comes out before the world. Yours is the task to defend them, to defend the church.

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"When you hear people talk against the church, you are prepared by your studies to meet their objections intelligently. Do it patiently. They are not opposed to the church so much as to what they deem the church to be. Be charitable and patient in defending the church in society, as the priest should in the pulpit. You have a mission blessed by Almighty God. I see what work your director is doing. I rejoice at it. He has a natural aptitude for this work. I hope you will advance in the future as you appear to have done in the past; that your union will be a sort of Philadelphia Summer-School itself. Philadelphia leads in so many things; may she continue to lead in Reading Circles."

After the closing chorus each Circle in turn advanced to the stage and its members individually paid their respects to the archbishop. At the conclusion of the reception refreshments were served on another floor. An orchestra of five pieces rendered selections at intervals throughout the evening.

* * *

The prospects are very favorable for a large representation from Montreal at the next session of the Champlain Summer-School, which will extend from July 12 to August 16. With the co-operation of the Rev. J. Quinlivan, S.S., a meeting was recently held in St. Patrick's Hall, the Honorable Judge J. J. Curran presiding; and the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., was called upon to explain the aims and objects of the Summer-School, as well as the means for its support. He showed the intellectual, social, and religious basis upon which the work is conducted, and outlined at length the studies and the social elements that unite in making the movement a source of great strength to the Catholic Church in its mission to the people. The fact that Montreal was the nearest of the great cities to Lake Champlain and that the work appealed to all Catholics, regardless of nationality, was strongly appealed to and evoked considerable enthusiasm. Addresses commendatory of the school were made by Honorable Judge Doherty and Sir William Hingston, Canadian senator, and Charles J. Hart, Esq., and a vote of thanks was given to Dr. Conaty for his visit and his address.

It was decided to form a committee to have charge of the Summer-School interests in Montreal, and take measures to have a large delegation attend the session. The most prominent Montreal English-speaking Catholics were named as members of the committee, and they met after the meeting and organized. Rev. Dr. Conaty expresses himself as delighted with his Montreal visit and has strong hopes of a large attendance from that city. While there he was called upon to make addresses at some of the educational institutions upon the Summer-School idea—notably at the mother-house of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, where two hundred sisters were assembled to hear him.

Visitors to the Summer-School will be pleased to see the cottage life which will begin this year, and the facilities for having the session by the shores of the lake. Four cottages have been built, one of twenty rooms by the Philadelphia Reading Circles, and familiarly called the "Quaker Cottage," and three by the school corporation, one of which has ten rooms and the other two eight rooms each. A central dining-hall has been erected near the cottages, and accommodates one hundred and fifty guests. It has a second story with ten rooms for lodgers. An auditorium, seating seven hundred and fifty, is in process of erection. One of the farm-houses has been remodelled and will have eight rooms, so that with the new buildings and the facilities of the Hotel Champlain, together with the trolley line in direct communication with the hotels and cottages at Plattsburgh, a large number of people can be accommodated.

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The twelfth annual session of the National Summer-School at Glens Falls, N. Y., will begin July 14, and continue three weeks. On account of the sanction given by the Honorable Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the department for the professional training of teachers will attract considerable attention. The organization of training classes for teachers will be under the management of Mr. A. S. Downing, Supervisor of Teachers' Institutes throughout the State of New York. Some of the more notable courses of lectures are here indicated:

Psychology and Pedagogy, by Dr. Richard G. Boone, of the State Normal School, Ypsilanti, Mich.—Pedagogics: The Nature of Education—Education as a Science; Teaching as a Profession; The Subject of Education; The Object of Education; Characteristics of Education. The Relation of Education to Ethics—The Nature of the Ethical Principle; Social Classes; Educational Significance of the Social Classes; Institutional Life: Educational Significance of the Institutions; Moral vs. Intellectual Growth; Moral vs. Intellectual Training.

Primary Work and Methods, by Anna K. Eggleston, New York State Institute Instructor.—The Relative Importance of the various Subjects that appear in the Curriculum for Primary Schools; the basis upon which the decision is made which determines a course of study. Methods of Teaching these Subjects; the knowledge which is essential to a thorough application of the value of a method; history of methods and the future outlook. Child-study: History of the child-study movement; some of the results of this movement; the practical bearing of child-study upon school-work. Literature for Children and Primary Teachers.

School Management, by Supervisor R. C. Metcalf, of Boston, Mass., and Superintendent Sherman Williams, of Glens Falls, N. Y.—Characteristics of a Good Teacher and a Good School. Organization of the School, including a Discussion: Room and furnishings; classification of pupils; time-table. Teaching: Subjects for discussion; General preparation of teacher; Preparation of lessons: by teachers; by pupils; Recitations: Object of recitation; limitations; Duties of principals; duties of assistants. Examinations: The purpose, scope, extent; oral or written, which? Discipline, including a Discussion: Motives; Rewards and punishments. Relation that should exist between Teacher, Pupil, and Parent.

Kindergarten Methods, by Miss Caroline T. Haven, of the Ethical Culture School, New York City. The regular exercises of the Kindergarten will be carried on with a class of children for about two hours every morning, the aim being to show systematic work, with unity of idea in songs, games, stories, gifts, and occupations. An excellent opportunity for child-study will here be afforded, as the effect of the exercises on the children can be watched from day to day. A course of lessons will be given covering the general principles of the Kindergarten, with as much detail in the use of materials as time will allow. While this course is not designed to give adequate training for the work, it will be found helpful to those who intend to take up the study later, as by this comprehensive view of the whole a better understanding of the relation of the parts will be gained. These lessons will also be of great value to teachers who desire to base their primary and other school work on Kindergarten ideas, but are unable to devote the requisite time necessary for a complete course. Since the Kindergarten is now generally accepted as the foundation of all educational work, it is desirable that teachers of all grades should fully comprehend its fundamental principles. Various conferences will be held, some of which will be devoted to free discussions, and others to songs and games. This course also offers advantages to those Kindergartners who feel the limitations of insufficient preparation

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for their work, or lack of opportunity for regular study, while to all who attend it is hoped it will prove an inspiration for better work in their chosen profession.

Here are the chief reasons assigned for the existence of Summer-Schools, with reference to teachers:

Because they afford an opportunity for teachers to study without giving up teaching; because they enable teachers to come into close relationship with the ablest instructors in the country; because they enable them each year to get direct the best and most recent thoughts of the ablest educators; because they enable those doing the same kind of work under similar or different conditions to meet together and consult with one another; because they bring together teachers from all parts of the country; because no ambitious teacher can afford to let the long summer vacation pass without getting new inspiration from some source; because the teacher who does not grow more valuable each year, grows less so; because that teacher who is worn out at the close of the year's work will rest better by having a change of scene and a change of work for a part of the vacation, than by being idle the whole of it; because the Summer-School combines rest, recreation, and profit with the simplest outlay of time, money, and energy; because the demand for progressive, wide-awake teachers is greater than the supply.

A copy of the excellent prospectus issued by the National Summer-School may be obtained by sending a small amount in postage-stamps to Manager Sherman Williams, Glens Falls, N. Y.

* * *

We have received the *Bulletin* containing information regarding the courses of lectures to be given from July 6 to August 27 at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The list of speakers includes almost the entire faculty of Union College; together with Professor Edwin K. Mitchell, dean of the Union Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn.; Professor Harlan Creelman, Ph.D., Yale University; Professor J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., University of Toronto; Professor E. P. Gould, D.D., Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia; Professor Henry Ferguson, Trinity College, Hartford. Among the subjects for the courses of study are the languages, Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, French; English literature; mathematics, physics, botany, biology, engineering, physical education, psychology, and ethics. Religious thought will be represented by numerous lectures on Israel among the Nations; New Testament Literature; the Church and the Roman Empire; the Mediæval Church, and present theological tendencies.

The citizens of Saratoga have been desirous to be cosmopolitan in their plans. At once the most aristocratic and the most democratic of summer resorts, Saratoga's great and superbly equipped hotels, with their famous orchestras, touch elbows with quiet little home-like retreats or boarding-houses suited to the tired, the studious, or the modest and thoughtful scholar. Good board and lodging can be had for from $5 per week to $10 per day. Summer-School visitors will be accommodated at the lower prices, when desired, of course remembering that such price does not mean always sole occupancy of a room or an expensive *menu*. Information on this subject will be furnished on application to Bureau of Information, Athenæum Summer-Schools. Application should be made promptly, as names are already being received and registered.

The distance from Saratoga to Lake Champlain is very short. As no provision is made at Saratoga for Summer-School lectures from the Catholic point of view, earnest seekers after truth will find much to learn by a visit to the Catholic Summer-School near Plattsburgh. M. C. M.

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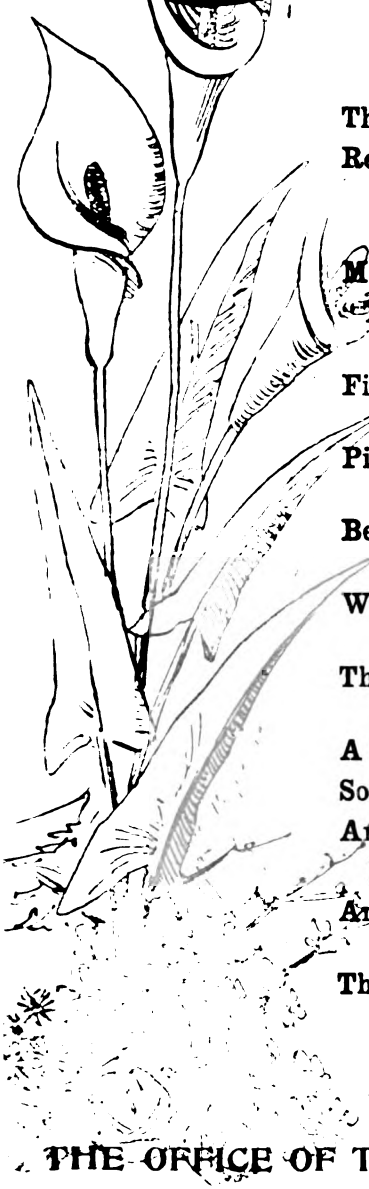

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE CONVENTION OF THE IRISH RACE.

THE special object for which all calling themselves Irishmen, no matter where they live, are to meet in Dublin by their representatives is to find some way to end the differences among the Irish at home. The solution ought to be easy. The Irish at home do not dispute about the end. If the question at issue is susceptible of precise statement, it is one of means. There is no principle involved. All are agreed that Home Rule is the end for which they strive.

Passions have been excited among the sections at home. In consequence the issue is obscured.* A method has become a principle; a plan of action the essence of the object sought; patriotism has become faction. This is sad. The Irish abroad can alone bring to the hour minds free from bias, motives above suspicion. It is not suggested that any one bearing part in the unhappy differences among the parliamentary party is

* The writer belonged to a Liberal Club started in Dublin to promote Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. In 1888 a rule (tacit) was made by which Mr. Parnell and any member of the Irish Parliamentary party, as well as every member of his former cabinet, and every prominent English and Scotch supporter of his policy, should, when passing through Dublin, be invited to a club dinner. This shows the relations between Mr. Gladstone's supporters and the undivided Home-Rule party. It may be added that one of the earliest members of the club was Mr. Sergeant Hemphill, who contested one of the divisions of Liverpool as a Gladstonian at the general election of 1886.

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actuated by ambition or treachery; but the Irish abroad are out of the reach of any personal or sinister influence. Their views must carry weight.

It cannot be pretended that they have no right to speak in this supreme crisis when the destinies of the country for which they have made sacrifices of time and money are trembling in the balance. What would the Irish question be but for the exiles? Mr. Chamberlain, in the classical dialect of Birmingham, described the whole Irish party under Mr. Parnell as "a kept party." As he is an important member of the Unionist government, we translate his words into English—he meant that Mr. Parnell and his followers were a band of political prostitutes maintained by the servant girls of New York. It was the vivid rhetoric of the revolutionary Radical who could find nowhere a parallel for Irish government except in Venice under the Austrians, Warsaw under the czar.

It is not necessary to confine ourselves to the testimony of Mr. Chamberlain as to what the Irish abroad have done for the cause. The support of the exiles has been for three centuries a force upon which their countrymen could reckon. The state papers prove it under the Tudors, the Stuarts, William and Mary, and the Georges as emphatically as the subscription lists of the newspapers have been proving it since the Home-Rule agitation began. Wherever over Europe an exile rose to civil or military distinction, the cabinet or the camp was only valued by him as an instrument to be used in the freedom of his country. For the sake of that little island an exile who was prime minister of Spain "delivered defiance in high terms to an ambassador of George III."* For her sake the contracts of military service into which the exiles entered contained a clause by which they were enabled to resign and pass into the armies of any power at war with England. A man might have before him, in Spain, every prospect of honorable ambition, every step of his life might have attested his ability and fortune; but let France declare war against England, and he flung all to the winds, left life behind him and carried his last years to the duty he thought most sacred—the liberation of his native land; or in default of that, the power to strike a blow at her oppressor. This is so well established that we can trace the footprints of Irishmen on the continent of Europe by the reports of English ambassadors. There was hardly a prominent Irishman, from the reign of Elizabeth down, who was not dogged

* Macaulay's *History of England.*

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by some representative of England who, in this pursuit, combined the engagements of high policy with the practices of the spy.

It is, therefore, no extraordinary claim to ask that the wishes of the exiles of to-day shall be deferred to, if necessary as a court of final appeal. At the very least they should be regarded as an influence of concurrent authority. They are more than allies, and yet the judgment of allies has been always regarded as a concluding power in the settlement of differences. It would be a strange contention to maintain, if a country were liberated by her exiled sons, that these should have no place in the state they created. On the same footing those stand to-day who have helped, by moral and material support, the advancement of the cause in Parliament. Any other view would mean that to leave Ireland entailed the penalty of perpetual banishment; in other words, that Irishmen in the United States or elsewhere possessed no more right or interest in the country of their birth than Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was permitted to subscribe to the parliamentary fund in Mr. Parnell's time. Yet this in the last analysis is the conclusion which would take the money subscribed by exiles, but would not allow them to say that there shall be no more dissensions.

We are pronouncing no opinion on the merits of the sections. There must be somewhere a right-in-theory party among them, a party with a title to represent the nation in carrying on the warfare. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond both cannot lead this party. If both acted together loyally upon all occasions, had the same friends and the same enemies, the fact that there were two leaders and two parties might not do much harm. At the same time it would be open to very considerable objection, because the Irish party from its very nature is a war-party. It is an army in a hostile country, with enemies watchful to take advantage of every error, every incident, every chance; keen to resort to every temptation and flattery and threat. They would never abandon the hope of setting the sections against each other.

Unfortunately no art is needed to rend the alliance. Its quality has afforded the enemies of Ireland food for congratulation and supplied them with new poison for the arrows of their malice. We had only a few days ago a lamentable exhibition of the amity which inspires the leaders. On the second reading of the Land Bill reciprocal courtesies passed between Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond. Each gentleman invited the

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other to accompany him before his constituents, amid "much laughter" in that house which has passed a coercion act for Ireland almost every year since it assumed control over Irish legislation. If these amenities of hate were not pregnant with disaster to the national cause, we might pass them by as specimens of doubtful taste, or instances of the decay of Irish wit among public men, or cite them in proof of the depressing influence of alien surroundings on the spirits of men capable of better things.

It is humiliating that such challenges should be given by men each of whom, in his own way and according to his lights, desires to serve his country. A great cause is degraded by them. Think of the Irish abroad who wrecked their lives and fortunes for it, from O'Donel, whose broken heart found rest beneath the towers of Valladolid Cathedral in the last years of Elizabeth, to the impetuous chief, once the Alcibiades of Young Ireland, who led his brigade under the iron hail of Fredericksburg that he might establish a debt to be repaid in Ireland. That cause almost levelled to the dull commonplaces of the clowns in a pantomime is the latest novelty! Why should we remember the illustrious dead? What is it to us that Hugh O'Neil gave his statesman's craft and military genius to that cause; that Owen O'Neil brought to it his renown; that Sarsfield devoted to it his unexampled chivalry; that it inspired the elegant wit, the imagination, the more than mortal energy of Grattan, and was consecrated in the boy Emmet's baptism of blood? There is a new spirit abroad. We helots of 1896, without the excuse of drunkenness, without the satisfaction of a promised bribe, make ourselves the laughing-stock of our masters soberly and gratuitously. Honor, duty, fame, are words that have no meaning for us. Country!—it is but a mischievous sound by which an area of land is lifted to a passion and a faith in the heart and mind of fools. Away with the barbarism which revolts this cosmopolitan age! Thinking of oppression and injustice has made wise men mad. Better to preserve a temperate pulse and the even current of the blood; better to make the Treasury and the country members laugh than to continue a struggle far older than legal memory, and which seems more remote from settlement now than it was when the late government was in power. The first exile of that war with England, St. Laurence of Dublin, died more than seven centuries ago. It is time to stop this waste of energy and happiness, and the best way to compass

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such a result is to continue the quarrels which for the last few years have afforded so much pleasure to the enemy. Positively this appears to describe correctly the processes of thought by which the leaders and their factions have come to make the Irish name and cause the by-word of the world.

Everything that has arisen since these wretched differences began is full of mockery and humiliation. Lord Rosebery, who predicted his own career with more than the ordinary Scotchman's second sight, has with oracular duplicity told the world that Home Rule cannot be obtained for an indefinite time. The solid element in his prophecy is the dissension of Home-Rulers and not the will of the "principal partner." The threats of the Nonconformists would never have been made but for the discredited condition of the Irish cause in consequence of it. An Irish party can obtain Home Rule despite of Scotch platitudes, Birmingham epigrams, Nonconformist treason. But it must be an Irish party strong and disciplined and made solid as a wedge—a party set apart for the work, one in which each man's personality is extinguished, but in the service of which his best gifts are employed because it is his country's service.

If a man professes to be a patriot and enters Parliament because there he can best serve his country, what sacrifice does he make that exceeds the self-negation of every young Tory who follows his leader with exemplary indifference to the merits of the question on which he votes? Those gentlemen of Ireland are not sent by their countrymen to a debating society, or worse still, to act on the old vicious principle of merging themselves in the English parties. They are the expression of the country's determination that Irish affairs shall be managed at home. If they do not take this estimate of themselves they betray their trust.

It is beside the Irish question, which is the only question, to say that Mr. Parnell was deserted, flung to the English wolves and done to death. Suppose he was unfairly treated, is his memory to be made an immortal mischief? We desire to discuss this matter broadly and frankly. Is a party representing the vindictive recollections of his admirers, and nothing else, a reasonable party? Is it an honest party, considering the circumstances of the unhappy country, which can be shortly formulated as the possession of an alien administration, an incompetent bureaucracy, a decreasing population, diminishing resources, an increasing police rate, poor rate, county rate, a

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hostile magistracy and judiciary? It is not an honest party; it cannot be an honest party in view of this declaration of the condition of Ireland—a declaration far below the scope and significance of what a full statement of the case would be. For instance, from our formula is omitted the circumstance that the people who pay the county rate have not a shred of influence in voting it. In this one particular Ireland is taxed (and in some counties the tax is very heavy) by bodies responsible to no one, who alone appropriate the sums levied, appoint the officials, and regulate the expenditure. Again, the poor rate is assessed, levied, and expended by bodies in which the representative principle is to a large extent a farce. But we need not proceed. We have Mr. Chamberlain's authority for a parallel between English government in all its classes in Ireland and that of Austria in Venice, of Russia in Warsaw, at the time that English Liberals were plotting with the Revolutionists of Europe for the overthrow of the first, and when the hand of the second was heaviest on Poland.

Neither is the party a reasonable one in the only sense in which there can be reasonableness in the matter; and that is, that Mr. Redmond's attitude is the correct one to preserve the national character before Ireland and the world. The recent movement of the Nonconformists is pointed out as a vindication of this attitude. It is nothing of the kind. These good people never cared for Home Rule. They united with the Home-Rule party to obtain concessions to their body, and above all in preparation for the attack upon the Established Church. We are sorry to say that something resembling their cynical and impudent selfishness is to be witnessed in the conduct of the Irish Presbyterians. The disabilities of the latter went with those of the Catholic body, but it was the Catholics who bore the heat and burden of the day. The social position of the Presbyterians gave them no status in the country. As long as the Irish Establishment lasted they were nothing socially, despite a fair proportion of wealth, intellect, and ambition. Under Liberal administrations they obtained a share of office and emolument, but Liberal administration was an impossibility without Irish Catholic support. Thus we find the Irish Presbyterians the interested and unnatural allies of the Catholics. When the Irish Church was disestablished the Presbyterians rose to something like equality with the Episcopalian Protestants; they could then afford to kick the ladder by which they had risen.

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But the English Nonconformists have not yet mounted the ladder.* The tempest in the tea-urn will subside, and again, as before, they will come back with sweet words and looks to the alliance. There was a break with the Irish representatives in 1859. It was of short duration. The Radicals came back to camp, and their united efforts defeated Lord Derby. From 1860 until 1868 governments changed with the rapidity of scenes in a kaleidoscope, because the Nonconformists and Irish differed, until Sir John Gray, in handing over to Mr. Gladstone in the latter year the result of his labor and expenditure on the statistics on the Irish Church, brought about a new alliance sealed in the condemnation of that "monstrous iniquity," as the Nonconformists so virtuously described it.

We need not despair of the support of some party in England when we are once more united. The delegates from the United States and the British colonies are determined that the sacrifices of this generation are not to be thrown away. They are the arbiters of the hour. They ought to be; for not a single benefit has been obtained for Ireland for two centuries that has not had its source in the sympathy and support of the exiles acting on the counsels of the countries in which they lived, or the possibilities of the time. The present is full of possibilities. The difficulty of Philip is an eternal opportunity to a watchful nation. Events sometimes rush with the speed of storm-driven clouds. In 1779 Ireland was without trade, her parliament a registering machine of the follies or atrocities of the English Privy Council. In 1782 she was a sovereign nation, with a great legislature, a citizen army, and the promise of a glorious future. In 1856 the last conspicuous Irishman had left the country in despair. In 1866 a suspended habeas

*An important Irish Catholic influence in alliance with the Home-Rule party, viz., that of which the late Mr. Gray was a central figure and the *Freeman* the unacknowledged organ, discussed the question of opening the Lord-Lieutenancy to Catholics when the second Home-Rule government would come into power. The name of the person who, it was thought, should be first Catholic Lord-Lieutenant was agreed upon. We do not know that the views of his friends were communicated to this distinguished person; but the idea was abandoned lest it might embarrass Mr. Gladstone, and with some understanding that the great seal of Ireland should be given to a Catholic. It is unnecessary to say that the lord chancellor under the second Home-Rule government was a Protestant. Here again an absurd deference to Nonconformity. It may be said now, to explain more distinctly some allusions in the article, that the undue regard for Nonconformist prejudice upon which Mr. Gladstone and the Home-Rule party acted has forced some of the most loyal subjects of the crown into the anarchical imperialism of which Mr. Chamberlain is the exponent. The idea of a Catholic being an ally or a follower of the Unionist first president of England! With regard to the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland we may add that Catholic inferiority is still maintained. To be eligible for that high office in the most Catholic country in the world, a Catholic must become a Jew or a Mussulman.

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corpus act testified that the country was not dead. The next decade saw the disestablishment of the Government Church, the Land Act of 1870, the rise of the Home-Rule movement, and the year that concluded the succeeding decade witnessed the first introduction of the Home-Rule Bill by the Prime Minister of England.

The Irish party must once more be raised to the solidity and strength it held in 1886. This must be the work of the convention. The exiles who are to be there have the power to accomplish it. If they abandon the cause, the country shall be blotted from the nations, and the last page shall close of a history that links the mysteries of the earlier world with the rise of European civilization, and this with the dawn of constitutional government, and this with the latest development of representative institutions. They will abandon the cause if the factions are impracticable. Let those who may be responsible for such a consummation think of the present which they are to face; think of the future which shall preserve their names with the names of all who in any land or any age have labored to earn the scorn and hatred of the human race.

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REMINISCENCES OF CONSTANTINOPLE AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY ONE OF THE ENGLISH EMBASSY.

THE Crimean War had been over for more than a year, and people were beginning to recover from the strain and anxiety of those two years. Hardly a family in England but had lost some one dear to them.

Constantinople was then the city *par excellence* to visit. We were all dying to see Scutari, where Florence Nightingale had nursed the poor soldiers, and to see the sultan, the harems, and, if possible, Sebastopol.

At Marseilles we embarked on the Messageries Impériales. Here we found on board Mr. S—— (now Lord S——), going to his post as secretary at Athens. He was a great philo-Turk, and had intimate friends among the Turkish pashas, even living in their houses.

Mr. Longworth, a consul in the Levant, and his bride were also on board, and Major Byng-Hall, the Queen's messenger. What a grumbler he was! worse even than a soldier; he had the best cabin, the cuisine was excellent, as it generally is in French boats, yet he would look at the well-spread *déjeuner* and say, with a sigh, "All this would I give for a cup of tea and a new-laid egg."

We landed at Messina for a few hours; went to see the beautiful Byzantine church, and lunched at the hotel. My pretty maid distinguished herself by going into hysterics on meeting in the courtyard a courier to whom she had engaged herself to be married the year before at Homburg, from which time she had heard nothing of him.

Two days more brought us to Athens. I insisted on landing and going to the Acropolis, though I was warned I might get a sun-stroke. The heat was certainly awful—it was the middle of July—but we accomplished it, and lunched at the hotel afterwards with Mr. S——.

After a delightful voyage from the Piræus we passed the Dardanelles at night, and the next morning found ourselves in the sea of Marmora with the Princes' Islands in the distance.

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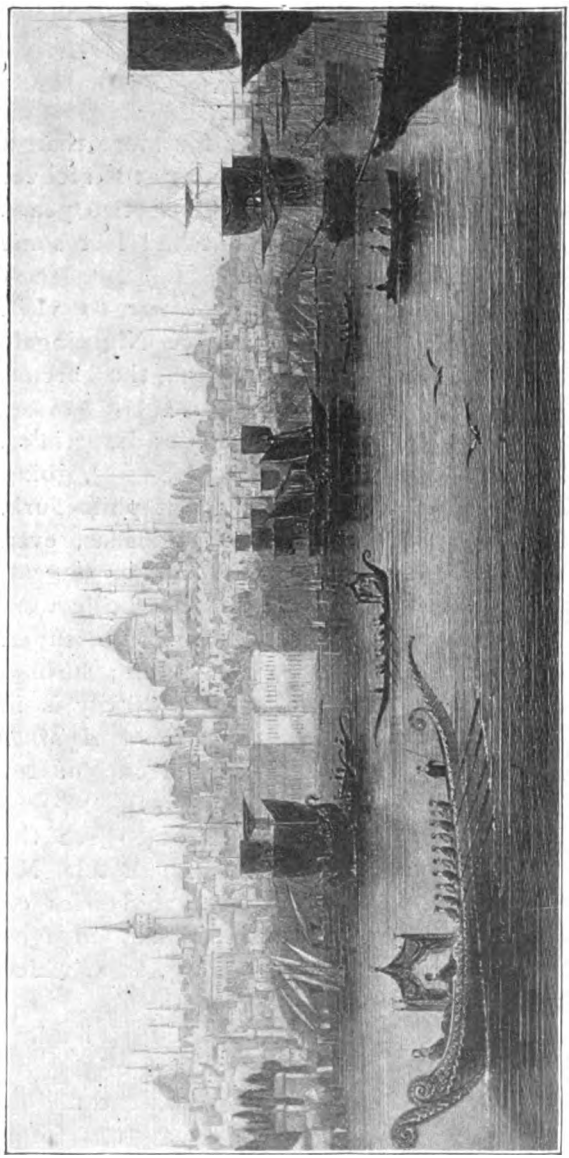
Soon we caught sight of Constantinople. The white minarets flashing in the sun, the dome of St. Sophia, and the many-colored houses formed a picture never to be forgotten. On the Asiatic shore lay the gloomy cemetery of cypresses, which extends for miles; while in the foreground stood the hospital and barracks of Scutari.



"SOON WE CAUGHT SIGHT OF CONSTANTINOPLE."

As we rounded Seraglio Point the view up the Golden Horn, the men-of-war at anchor, the Bosphorus steamers rushing by, the myriads of caïques skimming the water like swallows, Leander's Tower in the distance, the gay dresses —all enchanted me, and I was sorry when my husband told me we were not to land, but to row up in a caïque to Therapia. After four or five hours in a baking sun we arrived at a pretty little village facing the entrance to the Black Sea, where we got the cool sea-breeze every evening. Here were the summer residences of the English and French embassies, with beautiful hanging gardens down

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to the edge of the quay. The hotel stood on a point of land at the entrance to the little harbor, commanding charming views of the Sultan's Valley and the Giant's Mountain, where Elisha is supposed to be buried, on the Asiatic shore.

The next morning I went out to explore, and found a nice little quay leading from the hotel. An English lady and gentleman came forward to my husband, and he introduced them as Mr. Cumberbatch, the consul-general at Constantinople, and his wife. He was the most perfect specimen of a courteous, well-bred Englishman, and he proved afterwards a very kind friend.

The gardens of the French and English embassies were lovely; but I was advised not to walk in the early morning in the English garden, as Lord Strangford, the oriental secretary, was trying the cold-water cure there. Mr. Alison, the first secretary and chargé d'affaires, had chosen for the time to imagine himself an Arab chief, and had pitched his tent in the garden, with his horses tethered outside, himself dressed in a sort of Broussa dressing-gown, with his belt stuck full of pistols and daggers. The two nicest members of the embassy were young Mr. Antrobus and Mr. de Norman. The latter was shortly afterwards sent to China, where he was murdered, along with Mr. Bowlby, the *Times* correspondent, who was then also at Constantinople. Mr. Antrobus was very young, only twenty-two; he was handsome and had a beautiful complexion. When I went to visit the harems I found that the Turkish ladies admired him greatly. He afterwards left the service, turned Roman Catholic, and became a priest in the Brompton Oratory.

I went one afternoon to Yenikue, the next village to Therapia, to hear the Hungarian gypsies play. The beauty, rank, and fashion of the two villages had assembled, and several smart three-oared caïques came over from Bayukderé; a three-oared caïque held the same position as a barouche and pair does in England. Princess Aristarchi landed as we did, and we were introduced. I was curious to see her, for she was supposed to be not only so fascinating that she turned the heads of most of the embassies, including the ambassadors, but she had also great political influence. I found out afterwards that her brother was the sultan's doctor. She was rather pretty, pale and slight; very untidy, but with astonishingly good manners and remarkably shrewd. She was the daughter of a clock-maker in Athens; her husband was a hospodar of Wallachia.

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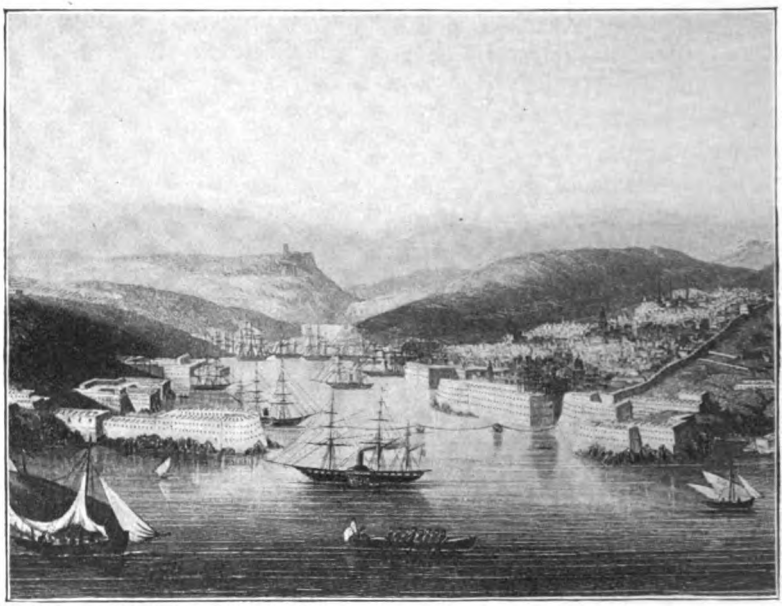
I also made acquaintance with Mme. Baltaggi, the half-English wife of Theodore Baltaggi, a Greek merchant who was supposed to have begun life selling slate-pencils in the streets of Constantinople. It must have been very remunerative, for on his death he left each of his twelve children



SEBASTOPOL BEFORE THE WAR.

£100,000. She was a very pretty woman. The Baltaggis had a palace on the Bosphorus which rivalled the French and English embassies.

Mme. Aristarchi offered to take me to Fuad Pasha's harem, and called for me in her caïque. We rowed for an hour, and stopped at a pretty wooden house surrounded by gardens, on the Asiatic shore. We went through two or three barely furnished rooms, with divans running round covered in Broussa silk, and at last into a small drawing-room furnished á l'Européenne, where we found Mme. Fuad, a very fat woman, who might have been handsome if she had not had three chins. Mme. Aristarchi spoke Turkish faultlessly, and they were evidently great friends. Mme. Fuad sent for coffee and sweets, asked me how old I was, and if I had any children, etc. She then asked me to guess her age; she looked about forty-five. Mme. Aristarchi said to me, "Guess her as young as you can"; and seeing that her two fat sons were married, I said "Thirty-

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five," at which she was rather offended and said that by Turkish years, which were shorter, it might be, but by English years she was not nearly so old. Mme. Cassin, her eldest son's wife, was the beauty of the Bosphorus. She was tall and slight, with very delicate features, pale complexion, and beautiful black eyes. Mme. Fuad sent for all her slaves, and particularly pointed out a girl who had refused to enter the sultan's harem, which was thought a most wonderful thing to do. The sultan had seen her on the Bosphorus and sent for her. She had red hair curling all over her head, but she was not otherwise pretty.

SULTAN MAHOMET MURAD.

All the Turkish ladies wore their hair cut across the forehead, a fashion followed by us later on. Mme. Cassin became a widow very early, and some years after became a convert to Christianity, and managed to escape to France with a European,

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whom she married. She was helped, I believe, by the French governess, of whom there is generally one in every harem.

All the servants stood on the steps expecting backsheesh as we left. I believe that visit cost ten pounds.

At last the new English ambassador, Sir Henry Bulwer, arrived—a perfect contrast to his predecessor in every way. The attachés, who had groaned under the strict rule of Lord Stratford and who even now mentioned his name with bated breath, were delighted. He brought a lot of hangers-on, to all of whom he had promised good posts, consulates, etc. None of these promises were, I believe, fulfilled.

Sir Henry soon called on us. A pale, lackadaisical man with handsome features, he sauntered into our *salon* one Sunday afternoon. He made himself very agreeable, called every one his dear boy, and after he had left there was a chorus of admiration from all in the room. Under his *régime* England soon lost the prestige she had gained through Lord Stratford's unremitting efforts.

The Russian ambassador, who lived at Bayukderé (a pretty town at the entrance to the Black Sea much frequented by the merchants and foreigners who had not palaces and gardens of their own), asked us to a *soirée dansante*.

We spent two days at Princess Aristarchi's villa at Bayukderé. It was a most untidy house; with difficulty could I get soap and towels.

Among the visitors at the hotel at Therapia were General Kmety and General Eber, exiles from Hungary. General Eber was a remarkably good-looking man, and had twice sat for the picture of our Lord. He was an avowed Catholic, but I think he was a Jew by race. His knowledge of the English language was marvellous. After poor Bowlby had left for China he was for many years correspondent for the *Times*. His successor was Mr. Butt, a barrister at the consular court. He had been in Constantinople for some years, when he was engaged in a case—a collision between a Maltese and a Russian ship. The Russians, determined to win, sent to England for a famous judge, later on the master of the rolls. Mr. Butt won the case, and Sir B——, seeing he was a clever man, said, "Why don't you practise in England instead of staying out here?"

"Simply," returned Mr. Butt, "because I tried for two years in London with no results, while here I make ten or twelve hundred a year."

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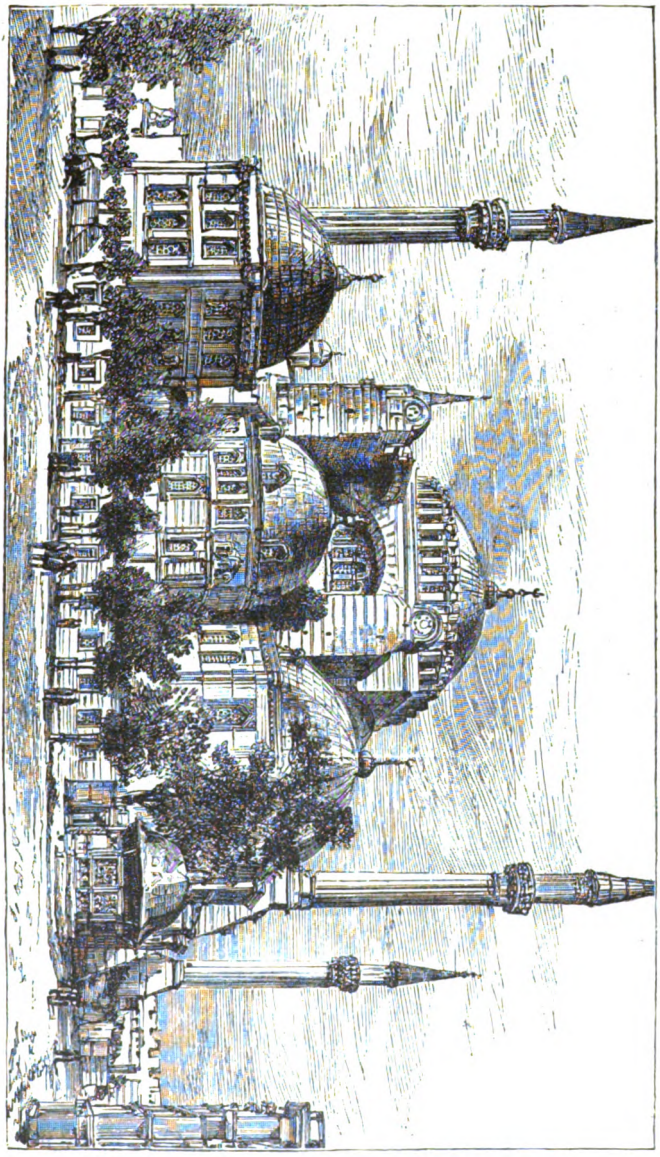
"All that will be changed now," said Sir B——; "you come over and I will do all I can for you."

Sir B—— was as good as his word. Mr. Butt speedily got



SANCTA SOPHIA; NOW A TURKISH MOSQUE.

into good practice; he was made councillor to the Admiralty Court, and would no doubt have become solicitor-general, but his health failing, he took a judgeship, and died comparatively

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young. He married a pretty American whom he met at Homburg.

The *personnel* of the embassy were a curious lot; all clever but eccentric. First came Mr. Alison, the first secretary, a wonderful linguist, very agreeable but frightfully ugly. He was the only man who did not tremble before the great Elchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; in fact, Lord Stratford even consulted him and took his advice. He had a thorough knowledge of the East and of the Turk, and was no doubt remarkably clever; but his freaks were astonishing. He took it into his head to dress as a caïqueji and ply for hire up and down the Bosphorus, but to his disgust, on asking for his fee from a woman whom he had rowed for miles against the stream, she shook her head and said: "No bono, Johnny; yesterday elchi" (ambassador; alluding to his having been chargé d'affaires), "to-day caïqueji." Another time he chose to bathe in the Bosphorus in a suit of armor; of course he went down like a stone, but he had the presence of mind to unfasten it, and left it at the bottom of the sea. He was born at Malta, and was said to be the son of a Scotch sergeant, and I think began life as an interpreter or dragoman. He rose solely by his own merits, and, ugly as he was, he obtained the affections of Mme. Theodore Baltaggi, whom he married the year after her husband's death. Her health failed and she died of consumption at Cairo a few months after her marriage, while he was in Persia, having been appointed minister there. Some of her children were very pretty, with large Greek eyes. Helen, the second one, married at sixteen her guardian, Mr. Vetsura, the Austrian secretary, a man of over forty. Although he was only of *la petite noblesse* and she a nobody by birth, she obtained a great *succés* in the most exclusive town in Europe, Vienna, and was intimate with the royal family for many years. Prince Rudolph fell in love with her daughter, a pretty girl, tall and fair, with beautiful blue eyes. The tragedy which ended with the suicide of Prince Rudolph arose out of this meeting.

I made frequent sketching excursions to the coast of Asia in the caïque. Nothing could be more delightful than coasting in the caïque down the shore, seeing the grave old Turks sitting in their gardens smoking nargilehs. On Fridays we went to the sweet waters of Asia, a lovely spot with huge plane-trees. At the landing-places were dozens of caïques from all the villages and palaces around. Hundreds of Turkish women were seated, chattering and laughing, eating sweets and drink-

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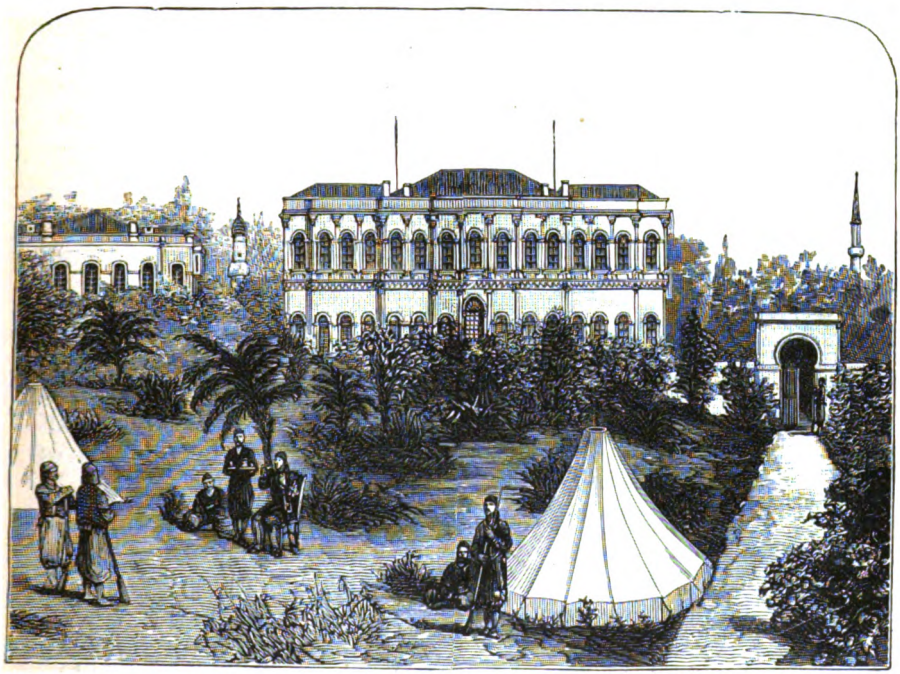
ing coffee; several gilded arabas and coaches and two or three smart broughams were waiting in the background.

Cabouli Effendi, who had been for some years ambassador in London and was quite anglicized, asked me to come and dine with his wife. He sent his caïque to fetch me. A servant was waiting on the little landing-place opposite their house, and immediately led me through the garden to a very pretty house. We came into a deliciously cool room, with Turkish lattice-work blinds letting in the cool breeze, where sat Mme. Cabouli, a



PALACE OF ABDUL HAMID.

rather pretty woman about twenty-five. She seemed pleased to see me, and addressed me in very good French. After a few minutes she clapped her hands, and two attendants came in, one bringing a little round table and the other a tray with a gold-embroidered cloth; underneath were the dishes for our dinner. I got her to sit to me for a crayon sketch, but after a few minutes she jumped up and left the room, and returned with a blue velvet bandeau round her head studded with diamond brooches, rather to my disgust; but I saw she would be very disappointed if I did not put them in. It is against the laws of the Prophet to have your portrait taken—more particu-

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larly for women. I took the sketch home and thought no more about it; but several months after, as I was packing up to leave the country, two zaptiehs came with a letter from Cabouli Effendi asking me to return it.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe came out in August to bid adieu to the sultan. He was accompanied by his wife and daughters and a regular suite of attachés and hangers-on. Lord Stratford was a very handsome old man, tall and commanding looking, with white hair, an aquiline nose, and an eagle eye. Sir Henry Bulwer gave them a grand *déjeuner* before their departure, to which all the *corps diplomatique*, the consuls, and a few travellers and outsiders like ourselves, were invited. We went over in caïques to the Sultan's Valley, in Asia, a beautiful spot with groves of plane-trees and a winding path leading up to the Giant's Mountain, where was a splendid view over the Black Sea.

We found luncheon spread in a large tent, and could almost have imagined ourselves in an English park were it not for the old Turks sitting about enjoying keff, as they call it, which means sitting in the shade smoking a nargileh and from time to time drinking a tiny cup of coffee.

I was introduced to Lord Stratford, who was very cordial, and said he had known my husband well during the war. Lady Stratford was also very amicable; she had the remains of great beauty. She adored the Bosphorus, and had reigned as a queen here for nearly twenty years. I could see by the glances she cast at Bulwer that it was very trying to her to see another man in her husband's place.

Fuad Pasha, the grand vizier, gave a grand night *fête* in honor of the sultan's birthday, the 15th of August. It was a lovely night, and as we rowed down the Bosphorus to Kandili rockets and fireworks were thrown up every now and then at the different villages. At the landing-place on the steps stood soldiers holding torches, all dressed in the different costumes of their province.

We were received in a large *salle* prepared for dancing, by Fuad Pasha and a number of minor officials. The ladies were invited to go to the harem to see Madame Fuad. I availed myself of the invitation, and found the rooms crowded with Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Europeans. The Turkish ladies were resplendent with diamonds. Madame Cassin looked very lovely in a rose-colored silk, the bodice covered with diamonds, and of course high in the neck. Supper was served in a tent,

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and I was told that every plate was gold; the tables were beautifully arranged, and the supper excellent. Here I saw Sir Adolphus Slade, admiral in the Turkish service, and therefore dressed in the Turkish uniform; he looked exactly like a Turk, and had evidently during the fifteen or twenty years of his residence imbibed their prejudices, for he told me he should be sorry to see any Englishwoman he knew dance before these Turks, as they had such a low opinion of dancing-women. We returned home in the early morn, the sun gilding the tops of the mountains. It was like a fairy scene.

A MOORISH MUSICIAN OF THE HAREM.

The air of the Bosphorus is very enervating, and a slight attack of fever warned me that I wanted a change; Dr. Zohrab, who was considered the best doctor, recommended a few days at the Princes' Islands.

Sir Henry Bulwer was going to the Princes' Islands at that time and asked us to join his party. We, however, started a day before.

I noticed on board a group of four beautiful sisters, with features of the pure Greek type; but, unlike the modern Greeks, they were tall with finely formed figures. They were the daughters of a Mr. Glavani, a Levantine of Italian origin. The youngest was married to a Mr. Black, the grandson of Byron's Maid

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of Athens; her beauty had not been transmitted to him, for he had red hair and a snub nose.

There were several Turkish soldiers on board fresh from the provinces; they were off-hand, and seemed inclined to be rude. I noticed that the passengers gave them a wide birth. Turks may not be cruel, but they have such a contempt for Christians that the slightest thing would make a row, and Turkish women are horribly rude; the only time one came into contact with them was on board the steamers and in the streets, when they would push one in the rudest manner. Of course in the capital they were more or less civilized, but in the interior I fancy the hatred between Christian and Turk is as strong as ever. A Turkish soldier pushed by us and took a stool belonging to our party; but General Eber said it was best to take no notice.

We reached Prinkipo in an hour and a half. Our Maltese servant had taken rooms for us in a little hotel near the landing-place; it was clean, but the food was primitive; pilaff and caviare predominated at dinner, and we all agreed that we must have come to the wrong hotel. Lord Strangford, generally a most patient man, grumbled very much at his room. I found afterwards that the hotel-keeper, hearing that there was a milord among the party, gave the best room to the one whose appearance he took to be most distinguished—namely, Mr. Antrobus, a tall, handsome young man—while Lord Strangford, with his spectacles, shabby clothes, and unkempt beard, was taken for the servant, and given the room next to my maid.

The next morning Mr. Antrobus, my husband, and I started on a tour of inspection—I on a donkey, they on foot. It was a beautiful morning in September. On one side we saw the Gulf of Ismed in Asia; on the other, the cupolas of St. Sophia were shining in the distance. We wound our way through groves of myrtle and arbutus for an hour, and turning a corner came suddenly in sight of a large hotel, with marble terraces, standing on a promontory—the "Grotto of Calypso." "This is evidently the place," we said; "let us lunch there, and see what the food is like." The *table d'hôte* was just ready, and we were shown into a beautiful, cool room with windows on all sides. The lunch was passable, but the view and the rooms were superior to what we had left. We asked if we could have rooms. "Si, signori," said the Italian landlord. "If you had come earlier I could have given you the *nobile piano*, but his excellency the English elchi has taken the rooms." We, however,

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professed ourselves satisfied with the second floor, and returned to our inn to recount our success to the rest of the party. All were delighted, but the parting shot of the hotel-keeper rather damped our enthusiasm. "Ah!" said he, "you are going to the Grotto of Calypso. It is very fine with its looking-glasses and terraces; but you won't sleep—it is alive with insects."

We found Sir Henry Bulwer and his hangers-on, his private secretary, and a Mr. Harris and a Captain Fleetwood Wilson, at the *table d'hôte* dinner. We spent a very pleasant evening on the terrace; the air was beautifully fresh, and the lights of Constantinople in the distance added to the beauty of the scene.

When bed-time came I carefully scrutinized my bed. It looked beautifully clean, but alas! when the candle was out it was impossible to sleep. I struck a light, and turning over the pillow, saw hundreds of little brown insects racing each other. I spent the night on a chair. The landlord, to whom we complained, shrugged his shoulders and said the whole island had been infested since the Russian prisoners were there, but they would not bite us after the first night. I declined to bear the chance, and we returned.

One of the most charming women among the *corps diplomatique* was Mme. Novikoff, the wife of the Russian ambassador. She was pretty, but delicate like a hot-house flower, as indeed are most of the Russian ladies, for they spend nine months of the year in houses heated by hot air. She had lately recovered from a fever, and her hair had been cut short; it was fair and curled tightly over her head, which gave her a charmingly infantine appearance.

Mrs. Cumberbatch used kindly to lend me her white arab; the rides around were beautiful. One day Mr. Antrobus and Captain Webster joined us in an excursion to the Wood of Belgrade, made famous by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. We passed through the valley of Buyukderé and inspected the enormous plane-tree where Godfrey de Bouillon is supposed to have rested with his army, and then through the Valley of Roses to the woods. I could have imagined myself in Windsor forest, it was so like. We came upon a charming little Swiss village, with houses built of wood. I found it was the fashion for the rich merchants of Constantinople to spend the month of May here.

The rainy season set in and the Cumberbatches invited us to

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A MUSLIM AT PRAYER.

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spend a little time in Pera with them. They were most hospitable, and entertained more than the ambassador.

A new attaché now came out, a Mr. de Norman—a relative, I believe, to Lord Ripon. Though he was but a short time at Constantinople he was liked very much, and his sad fate was much deplored by all who knew him. He was sent to China, and was one of the party taken prisoner under the flag of truce and tortured to death by the Chinese.

The French ambassador gave a series of dances; the French colony mustered strongly. At one of them an incident occurred which showed how a long-cherished enmity between two countries breaks forth even when they are at peace. The Countess L——, wife of one of the Italian secretaries, who was a member of one of the great Milanese families, seeing the son of Baron Prokesch, the Austrian ambassador, in his white uniform, said to her partner, "Thank God, I have not seen that hateful uniform for two years." He foolishly reported it, and the next morning Count L—— was challenged by young Prokesch. It required all the diplomacy of his father to avert a duel.

I could not leave Constantinople without going over to Scutari and visiting the graves of the English soldiers. The cemetery then was beautifully kept; I wonder if it is now.

We then wandered into the Turkish cemetery, which extends for miles, thickly planted with the melancholy cypress. Sometimes you come across a gravestone with the turban at the feet—a sign that the occupant had been decapitated. A deadly stillness prevailed; now and then a group of Turks passed swiftly by, carrying a coffin; it was really a city of the dead, and I was glad to get away from the gloomy spot.

From what I saw of the Turks, how any European woman could be so lost to self-respect as to marry one of them is beyond my comprehension; yet Mr. Cumberbatch says it is often done, and he has had no end of trouble. He instanced a case: An Englishwoman at the Isle of Wight let her lodgings to a young Turk. He was very nice; spoke English and expressed his admiration for everything English. She had a pretty daughter, and when he paid attentions and at last proposed that he should marry her, and that mother and daughter should accompany him to Constantinople, the poor benighted woman sold her house and furniture; the marriage took place, and all went well till they reached Turkey. He then refused to let his wife and mother-in-law go out unless they donned the

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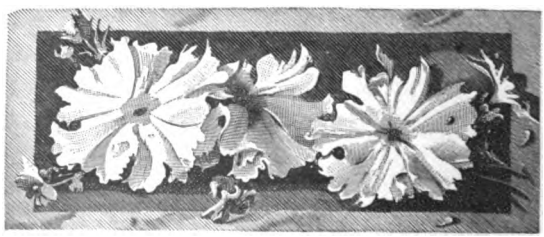
Turkish dress and yashmak, and on the old woman refusing, he tied her up and beat her. The poor woman at last escaped and went in tears to Mr. Cumberbatch; she had no money and knew not what to do. He told her that he could not interfere with her daughter, who had by marriage renounced her nationality, but he could send her home as a distressed British subject; she said she could not leave her child, and, I believe, remained in poverty in Constantinople.

Next to the *corps diplomatique* the Armenians were the most important people in the place. Bogos Bey had one of the finest houses in Constantinople; Monsieur Alyon, another Armenian, had the best villa and most beautiful gardens at Buyukderé; and certainly the prettiest girl was Mlle. Ysaverdans. She afterwards married Mr. Stratt, a Roumanian. There is no doubt that they are a clever race, but they are tricky and untrustworthy; they are usurers and money-lenders, hence the dislike all bear to them.

I went once or twice to the Armenian church; they are in communion with the Church of Rome, but the service was different and the priests wore long hair, like the Greeks. Remembering the position the Armenians held in those days, it seems to me as incongruous to hear of their being shot down and imprisoned as if we were to hear the same of Lord Rothschild, Baron de Worms, and other influential Jews.



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MARY OF THE BLESSED SUNSHINE.

BY S. M. H. G.

I HAD, late in the season, discovered a charming rustic chapel, embowered in trees, resting upon the very apex of a mountain in miniature. Close by the shady foot-bridge that crossed a clear brook was the fall from which the neighborhood took its name. For fifty feet the stream leaped with a bound over pale-gray rocks flecked with green, and the spray which arose was tinged with rainbow colors. Here the birds had built their nests and warbled their matin hymns, undisturbed by the simple service that went on within the chapel. I chanced upon the spot just at the sunset hour, and, full of the beauty of the scene, my heart was touched to note the weary peasants who had labored all day in the fields, and yet climbed the long, rocky pathway to lay wreaths of wild flowers or sprays of feathery grasses at the feet of a rough plaster statue which adorned the right hand of the altar.

As the last bent figure toiled over the stones, I followed and watched the weary man as he lovingly touched the numberless small shrines that pointed the way to the chapel. Only one of these was visible afar, and that, facing the east at dawn, was by a rude process turned at noon-day in order that the sun should ever shine across the face of the Virgin. "Mary of the Blessed Sunshine" this was called, and I often paused in after days to gaze with wonder at the rapt expression some unknown genius had portrayed with clumsy tools upon the native rock.

Such picturesque bits as abounded hereabout are none too common, and I made haste to secure food and shelter for a month's sojourn at the little Gasthof near by.

Wittine Bernheimer, who presided over the beer-mugs and salad which represented the chief sustenance of the lodgers beneath her roof, was a kindly frau, whose triple matrimonial venture had left her in possession of a modest business, which she conducted quite as much to the profit of the neighbors as to herself, since the gossip of the grand folk of Neuenahr was retailed at twilight by the post-carrier, from his bench at

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Wittine's door, to an interested audience of lowly laborers who, I suspected, contributed his pipe and beer.

Shortly after my arrival the good woman knocked lightly on my door while I was washing my brushes at nightfall.

"Ach, Herr Maler!" she cried, folding her plump hands across her breast, "a strange fortune has befallen me. It may be that I wrong yourself in accepting it, but surely the goodness of Heaven must in some way be bound up in this matter. A haughty dame from the great baths has come out in a grand coach with her doctor, who insists that she remain on the healthy mountain-side for the full space of your stay. Not that the learned man knows of our compact, but that he has set the limit of her return to the baths quite at the day when your lodging bill expires." She paused, and I was perplexed.

"And why not?" I asked.

"Why not? Is, then, the Herr Maler so kindly disposed toward our little mountain village that he is willing to bear the taunts and scolding of a great lady who—may the Blessed Mary help her!—is not of amiable temper?" I laughed.

"She will not scold me, I suppose?"

'Heaven help me, adorable Herr Maler! I did not presume to suggest it, but it may be that I cannot prevent it, for the rich are in nowise chary of their words to the gifted."

"Go your way, good Wittine, and let me take the chance of the scolding; I am quite willing."

Nevertheless I felt a little quaking when I first heard the sharp tones on the stairway.

"And so, my wise doctor, you presume to say that, with only a courier and a rustic maid, I must content myself for many a day far from society and your learned counsel?"

The full, rich voice of an educated German responded with directness, yet perfect civility:

"Your ladyship has placed in my hands the distinguished care of a valuable life. I deem it best to insist upon retirement. Here, near to the heart of Nature, you will have the chance of recovery in a far greater degree than elsewhere. A daily bulletin can be conveyed to me, and in case of necessity —mind, not otherwise—I may be summoned by messenger. I commit you to the care of Wittine Bernheimer and a faithful country lass. Auf Wiedersehen."

He must have gone away immediately, for I soon went down to regale myself with the "Graubrodchen" for which all

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Hillesdorf was famous and potato salad, and found a stout, red-faced matron occupying a rolling-chair in the little vine-covered portico where I usually dined. She did not condescend to notice the greeting I gave her, but began calling in a parrot-like way:

"Greta, Elsa!—whatever is your name, you ungrateful minx—come hither this instant. I will *not* be left at the mercy of a stranger. Girl, girl! where are you?"

Instantly there came from a secluded corner of the bower a charming little Mädchen, as fresh as if she had been that hour created. Scarce more than a child in stature, her shining locks were like bands of gold twisted above a daintily poised head. Her peasant waist, of dull red, surmounted a short blue petticoat, and a bright silver chain, to which was attached a crucifix, was wound again and again about her neck.

The coloring of her cheek was delicious, and her full blue eye was undimmed by tears. She smiled as she presented herself to the ogress, and the sweetness of her speech was melody.

"O dame of high degree!" she said with the quaintness of a past-century courtier, "I rest ever within the sound of your command. Be conscious of my devotion to the trust imposed upon me; I shall waver not in its fulfilment."

My own astonishment was no greater than that of the Gräfin, who added a touch of the ludicrous to the pretty scene by her demeanor.

"By the gods!" she exclaimed, "is this a play-house, that I am greeted with such grandiloquent measures from the lips of a starveling of the country?" Then subsiding a little, she continued: "Roll me away—quick, I tell you! that I may not be devoured by the gaze of yonder blouse-man."

The thought came to me that her ladyship would regard it as a cruel wrong did she realize my interest was centred in the little maid, so that I did not catch the first word of the girl's response.

"The Herr Maler is not a blouse-man, excellent Gräfin. Our holy shrine, 'Mary of the Blessed Sunshine,' was carven by such an one as sits yonder."

"Do you presume to instruct me, worm of the earth?" demanded the countess in wrath.

"And can it be, most admirable Gräfin, that so great a personage hath not seen the wondrous shrine that glows with consciousness of Divine Love? My strong-handed twin brothers,

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Yacob and Karl, shall bear you in their arms to the height whence the blessed Mary smiles down upon us."

"Stop your chatter, girl! Borne in the arms of your rough lads indeed!"

The scorn with which this was uttered brought my democratic blood to my brow, but the subject of her wrath was blissfully innocent, and the sweet, low voice went on:

"They shall carry you in a great chair to-morrow at the noon-day hour, that your highness may see the merit of the stone which tips toward the heavens at all times. Ah! your heart must swell with gratitude to your humble bearers, that they have been the cause of your pleasure in watching the Mother Mary turn in her worship ever and ever to the heavenly light."

I think the enraged lady was silenced by the simple earnestness of the child, who rolled the heavy burden on and on while she talked, until they were quite out of my sight.

But out of sight is not always out of mind, and I caught myself thinking of the strange pair, as I sketched in solitude close by the wonderful shrine. As the day drew near its close quick steps told of the coming of a worshipper, and lo! in the glorious color of the sunset, my smiling little Mädchen bowed her head and kissed the stone.

When the sun had climbed to its midday place the following morning I heard the approach of heavy feet, varied by occasional shrill exclamations, indicating fright, as the party neared the rocky stand-point of the beautiful shrine.

More than once I was tempted to peep forth from my retired nook, and verify my suspicions that the gentle little maid had overcome the scruples of the arrogant mistress, and that I should see the strong-limbed brothers bearing their heavy burden; but I was wise enough to content myself with very shy glimpses, and to rely chiefly upon my hearing.

"And for what, I pray you, my bold peasants," said the taunting voice, "have you borne me hither? I see nothing remarkable about a carved turnstile—*my* eyes have been fed upon the art treasures of the universe. But speak—tell me wherein lies the marvel of this rudely chipped stone?"

I caught a view of the two stalwart men uncovering their heads, but only the Mädchen answered:

"The good God fashions the fate of each one of us according to our need. And it is the necessity of your poor uneasy nature, worthy Gräfin, that has brought you to look upon the

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face of our Mother of the Blessed Sunshine. See the glory that clings to the cold gray stone! There is none greater, for it tells of the passionate warmth of the Divine Love."

"Tish, child! the love that blesses is human love—the love that provides bread and butter, warmth and shelter."

"Ah, poor dear!" she cried, and I thought the child voice tingled with tears, "know you not that human love is but the shadow of that which falls from on high?"

Then I saw her drop upon her knee and plant a kiss on the brow of the astonished and angry dame, who struck her a quick blow across the rosy cheek.

I knew it was not in human nature for her kindred to feel aught but bitter resentment at this insult; yet only the girl moved. She arose with a touch of added dignity, and, wiping away the mark of the angry fingers, she spoke reverently:

"Holy Virgin! teach me how to deal with this unquiet soul, so that it may finally lay its great richness in loving satisfaction at thy feet."

Then the small procession went quietly into the valley again, and when I had dined, and was stretched upon the greensward for a moment's repose, I saw the strange, wild countess slumbering in her chair, her faithful attendant gently fanning the broad red brow with a branch of peacock feathers.

I thought I had lost my interest in this ill-assorted pair, for my work pressed; but I was conscious each day that at the noon-day stroke something of the same scene was repeated, and I found myself moved almost to tears as the conviction grew upon me that there was less and less venom in the speech of the haughty dame.

It was not long ere I heard her say, wearily indeed but without pride:

"Verily there *is* a strange fascination in this carven image."

And the little monitor answered cheerily:

"Ah! great Gräfin, I felt certain that your eyes would be opened and your heart softened by the blessed sunshine of the soul which gushes forth from the holy stone. I have run as fast as my feet can carry me, many and many a day, just to see the noon-day light take on a new brightness as it passed here; and when this has come about all my evil temper, my unwillingness to labor, my wish for a silken gown and a golden ring—they have all departed, and I have come back to the fields as merry as the thrush that sings in the meadow."

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And then I knew that the Mädchen smiled and that tears were very near the eyelids of the countess.

Once she called the girl Liebchen; and again, when by an unfortunate backward turn of the wheeled chair a gay parasol was ruined, the old petulance broke out; but the child cried, holding up a finger:

"Be careful! The blessed Mary is looking at you, and she knows, as well as we know, that neither of us was at fault. I did not see you lay your Sonnenschirm across your lap, and you did not know that I should strike that rough block."

It was very quiet then as they went away. Neither did I find the little Gasthof in commotion as evening drew near, for the anger of the great lodger was so pitiable a thing that even the scullion hid from it, and I had too often been half served at supper because of the fright of the household.

Still there was evidently little affection granted the poor rich woman, and I knew that the Mädchen ventured no further with her greeting than to touch her lips to the hem of her mistress's garment.

But how and why came the countess's continued desire to visit the blessed shrine? It puzzled me sorely?

On and on went the finger of Time. My date of departure was drawing near, and it became necessary that my working hours be long.

One evening I sat on the floor of the bridge, touching my canvas rapidly with color which in vain attempted to rival the hues of nature. Gentle speech fell on my ear; yet surely it was the voice of the dame of high degree.

"Liebchen, tell me more of the everlasting love." Then, as her eye caught the glow of a scarlet poppy that nodded on the brink of the fall, "Gather first yon gorgeous blossoms, that they may serve to illustrate your speech."

I did not even turn my eyes from the work in hand, or a great catastrophe might have been prevented.

Catastrophe, did I say? Who can tell whether a great gain to an immortal soul was not that day wrought by the sacrifice of a human life? Certainly the consummation of a pure purpose was reached when, obeying the behest of the wilful countess, the little maid sprang lightly across the intervening space, reached for the blood-red poppies, and, losing her foothold, was precipitated into the torrent below.

Quick as the plash of the waters was in my ear I slid down upon the bridge's foundation. There I caught Hope's hand, for

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I saw the slim figure was chained by a blackberry bush just on the very edge of the foaming tide.

Horrified screams from the waiting mistress soon brought help, and in a little time we had lifted the golden locks from their moist bed only to find that the frightful crash had paralyzed the child from the base of the brain. Only the head was alive; and, as we bore the poor, maimed creature in our arms past the rolling chair, consciousness beamed in the clear blue eyes and the pale lips parted to give utterance to an encouraging word.

"Good Gräfin, weep not. I suffer no pain; a day or two will suffice to bring me about, and in the meantime Yacob or Karl will wheel my dear mistress abroad. Perchance, too, the cries which you are uttering will hurt you, and I could not be content that you should suffer from my heedlessness. Go back to the Gasthof, dear dame; bathe your tears away in the cool spring-water, and in the love which I see daily springing in your heart read the beginning of a holy life."

Then the gentle eyes closed again and we thought her sweet spirit had fled; but we were not right. As soon as she had been laid on the bed she revived again, and, although she alternated all night between death and life, the countess could not be persuaded to leave the room for a single moment. Once, as the girl asked for some wine, her mistress would allow no one to administer it but herself, and as the child sipped it slowly from the mug, she smiled and whispered:

"Dear Gräfin, does this kindness of yours not bring to memory the many, many times that I have refused to obey, and fetch the liquor that you desired? Ah! good dame, in so doing I was only minding the express mandate of the great doctor. But *that* you did not like, and yet you are good enough to bend your poor, stiff knees in reaching the wine for a worm of the earth!"

Tears of genuine affection fell upon the little bed, and, despite the presence of strangers, the lady between her sobs told the gentle maid how she had grown to love her for her very insistence upon the right.

"You have taught me how true a human heart can be; how trusty the veriest mountain child to her ideal. 'Mary of the Blessed Sunshine' is a reality—I know it, I feel it. The lesson of your life is but the outpouring of the Love Divine." Then she knelt again on the bare, hard floor, and would not be moved.

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At daybreak the girl slept; but as the sun rose high in the heavens her blue eyes were once more opened wide, and her soft voice begged her brothers to bear her to the shrine.

I had lingered about the Gasthof all day, for my heart was not in my work; but now I followed at a respectful distance the group that solemnly climbed the mountain side. When at last the blessed stone was reached the Gräfin's hand was seen resting on the forehead of the child, and, just as the noonday beams fell across the shrine, the little life, that had proven of so great value in pointing the way to heaven, suddenly and without a quiver of the flesh, went out from earth for ever.

A couple of years ago, in the great city of Berlin, I was invited to attend the opening exercises of an "Industrial Home for Girls."

There was something familiar in the face of the lady who entered the room upon crutches, and of whom I heard it said that she had given the greater part of her fortune and constant personal supervision to the great work; but I doubt if I should have recognized the "haughty dame of high degree" had not my eye rested on the inscription over the entrance:

"THIS HOME IS DEDICATED TO
THE HONOR AND GLORY OF
'MARY OF THE BLESSED SUNSHINE.'"

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"THE WAR OF THE SEXES."

BY JOHN PAUL MacCORRIE.

THE alarmist is again abroad. This time he is at once exceedingly disturbed and exceedingly amusing. He is, of course, as usual, distressingly solicitous for the welfare of the commonwealth. He will save society at any cost; and so, always keenly alive to its present dangers and necessities, he feels called upon to lift a warning voice against the formidable ebullitions of the "New Woman."

To be sure, he hastens to assure us that the threatening cloud is as yet but very small, perhaps not larger than a man's thumb-nail—but still unquestionably portentous of evil; it is, in fact, quite alarming. For all great tempests have just such beginnings, we are told; and who can say what the event will be when that little cloud grows up to be a great large thunder-storm, and its winds have lashed the surface of society into angry foam, while its lightnings, announcing the "supremacy of woman," flash out all over the land?

And then, folding his arms with appropriate significance, he sinks deep in the cushion of his chair, to watch the gathering of the approaching storm.

This, we say, is quite amusing; for although we are wearily aware that a certain type of female inconsistency is determined to be particularly petulant and unreasonable just at this time, we do not anticipate any serious detriment to the well-being of the republic on that account, any more than we are prepared to disquiet ourselves on the prospect that the butterfly of yesterday will one day become a great elephant and trample us all under foot. It is not in the nature of things, so to say. There must always be at least some adequation between a cause and its effect, and we are not disposed to believe that the leaders of the present "advancement" are at all representative of any considerable or important element of our community. Certain it is they are not authorized to speak in behalf of our mothers and sisters, for we do like to think that our mothers and sisters still retain a great deal of their native good sense.

The chief aim of the New Woman, in so far as she can be

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accused of having any definite purpose in view, is, we believe, the equality of sex. From certain points of observation this is surely a laudable ambition. Before God, for example, all rational beings are equal. There is no distinction between sex and sex in view of unity of origin and destiny. In the participation of eternal reward or punishment they are one. Again, there is no intrinsic reason why the intellectual capacities of woman should not equal, and in some instances even outstrip, those of her sterner brothers; although the distinction is sometimes made that the one is more quick and the other more judicious; the former remarkable for delicacy of association, while the latter is characterized by stronger power of attention. And advancing still further, we would aver that in its own proper sphere the female sex is not only equal but often decidedly the superior of the male. But, unfortunately, none of this forms the basis of contention. The New Woman lays claim not only to what we have herein gladly granted her, but, over and beyond that, she would fain step out of the natural modesty of her sex and strive to become man's equal in his special and peculiar province, his rival in the struggle for what at best are but doubtful honors.

A DECLARATION OF WAR.

She tells us, "there is no intellectual, social, or professional advancement for woman except as she asserts her independence of man and arrays herself against him as the enemy of her sex." That "marriage under the existing conditions is unmitigated slavery." That the barriers begotten of masculine selfishness and conceit, "excluding woman from the more serious avocations of life, must be abolished."

Henceforth we must have female lawyers, surgeons, clergymen (clergywomen?), apothecaries, and justices of the peace; and if needs be, she will "avail herself of the convenience of male attire in order to give her greater facility in the practice of her profession."

She will "no longer receive her religious creeds from men, but will construct her own on a new and improved basis."

She must be actively represented in the government of the state.

In short, every right and liberty enjoyed by men, whether political, moral or religious, must be forthwith and univocally extended to women.*

Now that is where the New Woman becomes unpardonably

* See reports of conventions at Washington and elsewhere.

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ridiculous, for, unconsciously we trust, she launches forth her tiny javelin at the very corner-stone of the social edifice, which demands that for its preservation there always exist a suitable subordination of powers, the essential principle of all right order in heaven or on earth.

There are a great many things which we take for granted in our daily intercourse with men and women which, while merely implied, are fair and seemly enough; but once expressed by indirect hint or open avowal, assume at once an air of marked unkindness. If a man were to address the first plain-faced, plain-dressed young woman whom he chanced to meet, and tell her bluntly that she was neither handsome nor rich enough for him, and that he could never marry her, we should wish that he were thoroughly castigated for his ill manners. The young woman was sufficiently, perhaps painfully conscious of the unwelcome truth already, and if she were at all a reasonable person, she would never dream of making it the ground of controversy or discussion. And so it is not without much provocation—and even then we hate ourselves for doing it—that we are constrained to remind the "new" sisterhood that woman is not, and in the eternal fitness of things never can be, unqualifiedly man's co-equal or superior. God himself has said it, and for most people his word is sufficient.

But she has arguments to allege, however, why all this is wrong, and it is really but fair that we should hear them.

THE STATUS OF WOMAN WITH THE ANCIENTS.

"If I read my history aright," she says, "it (the woman question) did not exist in the early development of the race. Mill to the contrary notwithstanding, we are not warranted in supposing that the early condition of woman was one of bondage. In the earliest historical records we find that it was the woman, and not the man, who was the head of the family; from her descent was reckoned, from her honors and inheritance came. In Egypt, at the most brilliant period of its history, woman sat upon the throne and held the office of priestess. Colleges were founded for women, and the medical profession belonged to them. Among the Greeks the intellectual women possessed absolute freedom, and taught the wise men of their day. The Romans made women their priestesses—as, indeed, did all pagan nations—and their civil laws for wives and mothers were most liberal. With the striking picture before us which Tacitus gives of the equal privileges of the

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men and women of the Germanic nations, of their mutual love and confidence, and of the deep respect shown to the women by the men, one can scarcely believe that the woman question troubled that day. Biblical evidence corroborates that of history —it was the woman, and not the man, who first ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge."*

All of which we are expected to accept in proof of the position, that in early ages the condition of woman was more exalted and more desirable than her position as found at the present day.

The one and only circumstance that saves the author of these assertions from appearing shockingly absurd is the modest hypothesis with which she has prefaced her remarks: "if I have read my history aright." Of course everything to the point depends on that, and in the case at hand it happens to form but a very slender basis indeed. When she takes issue with Mr. Mill on the question of woman's bondage in primitive times, our first impulse is to agree with her in her more than unequal contest; but when we remember that her statements are not sustained by the history of the nations, we are at best reduced to silence.

Her appeal to the "most brilliant period" of Egyptian history is bold, but very reckless. She certainly cannot look to Strabo for support, who tells us that before the Christian era the women of Egypt were cowed laborers and tillers of the earth. According to Grote, many of the gigantic tombs and palaces of Egypt were reared by female slaves, "the unbounded command of naked human strength." As to the social condition of Egypt in her "brilliancy" we can affirm nothing. It is emphatically "the land of silence and mystery." Whatever fragments we possess of its earlier customs and religions are but flimsy conjectures worried from the hidden secrets of crumbling hieroglyphics. Men of learning have spent their lives and genius in the silent valley of the Nile striving vainly to catch a glimpse of its mystic past; but the sands of ages have gathered over them, and the rigid Sphinx smiles above their beds—stony and for ever dumb.

The writings attributed to Trismegistus and Hermes we know to be apocryphal. Manetho is present to us in nothing but unsatisfactory fragments. Herodotus alone remains, and he but chronicles the dissolution of the great Egyptian power when it paled before the ascendency of Greece and Rome. We are but too well acquainted with his deplorable description of

* *The Century Magazine.*

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woman's condition in the period of which he writes. Perhaps no one has been more sanguine in handling this question than Professor Georg Ebers in his writings on the demotic documents of Egypt,* but even he, while asserting that Egyptian legislation was at one period very favorable to women, in no place declares or intimates a social or political equality of sex.

In the face of this we allow it to be quite perplexing why our attention should be directed to an Egyptian queen as an evidence of woman's independence. The mere fact that such a custom has existed proves nothing of itself that could not equally be argued from a similar condition existing in Europe at present, when women find so much reason for complaint.

Then again, it is scarcely necessary to go back so very far across the centuries in order to discover that colleges have been founded for women. If they had been founded by women for women, the reference might have had at least some significance; but since we, in our antagonism to woman's advancement, still continue in the same commendable practice, why speak as though the statement were no longer true?

MEDICINE OR WITCHCRAFT?

When and where, pray, did the medical profession belong to women? There is absolutely nothing in the history of medicine, from Celsus to Brown-Séquard, that will justify this statement. There were witches from time to time in all the ages who made use of certain drugs in connection with their superstitious mummeries, which is another and quite a different thing.

Just what the writer has in mind when she speaks of the "absolute freedom" enjoyed by females among the early Greeks is difficult to perceive. As far back as any authentic records can take us (776 B. C.), "the wife was purchased by her husband from her parents, a custom which prevailed among the barbarous countries of Germany." Her position in the family was, it is true, one of relative dignity in view of her frightful debauchery in succeeding epochs, but there is nothing whatever that will justify us in pretending that she was at any time considered man's equal.

That the Romans and other pagan nations made their women priestesses is, unfortunately, true; but again, just why the female sex of our enlightened generation should point to that fact with a seeming show of pride, is quite amazing.

Strabo tells us that before the advent of Christianity there

* *Deutsche Rundschau.*

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was a temple to Venus at Corinth so rich that it maintained one thousand *courtesans* sacred to its service. The grandest temple of the pagan world at Hierapolis was adapted to give an august semblance to insufferable infamy.*

Rome, Tyre, Syria, and Asia Minor had each their temples and their "priestesses," with all the abominations which that implied. We will not quote Baruch on the temple of Mylitta; nor St. Augustine on the Floral Temple of Rome; nor Minucius Felix, in his chapter beginning "Tota impudicitia vocatur urbanitas." Suffice it to add that from the temples scattered over all of heathendom there arose the universal sobbing and wailing of trampled womanhood, hooted at and laughed to scorn. "It was high time for the coming of Christianity," says a recent apologist in this connection, "or hell!"

THE TEUTONS AND THEIR WIVES.

Tacitus does give us a striking picture of the social condition in the German nations; but there is nothing in it that will warrant, however feebly, the interpretation which this writer has forced upon it. It must not be forgotten that there are special traits of these barbarous manners purposely embellished by him, a thing quite natural in a writer of his sentiments. He approached the subject filled with indignation at sight of the fearful corruptions existing at that time in Rome; and so we can readily observe whom he has in mind when he ironically exclaims of the German tribes, "There vice is not laughed at, and corruption is not called the fashion"—a forcible expression which describes the age, and is the keynote to the secret joy with which Tacitus casts in the face of Rome the purer manners of the barbarians. When he describes the severity of the Germans with respect to marriage, it is obvious that their distinction between the order of superstition and the order of the family is very clearly defined. There is nothing left of the *sanctum* and *providum*, but only a jealous austerity in maintaining the lines of duty; and hence we are confronted with the spectacle of woman, instead of being reverenced as a goddess, surrendered to the brutal vengeance of her husband when once suspected of being unfaithful. It would appear that the power of man over woman was not greatly limited by their customs when, for the offence mentioned, "after having cut off her (his wife's) hair, the husband drives her naked from his house in the presence of her relatives and beats her with rods ignominiously through the village."

* Lucian de dea Syra.

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The punishment gives us an idea of the infamy which was attached to certain crimes among them, but it is not calculated to elicit either our respect or admiration.

But probably the passage mostly in view, and we might add most sadly misinterpreted, is where Tacitus tells us, "They go so far as to think that there is in women something holy and prophetical; they do not despise their counsels, and they listen to their predictions."

If we attend to the words of the historian we shall see that it is far from his intention to extend his meaning here to domestic manners. His words clearly refer to the superstitions existing among them which made the people attribute to some women the prophetic character, just as it was attributed to the "priestess" of Ceres at Athens, or the Sibyls at Rome, or in our own day to clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, and gypsies. Noble appeals for our emulation, truly!

Cæsar, in his "De Bello Gallico," has something to tell us of these same Germans which Tacitus, for his purpose, conveniently overlooked. On the whole this appeal to heathen civilization for a prototype of the liberties which woman should enjoy in our own times is surely a rare expedient. If the New Woman will read, and read aright, the ancient historians on the subject, we fancy she will have vastly less to say about the "liberties" and "freedom" enjoyed by her ante-Christian sisters.

DISTORTION OF THE ARGUMENT FROM SCRIPTURE.

And now we come to that rare and extraordinary specimen of biblical exegesis with which we are so ingenuously furnished: "It was the woman, and not the man, who first ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge."

Surely a little learning is very dangerous. As if the crime of flagrant disobedience and moral infirmity to withstand temptation could ever be worried into an argument for superiority of character! Our sad experience teaches us that Satan invariably makes his onslaughts on human nature wherever he finds it weakest, now as in the beginning.

The order of creation, we suppose, argues nothing? Nor yet the fact that it was in Adam, and not in the woman, that human nature fell. "As by one *man*," St. Paul says, "sin entered into the world, and by sin, death."

But perhaps the utter absurdity of this specimen of feminine polemic is most clearly shown by comparison, or rather contrast, with the sound common-sense appreciation of the question as maintained through all the ages by the Christian Church.

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"According to the Christian idea the husband and wife are two in one flesh. They are united by an intimate and mutual love in God, and should edify each other in peace, in fidelity, and mutual support. The husband is the head of the wife, whom he should love, esteem, and protect. The wife is, within the circle of her duties, at the side of the man, not subject to him as the child is subject to its father or as the slave to the master; but as the mother, side-by-side with the father, having, no less than he, sacred and imprescriptible rights. But as in every company or corporation it is necessary that some hold superior rank and authority that order and peace may prevail, so in that association of man and woman called marriage, in which the parties are bound one to the other, there must be a superior while each according to rank has necessities, duties, and rights. The woman, thus raised above that condition of absolute subjection and low esteem which she occupies outside of Christendom, takes honorable and imposing rank by the side of her husband. Nevertheless, she is in certain respects subject to his authority. She should, according to the Christian law, obey her husband, not as if in slavery, but freely in the same way that the church obeys Christ, her head.

"A loving, pious, moral, interior, laborious life is the glory of woman" (Rev. L. A. Lambert).

And the duties of the husband, on the other hand, are admirably epitomized from St. Paul by the same writer: "'But yet neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord. For as the woman is of the man, so also is the man by the woman: but all things of God' (I. Cor. xi. 11, 12). Again: 'Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it. . . . So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the church. Because we are all members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother: and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh. . . . Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular love his wife as himself'" (Eph. v. 25–33).

These are the doctrines which have stricken the bonds of heathen servitude from the trampled neck of woman and raised her to that lofty eminence which she now enjoys in the presence of the Church of Christ. The next step above and beyond that point is social disorder pure and simple.

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But in all this we would not wish to be misinterpreted. We are not maintaining that the present is the best and only condition conceivable for woman, or that there is nothing higher and nobler than that which she has yet attained and towards which she might profitably aspire. On the contrary, we believe there are many incidentals in which her domestic life might be improved and brought into fuller conformity with the Christian ideal. But we do say that it is becoming insufferably tiresome to have such superficial nonsense as the representative passage herein quoted on "Woman's Rights" and "Woman's Liberties" grinning inanely at us from the obtrusive type of nearly every magazine and newspaper that comes to hand.

INDEFINITENESS OF PRESENT DEMANDS.

It makes one uncomfortably mindful of that peculiar type of infantine anomaly that cries and cries incessantly, not because it has suffered any injury, or because it desires anything in particular, but since becoming tired of its rattle and finding time rather burdensome, it decides that it would be good form to have a cry, and so it sobs and screams and yells —refusing all the while to be comforted.

For what do those women mean by "rights" and "liberties"? They have not as yet agreed among themselves, nor have any, to our knowledge, attempted to define their limits. The words themselves have no fixed or determined meanings, whether we regard their etymologies or general acceptation among mankind. We suppose there are no two of their present advocates who would accept entirely any given definitions. What are called rights or liberties in one age or set of circumstances would be called slavery in a new order of things.

And yet it must be manifestly clear to all that they are used to no purpose whatever until we arrive at a clearly defined and accurate understanding of what the terms mean. Until then, like toy balloons in the hands of children, they stretch until they explode into empty nothingness, or contract into insignificance at the whim of those employing them.

Our attention, for example, has been directed to the "absolute freedom" enjoyed by Greek women. Now, the very concept of a social condition, however crude, implies some restraint on individual liberty; but this obviously can never co-exist with an "absolute freedom." What, then, can this writer mean?

If the expression be intended to convey a notion of total lack of restraint either on person or action—and what else can

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the words imply, twist them as we may?—it must at once be accepted as a nonentity, for while it may be thought that such conditions might be possible in the wilds of the savage jungles—*de facto*, in the present order of creation they never can exist.

That women have "rights" quite as sacred and inalienable as men, no one in sound judgment will pretend to deny; but that many of the things which are now demanded are in all good prudence manifestly "wrongs" must be equally in evidence. There are, moreover, certain things which, technically considered, are unquestionably "rights," but which it would be neither wise nor expedient for man or woman in the present time and circumstances to exercise—rights the vindication of which would adduce a positive injury to the community, as the community is here and now maintained.

WOMAN'S TRUE DUTY AND PRIVILEGES.

We contend, and we regret not without some opposition, that in the home and family are concentrated woman's first and highest "rights." "Let her learn first to govern her own house," says St. Paul; and whatever else she may claim in common with man must be after her duty has been fully acquitted in this respect. For each sex, because it is a sex, has its own specific and peculiar appointments which cannot be delegated to the other, and which being abandoned by those to whose care Providence has entrusted them, must remain for ever unaccomplished.

Say what we will, woman was created to be a wife and a mother; that is, after a special religious calling to the service of God, her highest destiny. To that destiny all her instincts are fashioned and directed; for it she has been endowed with transcendent virtues of endurance, patience, generous sympathies, and indomitable perseverance.

To her belongs the special function of moulding the youthful mind, of scattering the seeds of virtue, love, reverence, and obedience among her children, that her sons may become upright and loving husbands, and her daughters modest and affectionate wives, tender and judicious mothers, careful and prudent housekeepers. This the best of men can never do, for the office demands the sympathetic touch with children, the strong maternal instinct which is peculiar to the female heart. And the instant woman neglects that duty, for the exercise of other occupations, howsoever virtuous, in the sight of all reflecting men and women she is false to the first and most sacred

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principle of her existence—her life is a shameful lie. For women were not intended by the Creator to be men; they are needed not for that which men can do as well as they, but for that which man cannot accomplish.

Given, then, the faithful performance of this the grandest and most ennobling of woman's work, unwavering fidelity and devotion to the home, a responsibility sacred and above all things else, there are surely none more willing and anxious than we to accord to her every legitimate right which is hers, every liberty that can in any way contribute to the sum of her personal happiness. And here we must content ourselves with a few words on what to us seems the most timely and important of these—woman's undeniable right to a high and liberal education.

DANGEROUS HALF-TRUTHS.

There is nothing that requires greater care and vigilance than some of the phrases in common circulation on this much-discussed topic. Thus, all Noodledom delights in the sayings: "The true theatre for a woman is the sick-chamber." "Nothing is so honorable to woman as not to be spoken of at all." There is just enough veracity in such truisms to make them dangerously misleading. For, as Sydney Smith very judiciously points out, while nothing certainly is so ornamental and delightful in woman as benevolent affections, yet all her life cannot be filled up with high and impassioned virtues. Some such feelings are of rare occurrence; all, thank God! of short duration, or the strongest natures would sink under their pressure. "A sense of distress and anguish," says the same writer, "is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister, brother, if they want it; it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations. When we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion and every other virtue are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours with acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant; and then acts of goodness and intervals of com-

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passion and fine feeling are scattered up and down the common occupations of life." We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from dawn to midnight; and what would we have them do in the meanwhile? What can they do, indeed, if they have been brought up with nimble fingers and vacant understandings?

MISTAKEN TENDENCY OF EDUCATION.

It is to be deeply regretted that our system of female education inclines rather to present accomplishment than to a solid discipline and training of the mind along the more serious avenues of thought. There is a tendency to embellish the heyday of youth, that of its nature needs little to enhance it, and leaves the remainder of life without taste or relish. Music is, indeed, a beautiful accomplishment that diffuses its charms to others. Painting is alike generous and extends its pleasure to many. A woman who can sing well may move and win the hearts of many friends by the exercise of her talent; but these things after all constitute but a short-lived blaze which presently goes out. A woman of accomplishments may entertain for an hour with great brilliancy; but a woman of ideas is an abiding source of exhilaration and joy.

It has been said that a woman must either talk wisely or look well; and certainly a human being, whether man or woman, must be prepared to endure a very cold civility who has neither the charm of youth nor the wisdom of years. No mother, no woman, who has passed the meridian of life can hope for much solace from mere accomplishments; they are simply exponents of youthful vivacity, and survive their usefulness when youth itself has passed away.

What is really needed are resources that will endure as long as life endures, habits of mind that will render adversity and sickness tolerable, and solitude, if not a pleasure, at least not unbearable; a mental training that will ease the cares of maternity, render age venerable, and death less terrible.

In this we would not have the lighter graces neglected, but we would wish them subordinated to, or shall we rather say harmonized with, a solid intellectual instruction, a moral and religious culture. And, therefore, instead of having a woman's understanding go out in paint, or dissolve away in musical vibrations, it should be primarily directed to that deeper knowledge that diffuses equally over a whole existence, better loved as it is longer felt.

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In conclusion it must be fairly confessed that women have suffered many wrongs through the selfishness and tyranny of men. But it must be admitted, on the other hand, that men have borne their share of sorrow also from the follies and caprices of women. There is much wrong on both sides, some necessary, a great deal needless. Neither men nor women are as good as they might or should be.

And since the present advocates of woman's rights insist that in intellect woman is man's equal, while in will power his superior, it is hardly fair to charge him alone with all that is wrong or painful in her condition. Much of it, we fear, can be traced to her own execution, and we dare to maintain that the solution of the question is to be found, not so much in a direct attempt at even a relative equalizing of forces as in the reverence which should be borne by woman to her own sex.

TRUE GENTLEMANLINESS.

In one of the charming essays of "Elia," written by Charles Lamb, we are presented to the author's friend and preceptor, Joseph Paice.* Paice was acknowledged to be the finest gentleman of his time. Lamb tells us he was the only pattern of consistent gallantry he ever met with. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop or at the counter. It is not meant that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. He was seen on one occasion with hat in hand smiling on a poor servant girl, while she was inquiring the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was never married, but in youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Miss Winstanley, who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorhood. It was during their short acquaintanceship that he had been one day treating the lady with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her any kind of acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. And yet he could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself superior to trifling.

When he ventured the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of

* The author's language in the main is here preserved.

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yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions, that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; but, a little before he had entered her presence, she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite at the appointed time, and she reasoned this wise:

"As I am Julia Winstanley, and a young lady called beautiful and known to be of fortune, I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the lips of this very fine gentleman; but if I had been poor Mary So-and-So (naming the milliner), and had failed of bringing home the cravats at the appointed hour —though perhaps I had remained up half the night to finish them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride flew to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female like myself might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

It was to this seasonable rebuke that Lamb was wont to attribute that uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behavior of his friend towards all womanhood. And we can well wish, with the gifted essayist, that the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley expressed. Then, perhaps, we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry, and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of unwonted rudeness to a sister; the idolater of a female friend, the despiser of his no less female aunt, or angular—but still female—maiden cousin.

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FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY W. B. McCORMICK.

WITHIN the last twenty years there has undoubtedly been a change in the public attitude in America toward every form of art. The growing wealth of the country, the increase in the class who have leisure to read, together with the active interest taken by women in music, architecture, and painting, have aided materially—advancing not only these, but many other branches of art. In this general advance toward a high rank in the world of art no department has moved forward with such rapid strides as that of literature. And yet, strange to say, it meets with but very poor encouragement from the American public. Can we honestly reply to a question as to our knowledge of our very recent writers and say that we know them? It is always and ever the same answer—a negative, which by implication admits we have lost a part of our birthright; a negative containing in its recurring refrain the note of a people's ingratitude.

A physician would be of little worth who, after diagnosing an ailment, could not furnish a means of curing it. What is our national malady? Whenever an appeal is made that a part of our day be devoted to other than what we call "practical" work, immediately comes the answer, "We have no time." In describing us, Herbert Spencer changed a word in a well-known line of Froissart's, making it read: "We take our pleasures hurriedly." It is true. We are a busy people, having little time for politics, literature, and art. We are misgoverned, as a result of our indifference; we read columns of social and political scandal in the newspapers, while good books stand unused on our shelves; we take no pride in the election of an American artist to membership in the Royal Academy; buildings are erected in defiance of every law of architectural beauty; and our streets and parks are defaced with hideous statuary. Sitting at home in slippered ease, we cry out loudly against these evils, yet when a demand is made for personal activity to change all this invariably we hear the reply: "We have no time."

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The excuse is good for really busy people. It is not reasonable to expect that, at the end of a day when brain and body are fatigued, any man or woman should make the acquaintance of McMaster or Justin Winsor; Archbishop Hughes or Dr. McCosh; and writers like Emerson and Thoreau. Our hopes lie in the saving grace of the American book of travel, the American short story, and the American novel. They must be as primers to lead us on—to introduce us to higher flights among our historians, theologians, and philosophers.

OUR NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

Let us compare two books of this kind—one written by an Englishman and one by an American. The former, standing before a cathedral in Southern Europe, for example, would read in his *Murray* all the details concerning the antiquity of the building, its various dimensions, the names of the architects, and the value of the stained-glass windows as specimens of that branch of art. These figures and many others equally uninteresting would be jotted down in a note-book to be subsequently strung together (a veritable skeleton of facts) and published as a book of travels; the only results of personal observation it would contain being complaints over the difficulty of getting something good to eat and the exorbitant price of Bass's ale. Our compatriot, in a similar position, realizing the all-embracing truth that "one touch of nature makes a whole world kin," would be more likely to call his reader's attention to the picturesque old beggar at the cathedral door than to the length of the nave; some "flower in the crannied wall" than to a rose-window; or to the doves circling about the lofty campanile than to the width of the transept.

A CROWD OF AMERICAN CLASSICS.

After Washington Irving, who stands head and shoulders above all descriptive writers of this class, Charles Dudley Warner may be easily ranked next. We may follow him across the Atlantic through Europe, in his *Saunterings*, enjoying the delightful quality of his humor. *My Winter on the Nile* and *In the Levant*, from the same source, have, together with excellent descriptions of the countries visited, that personal note which is so eminent a part of this writer's charm. The Pennels have journeyed much; and through the wife's qualities as a writer and the husband's pen-and-ink drawings we may gain many

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new insights into the character and life of town and country abroad. It will be long before the tempest of criticism aroused by the description of their walking-tour in Scotland, published under the title of *A Journey in the Hebrides*, is forgotten either by the reading public or by William Black. William Winter's books are surely American classics. One has lost much who has failed to read his *Shakspeare's England*, *Gray Days and Gold*, and *Old Shrines and Ivy*, in the latter of which he takes us not only through England but also to Scotland and France. Stoddard's *Red-Letter Days Abroad* and Aldrich's *From Ponkapog to Pesth* are books that may be read repeatedly with much enjoyment. Howells's Italian *Journeys* and *Venetian Life;* Hopkinson Smith's *Well-Worn Roads* and *White Umbrella in Mexico*—representative of the foreign aspect from an artist's point of view—are a few books that any of us should be ashamed to confess we had not read. Stoddard's *Spanish Cities*, *The Spanish Vistas* of George Parsons Lathrop, and a collection of essays on Andalusian life and customs by John Hay, called *Castilian Days*, are also admirable descriptive works.

CHANGING FASHIONS IN LITERATURE.

Some one has found in our preference for comedy over our fathers' love of tragedy a reason to believe we are a sadder if not a wiser generation than they. Nothing reflects this taste more clearly than the modern short story. Whether it be a volume of French or English tales, or a collection such as Sullivan's *Day and Night Stories* or Stimson's *Sentimental Calendar*, the effect is likely to be the same. Whatever may be said of our other forms of literature, no one disputes for a moment the superiority of the American short story. Formerly we looked to France for these. Our numerous magazines have produced a corps of writers of this class that no country can equal.

Since, in his "Roundabout Papers," Thackeray wrote of a certain Lazy, Idle Boy, praising novels in his kindly fashion, we hear few such diatribes against this form of reading as we were formerly compelled to listen to. The eminent astronomer, Sir John Herschel, regarded them as one of the greatest engines of modern civilization; and undoubtedly, if we are to class such books as Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, or Walter Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* as novels, we may clearly see how in an agreeable fashion a great ethical force may be exerted among

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a class to whom a series of lectures neither appeals nor reaches.

Of novels written by Americans describing life abroad I must omit describing such books as B. W. Howard's *Guenn*, or Arthur Sherburne Hardy's *But Yet a Woman*, and confine myself to alluding to one man who has written stories wherein the scenes are laid in almost every country in Europe, in India and Arabia—Francis Marion Crawford. Above all things this author has the faculty of filling his books with what we call local color.

SOUTH AND WEST COMING TO THE FRONT.

From North, South, East, and West now come a troop of writers who are making the history of American literature, giving us either in the short story or the novel phases of life and delineations of character—a very flood of books and reading. Let us in the pages of these books, beginning in the Ohio Valley, travel through our country, needing neither darkened room, nor stereoscopic views, nor lecturer's wand. Of the Blue Grass State we have James Lane Allen's *Kentucky Stories* and *With Flute and Violin;* Edward Eggleston's *Roxy* and *The Circuit Rider;* touch the land of the Buckeyes, and the dialect poet, Miss Woolson, in *Castle Nowhere* has given us a few more descriptions of this section, and of the country of the Great Lakes northward from Detroit—a section in which she has laid the opening scene of her novel *Anne*, and where the action of the greater part of *Jupiter Lights* also takes place. The *Great West* may be taken in bulk. Of life as it was in the days of the stage-coach and the "forty-niner" Mark Twain's *Roughing It* and Bret Harte's earlier stories are eminently capable of giving us views of the interior. The latter has not overlooked the San Francisco of the past and present, and for Lower California, together with Harte's *Crusade of the Excelsior* we have that marine classic, Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years before the Mast.* Of the West of our day—the country of the "Oklahoma boomers," Indian agents, and hot springs—nothing gives us a better idea than what Richard Harding Davis saw of it *From a Car Window.* One who has never been in Texas may get an excellent impression of the country in the little-known sketches of Howard Seely called *A Lone Star Bo-Peep.* Of New Orleans and the country adjacent to the mouth of the Mississippi George W. Cable, in his *Creole Days* and *Dr. Sevier*, has given us glimpses of a people who find in him

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their only fitting historian. Grace King, Rebecca Harding Davis, and Lafcadio Hearn are among the writers the scenes of whose short stories are laid in various parts of the South, and who are representative of the awakening of that section to a new interest in literature. Of the peninsula of Florida and the Atlantic coast as far north as Charleston we have the short stories and two novels of the late Constance Fenimore Woolson. In *East Angels*, as in *Rodman the Keeper* and *Horace Chase*, is that note of renunciation so notable a characteristic of not only these stories, but of the many published in the magazine wherein the scenes are laid abroad. We have in the works of Charles Egbert Craddock portrayals of character in the mountain regions of the Carolinas and Tennessee, and word-pictures of the scenery of that country that have no equals in our language. In our admiration for Dickens's characters we are apt to overlook his rank as a painter in words. But even his descriptions pale beside Miss Murfree's images in *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain* and *In the Stranger People's Country*, of a country through which Warner rode on horseback.

Joel Chandler Harris tells us of Ole Virginia; Mrs. Burnett describes Washington life in *Through One Administration;* and the country between that city and New York has of a surety not been neglected. Above all, Charles Dudley Warner's *A Journey in the Little World* is a picture of modern life in New York that stands unrivalled.

It would be easy to go on enumerating other good writers in the same field, but many of these are so well known that it is superfluous to include them.

NO RELISH FOR BOHEMIANISM.

Our nation is largely composed of natives, or descendants of natives, of many lands. But the leaven of simplicity and respectability, always so pronounced in the biographies of those who made our history—this leaven even yet leaveneth the whole mass, and the American people insist upon this: that these two characteristics must be very prominent in the nature of any man who wishes to gain a place in the country's estimation. It is a pleasure to dwell on the fact of our having so few examples of Bohemianism among our literary men. Their jaunts into that delightful country have been of the briefest duration, and most often when their salad days were very green indeed. I can think of but two writers whose erratic footsteps led them through the pleasant paths of Bohemia into the valley

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of the shadow beyond, and these are Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Parker Willis. The Puritan spirit is a notable part of the make-up of our writers, and though lack of recognition seems one of the penalties of authorship, our literary men appear to have suffered less in this respect than those of other nations. Most of them have won honors from other sources, either as representatives to foreign courts, as in the case of Washington Irving and John Hay to Spain; Motley and Lowell to St. James; Alden to Rome; and Lew Wallace to Turkey; as painters, in the case of William Hamilton Gibson and C. P. Cranch; or those two remarkable end-of-the-century men, the banker-poet, E. C. Stedman, and the engineer-painter-novelist, F. Hopkinson Smith.

AMERICANS A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

Stevenson makes one of his characters say, "A dinner differs from life inasmuch as the sweets come at the end." This plea endeavors to resemble a dinner in keeping the best of it for a final appeal. And by this I mean the attitude of our writers, not only to religion in general but more particularly to our faith—the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. It is a phase I love to dwell upon, for in our devotion to European literature we have found many things—chance words and phrases—to alarm and disquiet us. Outwardly, religion is a prominent feature in English life and on the Continent. But in the hearts of the people dwells no such reverence as we in America have for the church and the clergy. In a novel of that hysterical writer, Marie Corelli, there is a line that reads: "An honest priest; fancy an honest priest!" It is not too bold a statement to say this represents the European attitude. To Ibsen clergymen are nothing higher than exponents of conventional morality; Thackeray gives us side by side, in *Henry Esmond*, Father Holt and the Rev. Thomas Tusher—two characters in which we can find little to admire; and in *The Newcomes* the Rev. Edward Honeyman is another pen-picture of a minister calculated to antagonize us toward church and churchman. In his masterful *Alton Locke* Kingsley says: "The private soldier, the man-servant, and the Jesuit are three forms of mental suicide I cannot understand." In America the private soldier and the man-servant are not so common as abroad, and bear an inconsequential part in our social system; but no matter what his religion, the American regards the Jesuit father as one of the highest types of citizens. And well he may, for in the

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history of our country they occupy a place in which no other class of men can furnish a parallel.

The spirit of the cross has stolen into the heart of our literature, ennobling and beautifying it in the sight of God and man. If one reads the coarse production attributed to Swift, *Pat and the Pope*, and then contrasts this with the refinement of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *A Visit to a Certain Old Gentleman*, it will be hardly necessary to give additional illustrations. Bret Harte's priests are lovable characters; Warner speaks affectionately of the Catholic monks in his *In the Levant;* Bunner in *The Midge* gives a brief but admirable description of the type of priest dwellers in large cities know and revere; and in the whole range of our literature the same spirit of tolerance and fairness is shown that should make us love to turn its pages.

OLD LITERATURE AND YOUNG.

Of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" the most lasting monuments are their architecture and literature. The literatures of these two countries must necessarily rank first, and undoubtedly are of the highest importance for this reason. To travel to Rome and the Hellenic shore is only the privilege of the few, and no illustrations or reproductions can adequately represent the ruined Colosseum of the Eternal City or the beauty of the Acropolis on the Athenian hills; whereas for an inconsiderable sum one may purchase a copy of Cæsar or Plato, and instantly "out of my country and myself I go" to the birth-place of the arts of the Western world. Although these men will be immortal, doubtless in their time those who loved and read them were but few. It must be a comforting thought to that faithful band of followers, in the shades, to know that two thousand years after their time the *Antigone* of Sophocles still has the power to move men's hearts and the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius no less now than then holds its empire in men's minds. It is so very young this literature of ours—for it is scarcely fifty years since Washington Irving won the title of the Father of it—yet it contains much to be admired.

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PILGRIMAGE CHURCHES IN THE TYROL.

BY CHARLOTTE H. COURSEN.

"Far from the world and its commotion
The spirit flies, for deep devotion,
To upland forests, still and fair,
Not lured by mystic beauty only:
Soul's peace is in the forest lonely,
For God seems nearer to us there."

THE Tyrol abounds in romantic old shrines frequented by multitudes of pilgrims. It is not in guide-books that we must look for their true characteristics. These are shown in the native literature; sketches by Ignaz V. Zingerle, Heinrich Noé, and others; and religious works such as that exquisite little book, *Stilleben im Herzen Jesu*, by Franz Hattler. Friedrich Leutner speaks of an old book, now quite out of date—a woodland prayer-book named *Silva Gratiarum*, and intended for use in the various pilgrimage churches.

Some of the churches are on sites so ancient that Etruscan votive offerings have been unearthed there, antedating by no one knows how many centuries the Christian votive offerings which have hung for ages in the buildings above their resting place.

We can for the present select only a very few from the many points of interest. Of them all one of the most noteworthy is the ancient chapel-monastery of St. Romedius, in the Nous Valley, South Tyrol. It is situated on an eminence in a wild rocky gorge, and is especially interesting to art students as combining all the various styles of Christian architecture which have been in vogue since the beginning of the fifth century.

CALVARIENBERG.

But we will limit ourselves to several pilgrimage churches in North Tyrol, not very far from Innsbrück, and lying along the Inn Valley. And first of all we will choose one of extremely modest dimensions and fame, because it is accessible to almost every one, and at the same time offers perfect solitude, with grand beauty and natural contrast of scenery. Zirl is a picturesque village on the Arlberg Railway, about nine miles west of Innsbrück. Just north of the village there nestles

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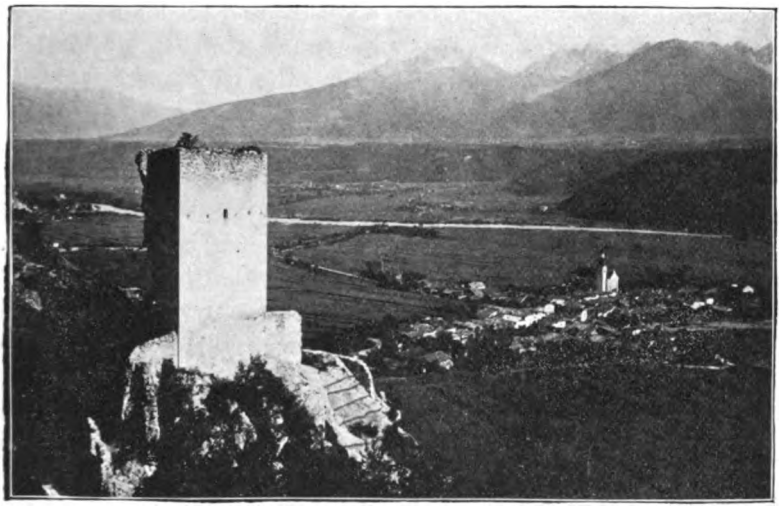
against the gray, frowning Solstein a green hill, Calvarienberg, crowned with a pretty little church painted in bright colors. The road winds up to it by an easy ascent, and is marked by little chapel stations. As we mount, the broad, level valley



ZIRL—FRAGENSTEIN CASTLE.

opens out more fully to our gaze, and the air freshens, while a feeling of deep peace comes over us. We pause on the breezy hillside at one of the pink chapels, painted blue within, and we read, amid the solemn stillness:

"Even Thou didst know the pain of parting,"

or:

"If but *this* cup might pass from me!"

The gaily-colored little church rests on the bright green grass spangled, when we saw it, with smiling alpine flowers. The green valley, with its undulating ring of mountains, lies spread out below, while just behind the church the bare limestone rocks tower thousands of feet above us, and at our very feet there yawns a barren, cruel chasm, the Zirl Gorge.

OUR LADY OF THE LARCHES.

The Bavarian Alps extending eastward from Innsbrück shelter at one point what might be called a pilgrimage forest, the Guadenwald (Forest of Grace), accessible by carriage from the town of Hall, which is on the Brenner Railway about six and a half miles east of Innsbrück. The designation "of

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Grace" has not a religious significance, as we might suppose, but is a relic of feudal service. For two or three hours we drove through fragrant woods and past luxuriant green uplands which stretch just below the rocky summits of the gray Bavarian Alps. These peaks are broken into clear-cut, sinuous lines looking like a stupendous cockscomb—or Kamm, as it is called—and forming a severe background to the superb vistas that open out from time to time, or the wide-spread views of the Inn Valley and the southern range of mountains. Our chief goal was the chapel or tiny Church of Our Dear Lady of the Larches. Having obtained the necessary key, a huge one, at the mountain village of Lerfens, we drove on expectantly and found this Church of the Larches in a most lovely spot, half encircled by larch-trees, against a dense background of mountain and forest. We felt shut out from all the confusion of earth, and yet, as we leaned on the low wall of the enclosure, we looked out over sunny meadows which lifted our thoughts from the sombre shade. Two pilgrims entered just as we approached, so we did not need our key. They became

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE LARCHES, GUADENWALD.

immediately absorbed in prayer, and there was no sound to break the stillness.

A HOME OF PATRIOTISM AND PIETY.

Passing onward we had a grand view across the valley where the pilgrimage Church of Judenstein stands out in bold

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relief on the mountain side. Our next stopping-place was the tiny village of St. Martin, where the church from which it is named stands on a grassy, shaded hill; brilliant white, with red Oriental tower, against a background of gray mountain peaks. An Augustinian convent (suppressed by Joseph II.) was connected with this church in the year 1500. Many visitors will, doubtless, share the pleasant surprise felt by us on finding this bright interior adorned with delicate frescoes, painted in the palmy days of the convent by a priest of noble birth. Not far from here is the old home of Joseph Spechbacher, the famous comrade-in-arms of Andreas Hofer. A full-length portrait of the hero adorns the façade of the house. Some more pretty woodland churches we passed, and in the little village of St. Michael we alighted and tried to open the church door, but it was locked. Every grave in the churchyard was covered with sweet pinks blooming among the old iron crosses and quaint decorations. The churchyard wall bordered directly upon smiling fields where women were at work. By the way, a favorite saint on these hills, and one often depicted at the roadside shrines, is Nothburga, the peasant girl, a patron saint of manual labor.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

A spot even more attractive is that where stands the wonderful woodland Church of St. George. Not far from Schwatz, an old town near the Brenner Railway, and about twenty miles north-east of Innsbrück, a road leads up to Castle Tratzberg, which stands on a spur of the Bavarian Alps, in full view from the valley below. This castle is in itself worth a visit for the sake of its wood-work, and its unique Hapsburg Room, the walls of which are covered with bright frescoes of this illustrious family—figures about a foot high, enclosed in small groups by graceful scroll-work. Hundreds of feet above the castle, and almost hidden in its mountain nest, stands the Church of St. George, to which there is only a foot-path. We mounted by this easy ascent for two hours through a balmy forest, reaching at last the religious stations which mark the near approach to the final destination, and suddenly, through an opening in the forest, there burst upon our sight the imposing white structure with Romanesque tower and red roof, perched, amid surrounding mountain tops, on a precipitous rock, Georgenberg, about three hundred and fifty feet in height. To reach it we crossed a great ravine over which runs a roofed wooden bridge one hun-

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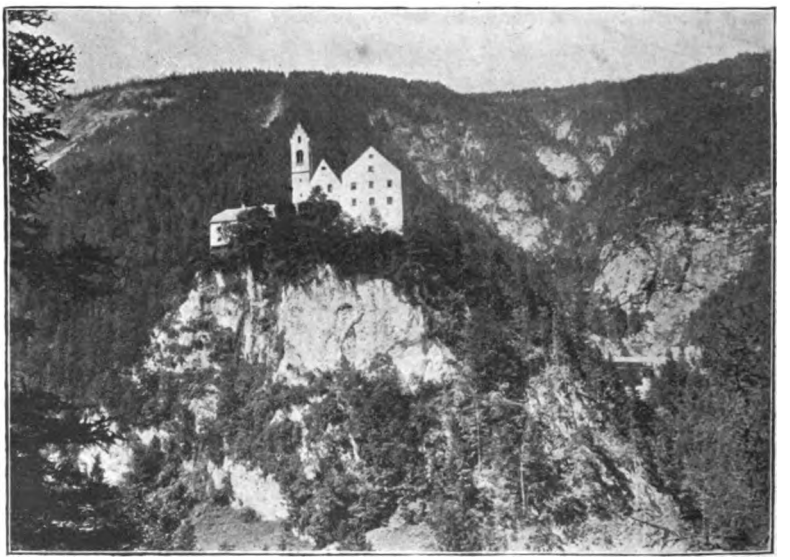
dred and sixty feet long, built upon massive supports of wood and iron. The impression on arriving at St. Georgenberg is one of intense solemnity and grandeur. The outside world has ceased to exist. We realize how some German poet could sing:

"I only know that earth's confusion
Since then is like a vanished dream,
And holy, happy thoughts unspoken
Enshrined within my spirit seem."

Peeping out from a wooded hill just above the Church of St. George stands the older and smaller Church of Our Dear Lady under the Linden, and still further up, in the mountain



ST. GEORGENBERG.

side, yawns the cavern where dwelt St. Rathold, who founded this community in the ninth century.

The feeling of awful solitude is softened by contact with the few people who live or tarry here. Some very sweet-looking women bowed to us as they sat on a bench by the courtyard wall embroidering and looking out over the everlasting hills. They had come here for repose of mind or body, or perhaps to accomplish some religious vow.

Food and shelter are provided for pilgrims in the "guest-house" adjoining the church. Here, in a small dining-room

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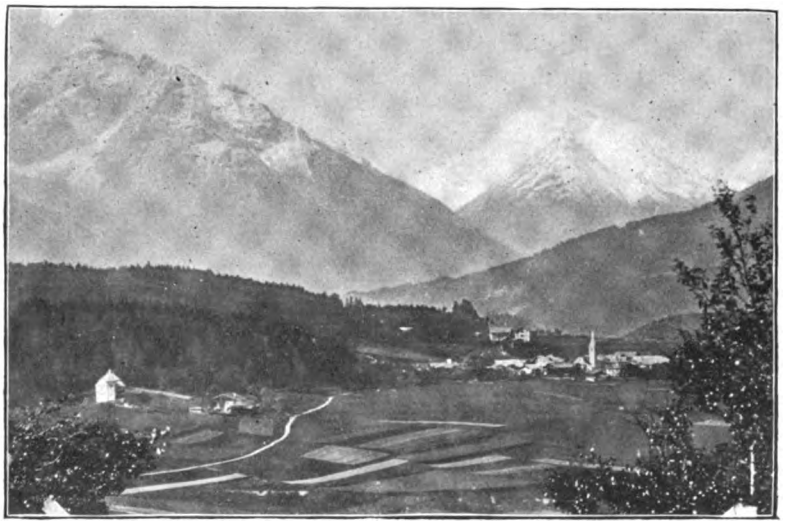
adorned with old engravings and paintings, we were served with a hearty repast of soup, meat, and wine, which refreshed us while we gazed, spell-bound, at the scene without.

The interior of the church is handsomely decorated by artists of the present century. As we entered some pilgrims were engaged in a responsive prayer, and an old countess had lighted two long tapers at a side altar, intending to pray until they had burned out.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

The disciples of St. Rathold built upon this same rock a Benedictine monastery. Originally they wished to build it in the valley below, but the legend relates that a spell was cast



IGLS, NEAR INNSBRUCK.

over its construction there. The workmen employed were constantly wounded by their tools, and at last it was observed that the blood-stained shavings were carried away by white doves. The doves were followed, and lo! upon the great rock of St. George the plan of nave and choir, of cells and refectorium, had been traced with these very shavings. The action thus indicated was adopted, and in this way arose the Church of Our Dear Lady under the Linden.

In Karl Domanig's poetical drama, "The Abbot of Viecht," the prior—who tells this story—gives it a beautiful application by saying:

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"From this, my brethren, comes the moral: if
The good Lord visit us with pain or sorrow,
Let us accept the lesson and—*build higher.*"

It seems to have been destined, however, that the monastery should prosper in the *valley* after all; for in 1705 both church and monastery were burned for the fourth time. The Church under the Linden was rebuilt as it now stands, and in 1736 the larger church, that of St. George, was erected; but the monastery was rebuilt in the valley, near Schwatz, where it was long known as the Benedictine Monastery of Viecht, before it was secularized and put to its present use of a school.

Much nearer Innsbrück is the pilgrimage Church of Heilig Wasser, a small white building with red cupola, which can be seen from the valley, resting two thousand feet above, against a forest background, on the southern foot-hills. Here also is a comfortable "guest-house" where pilgrims may find shelter for days or hours, as the case may be. Heilig Wasser is reached in an hour by a beautiful woodland path leading from Igls, which is a mountain resort gloriously situated within about two hours' drive from Innsbrück.

No one can fail to carry away from such wanderings as these a feeling of contentment which endures. Often, when we are worn with the turmoil of the world, our thoughts revert to them again, and we feel the satisfaction of knowing what rest and peace really are, and where they may be found, together with renewed mental and moral strength which stimulates us to fresh action in the busy world.

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BEATI MISERICORDES.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

WHO showeth mercy, mercy shall he gain
Perfect and plenteous in his time of need;
He that hath pity shall be blest indeed,
And from the Fount of Pity shall obtain
Endless compassion: surely not in vain
The poor forgiveness He hath made the meed
Whereby He shall forgive us, when we plead
To Him for pardon. In thine hour of pain
The mercy thou hast given He will give
In fullest measure, mercy all His own;
And He, the Lord of Love, in Whom we live,
To Whom belongeth mercy, Who alone
Hath pardon as His sole prerogative,
Shall show to thee the mercy thou hast shown.

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WHERE THE TURF FIRES BURN.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

TWO letters lie before me demanding an immediate answer. I have taken a week to make up my mind as to what I shall say, and now there is only one hour before the post goes out and I must decide to-day. One letter is from a dear aunt who wants me to spend the winter with her at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine. The attraction is great; this wonderful Moorish hotel, its exquisite halls and stairways, and Florida, with its flowers and sunshine, are irresistible. I feel I must go. Then, on the other hand, here is the second epistle tantalizingly enchanting. Nell, my cousin, my life-long friend, a bride of a year, calls me across the water to see her in her old house among the mountains, on the green shores of Erin. How I wish I could be Boyle Roche's bird, and be in both places at the same time! I think, and think; time goes, and at last I begin to write. St. Augustine is fair; but Ireland, its tales and histories, Lever and Lover, whom I have read and laughed over, come up before me; Nell's blue, wistful eyes beckon me to her clearer still; and I finish my notes. Aunt Charlotte's is four pages, loving, apologetic, refusing; Nell's a few lines: "I shall leave for Dungar next week; expect a wire from Queenstown." I take them to my mother; she has left the decision to myself, and now she approves. The letters are posted and I go on my way rejoicing and preparing.

It seems but a day later when they all see me on board a Cunard steamer. Father has some friends going to the Riviera for the winter, and they take me in charge. It is my first trip on the ocean, and for a girl but six months from the schoolroom it is perfect bliss. How I enjoy everything! and it seems no time before the spires of Queenstown Cathedral, far up on the hill, loom above the water.

It is in the early September morning, and my heart goes upwards with a glad cry, for I am in a Catholic country. The cross is the first view I had of "Faithful Ireland"; it shines out over the harbor gloriously suggestive of the trials and victories of those brave children of St. Patrick. The bay is full of life ruddy with the morning sun, the houses rise tier upon tier, crowned far above by the cathedral towers. I am put off on

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the tender and find myself on Irish soil; soft and mellifluous fall on my ear that never-to-be-forgotten brogue. Every one looks so bright and friendly that I feel as if I knew them all. We take the boat for Cork, and the trip up the Lee is charming. It is one uninterrupted scene of natural beauties; fine woods in their autumn tints grow down to the water's side. Slowly we steal into the "beautiful citie," with its bells of Shandon and its historic landmarks. Very handsome it looks running up the sides of a great hill backed by luxuriant woods.

We leave it behind and come on Blarney Castle, standing in the midst of an open field; a little chattering brook wanders at its base and some cows stand idly beneath its walls.

This is all I see as the train tears past on our way to Ireland's premier county, golden-veined Tipperary. Through the long day we flash past streams, woods, castle, tower, and mansion. It is like one verdant garden, such green fields as my eyes have never feasted on before. Our bleak American fences are here replaced by picturesque stone walls covered by moss with firs or bushes growing on the top. I never tire of looking, it is all so new and lovely. We have a short stay at Limerick, the city of the "broken treaty," and I think of "the women who fought before the men," and "the men who were a match for ten," and of brave, noble Sarsfield.

The sun is preparing for slumber, and I begin to think of Nell awaiting me at the end of the journey, and how she will look. The hour of our meeting is at hand, and after some panting and wobbling over a rough, hilly road, the train pulls up slowly and I jump out. It is a little wayside station, clean and fresh; a pretty garden a mass of bloom, and walls smothered in rollicking scarlet runners, are the first things I see. The porter comes and tugs out my trunks. I look around in vain for Nell; it is growing dark and I get a little anxious. The porter asks if I do not expect some one, and I reply by inquiring if the Dungar carriage is not waiting. He goes to see, but returns with a disappointing negative. I am like Imogen, "past hope and in despair," and the good-natured fellow brings me to the station-master and we hold a council of war.

In the office, sending off some flowers, is a lady, bright, winsome, matronly. She hears our discussion and that I telegraphed Mrs. Fortescue I would arrive by this train. Then I learn, to my dismay, my wire came but a short time before myself, and that the messenger has just started on his seven miles to Dungar. If my expressive countenance shows all that I feel, I must look very mournful, for as I raise my eyes from

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solving problems on the floor they fall on a sweet, womanly face smiling kindly at me. A figure advances, a soft hand is laid on my shoulder, gray eyes look pleasantly into my troubled ones, and a rich, musical voice says: "You cannot be Dorothy, whom we are all expecting from New York? Mrs. Fortescue came over with the news yesterday that you had consented to come." My face changes like a flash from grave to gay, a light breaks through the darkness. "You will come with me to Dungar, dear; I pass the gates and we can start at once." The station-master looks almost as pleased as I, and we go out to the road, where a handsome pony and phaeton stand awaiting us. An old coachman puts us in with the greatest care—he mounts the box, and we are off.

The stars came out brightly; my old friend, Orion, looks down as familiarly as when last I saw him off Sandy Hook. We chatter away as if we had known each other for years. To think of meeting "Aunt Eva" the first seems like my usual good fortune. Mrs. Desmond is Nell's neighbor, and now her almost mother. She is the kindest, dearest, wittiest woman in the world. She took Nell under her protection when she came to Dungar a bride, a stranger in a strange country, smoothed difficulties, cheered and helped in moments of trial; and warm-hearted Nell gave back all her loyal, devoted affection in return. Mrs. Desmond has no children of her own, but her large sympathies and heart are open to other people's; she has numerous nieces and nephews, and, indeed, she is "Aunt Eva" to every who knows her—for to know her is to love her. Through Nell's letters Aunt Eva and I have sent many messages across the Atlantic. Nell thought we were so congenial, and we certainly are beginning splendidly.

How I talk! and more, how I laugh! She tells me many funny stories about her people, but warns me I must prepare to have my Lever and Lover ideas vanish like smoke. Ireland is not at all what novels and the stage show it; and from my preconceived notions, learned from such sources, she is glad that I see the Emerald Isle as it really is. We drive past thatched cottages, the open doors showing the pleasant turf fires burning on the wide hearths. It is my first sight of what I always wanted to see, and I ask Aunt Eva a whole string of questions about it. She promises to bring me to a bog as soon as I care during the week, and I am satisfied.

The moon shines out a brilliant welcome as we turn in the lodge gates and trot up the great lime avenue. We climb a hill and far above I see the lights from the grand old house.

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The pony comes to a stand before the deep stone steps and the door is flung wide open. I catch a glimpse of an immense hall, antlers, a winding handsome stairway, and the next moment I stand beneath Nell's roof-tree. Evidently my telegram has not come—no one expects me. The servant greets Aunt Eva as if she were glad to see her, and is bringing her to Nell, when I hear her voice in the distance, and the well-known step comes joyously as in the old days to me. I glide into a deep recess, give Aunt Eva, whose eyes are brimming with mischief, a warning look, and await the *dénouement*. Nell comes, lovely and radiant as ever; she is dressed for dinner, and all my old pride and affection for my Nell is intensified as I see her greet my new-found friend as she would mother. She puts her arm through hers to lead her away as she says: "I heard the pony, and I knew you were coming, and, fearing you would not stay, I ran down to catch you. Has Kathleen come?" "No," is the answer; "but," smiling quizzically, "some one else has, that I fear will be a worry and distraction to us all; you would never guess who." Nell looks surprised, and her face grows a tiny bit long. "Some one whom we shall all be at a loss to know what to do with," goes on Aunt Eva, now waxing solemn; "who says dreadful things, and thinks worse of us. In fact—" Nell looks puzzled, Aunt Eva woe-begone, when she looks round cautiously and breaks off abruptly, seeing my irate countenance. She cannot keep serious any longer, so ends with "Come and let me introduce you." I dash out with "Nell! Nell! here I am. *You* will know what to do with me." She does; she stands astonished, then opens wide her arms and gives me a welcome worth coming across the Atlantic to get. We meet as we parted: loyal and loving.

It is a whole week later, and I have learned many things meanwhile, even if two of the seven days are spent in bed. I have written home reams and quires of all my adventures and impressions. Irish country life, with Nell, her handsome, buoyant, clever Kevin, old family retainers, picturesque mediæval Dungar is already dear to my soul. I have been out all the morning on the hills, holding animated conversations with every man, woman, and child I meet, and lose my heart to every urchin on the way. Where do those little Irish lads and lassies get their laughing eyes and bonnie blushes?

It is now four o'clock and Nell and I are having one of our never-ending chats; she is laughing gayly in her old way over some of my experiences of the morning when Aunt Eva comes driving up to the open window. She and Nell are going to

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see some mutual friends, and I am to be introduced to a bog on the way if, Aunt Eva adds, I promise to be a good girl. I do solemnly, and Nell takes the ribbons and we start.

After an hour's drive down the hills we come on a wide, level expanse, somewhat like a prairie, lying on either side of the narrow, white country road. This is the bog! The monotony is broken by a fringe of heather and pines, which seem to flourish in the vicinity. I am disappointed, and cannot believe that this dreary, bleak outlook is the delightful turf-fire in embryo. I ask Aunt Eva how the development is accomplished. She smiles at my first illusion dispelled as she tells me how:

"Late in the spring, or early in the summer, the bogs become quite lively; the men arrive to cut the brown, yielding soil in immense blocks three or four feet deep. This is called 'cutting the turf.' Later on the women and boys arrive on the scene, adding life and brightness to the work for 'footing the turf.' The blocks are spread out and trodden under foot to harden them before cutting into the prescribed shapes, namely, about the size and form of bricks. The turf, if good, is very hard and black; if of inferior kind, loose, light brown, and spongy. It is then piled up on the bog in small heaps or 'clamps' and left for weeks to dry before fit for the fire. Should the weather be fine the work on the bog is pleasant and healthy, but unfortunately Ireland, like all beauties, is fond of pouting, and she weeps so often that her sons and daughters are fain to be ever in smiles and laughter as an offset to her tears. Rain or shine, the fun and jokes echo across the bog, for what deluge could drown Irish spirits, especially of the poor?"

Aunt Eva adds pathetically: "Merrily the footing goes through the day; old and young are one in heart—for the gay heart is always young. Should any one have crotchets, or be what you Americans call a crank, woe betide him on a bog! The Crimean veteran, with marvellous tales of his prowess at Alma and Inkerman, comes in for a fair share of the raillery."

We are passing the gate leading to the bog now; the people are at work, and I gaze so wistfully at them that Aunt Eva proposes I should run in and look at the "clamps." Nell pulls up and laughingly gives us five minutes. I am delighted, and walk over the brown, springy soil to receive a warm welcome from the workers. They all know Aunt Eva, and when she tells them I am all the way from New York and want to see the turf, they are very much interested. To them New York is but another Ireland, and they look on me as coming from

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their kith and kin, and tears start to their eyes thinking of their hearts' treasures far over the water. I shake hands with them all, and take them to my heart as their kindly "God bless you, miss!" and "May the Lord spare you long among us!" welcome me in their midst. Old Corporal Casey presents me with a sod of turf to see what it is like. I take it gratefully, and—well it is to-day one of my most treasured relics of the Emerald Isle. It is nice to be loved by the poor, and if anyone is so blest it is Aunt Eva; they gather round her with almost reverence. Even in the few moments we are on the bog she has time to say kind things to every one. A question about the sick, a smile, a word of praise or encouragement, and we are away, leaving sunshine and happiness as a souvenir of her visit. The colored shawls, bright 'kerchiefs, short skirts of the women, their blue eyes and dark hair; but above all, their soft, sweet, delicious brogue, never more beguiling than when teasing, are my cherished memories of an Irish bog.

It is now time to stop work, and horse, mule, and donkey, which have been tethered to their carts on the roadside, are brought into requisition, and in loaded cars the workers go homewards. Songs enliven the journey, and they come into the village greeted with cheery "Good evenin', boys! Good evenin', girls!" "God bless ye all!" from the neighbors as they pass. Meanwhile we have driven on our way, and we part on the village street; Nell and Aunt Eva are to call at Shanbally and Killester, while I beg to be let go for the letters and prowl around in search of adventures.

They let me off, and we agree to meet later on at the chapel. I am coming out of the post-office when I come on a scene that I shall never forget. An old fiddler has strolled into the village and is playing from house to house. The music is remarkably good, and he is in the middle of the *Coolin* when the workers get in from the bog and join the crowd around him. The old man knows what will please them, and without a moment's pause he strikes up "Charming Judy Callaghan." It is soul-stirring! The men become excited and keep time with their feet to the music. One woman with her turf-basket across her shoulder is a study, her bright eyes dancing in unison to the tune. It is Mary Shea, a poor, hard-working widow, with six small children to support. The old air seems to bring back her happy girlhood, with its life and joy. A voice cries out "Arrah, girls, are ye goin' to let that fine music go for nothin'?" The crowd with one accord call for Mary Shea, the "best dancer in the parish." Back hangs

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Mary, fearing she will be seen. Faster and faster goes "Charming Judy"; the voice rings out again, "Where is Mary Shea? She must give us a few steps." A break in the crowd reveals poor Mary, and she is captured and on the "floor." In a second the crowd move back, eager, expectant; Mary looks imploringly at her friend Kitty Tyrrell, and she comes to the rescue. The women meet in the middle of the road, their baskets thrown aside, and the dance begins. With joined hands they advance up the middle, then back and take their places, *vis-à-vis;* retreating, backing, swaying light and graceful, the steps fall on the hard road, not a note lost, not a bar omitted; note and step fall on the ear simultaneously. Nothing could be more beautiful, modest, womanly, than that Irish jig in the village street. There is a buoyancy, joyousness in it that no one but an Irishwoman up at daybreak, working in a bog all day, living on potatoes and milk, and sleeping on a straw bed at night, could put into her feet; and oh! what tired ones they must often be. "Musha, more power to ye, girls!" "May the Lord spare ye the health!" "God bless you, Mary!" broke from the audience as the dancers joined hands again and made their bow to each other, still on time to the last bars of inspiring "Charming Judy Callaghan." . . .

The great day has come for the "drawing home the turf." One farmer names his day, and each neighbor sends a horse and man to help. From early morning till night successive "creels" and "kishes" of turf arrive at the farm from the bog. The turf is built along the wall in one immense "clamp," sod upon sod making the three sides, the stone wall the fourth. The clamp rises thirteen or fourteen feet in height, tapering to the top, and when finished is quite an ornament to the farmyard. At night, when all is over, the boys celebrate the homecoming by a dance in the barn. In the great old flagged kitchen the tables are set for the guests; up the wide chimney the new fire is proclaiming its excellence. The beautiful, peculiar blue smoke curls upwards, the turf looks like so many black bricks, one over the other, blazing with a light, pleasant flame. A strong iron bar runs across the chimney, from which the pots are suspended. The old people sit round the fire, its cheerful ruddy glow falling softly on their white hair and furrowed cheeks. The scene recalls other days, and old stories are told and old hearts grow young, and they live once more in the "Auld Lang Syne" when they too danced and sung at the "drawing home of the turf."

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IN 1826 FATHER BACHELOT WAS MADE APOSTOLIC PREFECT OF THE ISLANDS.

THE CHURCH IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

THE political disturbances of late years in the group of islands in the Pacific Ocean known as "The Sandwich Islands," or "Hawaiian group," and the heroic labors of Father Damien, the leper-priest on the island of Molokai, one of the group, has attracted more than ordinary attention to this far-away ocean land—

"Where the wave tumbles,
Where the reef rumbles;
Where the sea sweeps
Under bending palm branches,
Sliding its snow-white
And swift avalanches;
Where the sails pass
O'er an ocean of glass,
Or trail their dull anchors
Down in the sea-grass."

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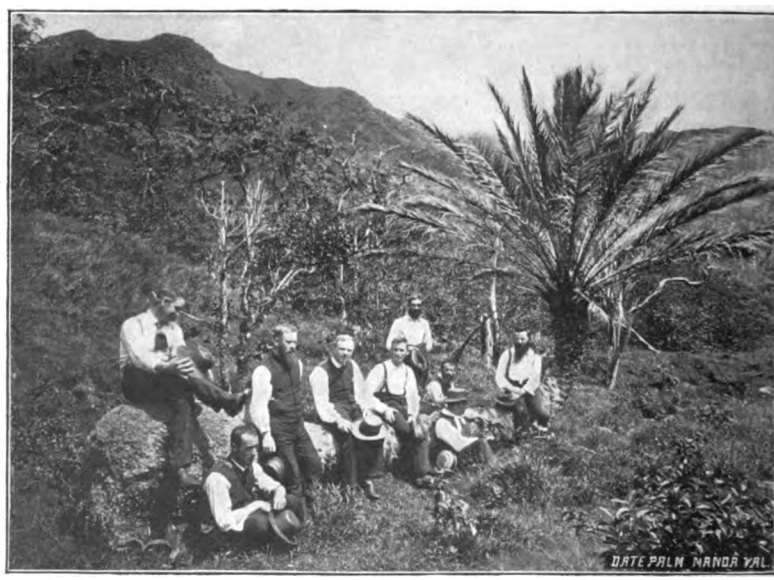
These islands consist of a group of twelve situated in the North Pacific Ocean, midway between Mexico and China, and lie in the path of the steamers that ply between the United States and Australia, and nearly all vessels carrying passengers between the two countries stop at the chief city, Honolulu, which is about 2,100 miles from San Francisco, a voyage usually made in one week. From efforts made both in England and America, of late, it cannot be long before a cable will reach the islands and open direct and rapid communication with the rest of the world. The history of the missions of the church and of the heroic labors of the missionaries in their efforts to evangelize the natives is a most interesting one, and has much of fascination in the simple recital of deeds, dates, and names.

In the year 1819—the year before the arrival of the Protestant missionaries—Father De Quelen, a cousin of the Archbishop of Paris, visited the islands on the occasion of the voyage of the French frigate *Uranie*, of which he was chaplain. Among the visitors to the vessel was the chief minister of the



THE WAVING BRANCHES OF THE DATE-PALM.

king, who, after a conference with the priest, was baptized and the cross won its first conquest. In 1826 Father Bachelot was named apostolic prefect of the islands. He sailed from Bordeaux in November, 1826, and reached Honolulu in July, 1827, after a

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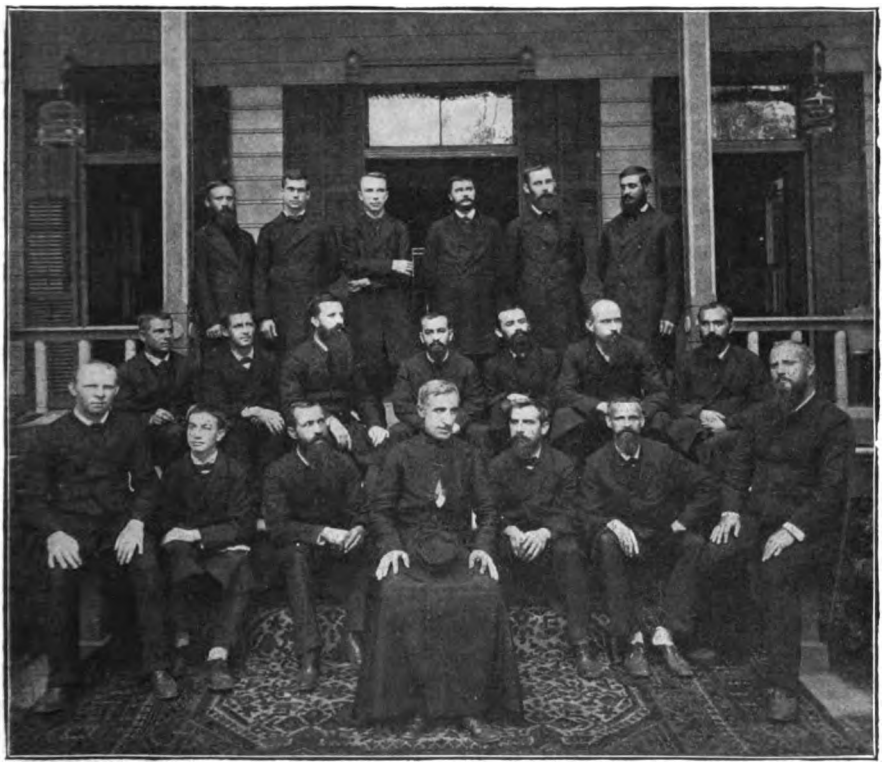
voyage of nearly eight months. He was accompanied by two other priests, Father Armand, a Frenchman, and Father Short, an Irishman. Boki, the chief, welcomed Father Bachelot and his companions, granted them permission to commence their apostolic labors, and by many acts of kindness filled their hearts



GROUP OF BROTHERS OF MARY, ST. LOUIS COLLEGE.

with the most cheering expectations of success. This success was destined to be overshadowed by a dark cloud. In 1829 the natives were prohibited from assisting at any of the Catholic services; the prohibition, however, did not extend to foreigners. The American missionaries were at the bottom of the suddenly promulgated law. The natives, however, paid but little attention to the new decree and sought out the priests for instruction and baptism. The priests, supposing the opposition to them had died out, went cheerfully on with their work until the law was again published.

In the early part of 1831 the priests were commanded to leave the islands; this command was afterward modified into

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entreaties for a speedy departure. Unwilling as Father Bachelot was to leave the scene of his labors, he remained until, as the Sandwich Island *Gazette*, in its issue of October 6, 1838, in its account of his death, says: "Threats, oft and oft repeated, developed into a deed at which humanity—in all breasts where its sympathies have a resting-place—has long and deeply shuddered. On the 24th of December, 1831, force, sanctioned by the presence of inferior executives, deputed by heads of government—cruel force, nurtured into action by the fostering influence of mistaken zeal—unnatural force, repulsive to heathenism, disgraceful to Christianity—was employed to drive from the shores of Hawaii the virtuous, the intelligent, the devoted, who, in the footsteps of their divine Master, had reached these shores with offerings of acceptable sacrifice in their hands and with love of God in their hearts. Their offerings were spurned. Hatred was their portion, for lo! *they worshipped God after the dictates of their own consciences!*"

The writer further says: "On that memorable day of December the proscribed were embarked on board the brig *Waverley*, Captain Sumner. They were not informed to what part of the world they were destined to be conveyed."

We quote the words of another in description of the termination of their forced voyage: "They were landed indeed, but where and how? On a barren strand of California, with two bottles of water and one biscuit, and there left on the very beach, without even a tree or shrub to shelter them from the weather, exposed to the fury of the wild beasts which were heard howling in every direction, and, for aught their merciless jailer could know, perhaps to perish before morning. No habitation of man was nearer to them than forty miles, save a small hut at the distance of two leagues. On the beach, then, with the wild surf breaking beneath their very feet, they passed a sleepless night with the canopy of heaven to cover them and the arm of Omnipotence to protect them. Forty-eight hours from the time of their disembarkation they were welcomed at the mission of St. Gabriel, and received that kindness and sympathy from their brethren of the Cross which had been denied them in this land by the professed followers of the humble Jesus."

Father Bachelot remained in California until March, 1837, when he again ventured to the Sandwich Islands, but was again exposed to the persecutors, accused of seditious intentions, held up to the scorn of the natives; he was again forced to embark

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on what was called—a floating prison—the brig *Clementine*. He was there kept a prisoner until the intervention of foreign powers, especially France, caused his and his companions' release amid the acclamations and joyful approbation of the

THE BAND AT ST. LOUIS COLLEGE, HONOLULU.

friends of liberty. In accordance with a promise made to the government, he prepared as soon as circumstances would permit for a voyage to some of the southern islands of the Pacific. He was prostrated by a severe spell of sickness and on his recovery insisted upon taking the voyage.

The following obituary notice in the Sandwich Island *Gazette* of October, 1838, shrouded in black lines, tells us the closing chapter of his life: "Died, on board the schooner *Honolulu*, on his passage from the Sandwich Islands to the Island of Ascension, the Rev. John Alexius Augustine Bachelot, member of the Society of Picpus, and Apostolic Prefect of the Sandwich Islands. The exiled priest is no more; he has gone to the last tribunal to appear before the great Ruler of events—he 'who made of one blood all the nations of the earth'—in his presence to receive judgment for the deeds done in the body! May we not believe that at the hands of the Almighty he will receive that mercy which his fellow-men have denied him? May we not picture in imagination the soul of the deceased bowing before the mercy-seat in heaven, as he was wont

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to kneel at the altar on earth, making intercession before Omniscience for those who have wilfully persecuted him? His humble tomb at the island of Ascension is the monument of his exalted character, and, though it may seldom meet the eye of civilization, it will stand beneath the canopy of heaven, where rest the souls of the pious, a mark of warning to the untutored man who may daily pass by it."

Father Bachelot was forty-two years of age at the time of his death, having been born in France in 1796. He commenced his studies in the Seminary of Picpus, Paris, was afterwards professor of philosophy and theology in the same seminary, and for a time also in the college at Tours, when on account of his well-proved virtues and talents he was named apostolic prefect of these islands in July, 1826, at the age of thirty, by His Holiness Leo XII. Shortly after Father Bachelot's death the French government took official notice of the treatment of the Catholic missionaries, as they were nearly all Frenchmen. A frigate was dispatched to the islands; the officers were authorized to demand twenty thousand dollars as a security for

A GROUP OF MISSION FATHERS.

the good faith of the natives to the following conditions: 1st, That all products and manufactured articles should be admitted free of duty. 2d, That the Catholic priests should be allowed to land and pursue their labors without molestation

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and receive the full protection of the laws. The articles were agreed to, and a party of Catholic missionaries disembarked from the frigate and commenced building a chapel.

One of the ludicrous events of those days was the action of one of the "Calvinistic missionaries," who introduced for the first time to the natives the mysteries of the magic lantern, and showed them pictures of priests and sisters murdering and persecuting people because they would not be baptized. It was Fox's *Book of Martyrs* done up in true regulation style by the aid of what was to the natives a great wonder—the magic lantern. With the intervention of the French government matters wore a brighter look for the church, and in the year 1840 the group of islands were included as a part of the Vicariate-Apostolic of Oceanica, and Bishop Rouchouze, titular Bishop of Nilopolis, arrived there the same year.

A writer of this year says of the island: "One of the long-proscribed Catholic missionaries, since the removal of the shameless interdict which oppressed them, has already succeeded in gaining over one thousand converts. A spot has been selected near the beach on which a splendid church is to be erected. Thus the first object to salute the voyager in the distant ocean will be the cross—and what could be more grateful to the eye of the Christian after his long sojourn on the deep? The beacon-fire of the light-house tells of a harbor of rest on earth; the cross is not only the sign of peace in this world, but it also points to another far more enduring. The Catholic priest, so long a proscribed and persecuted man, afraid to show his head in public, who said his Mass in a whisper and almost in the dark—who has dodged oppression for nearly five years, his life all the time in jeopardy, is now seen daily in the streets of Honolulu."

Bishop Rouchouze went to France in 1842 and, with several priests, brothers and sisters, embarked for the islands from Bordeaux. They had obtained from friends in France many valuable presents for their mission: books, vestments, farming implements, and many of the things necessary for civilized life. The last ever seen of the vessel was as she was rounding Cape Horn. After nearly five years waiting in anxiety for news of the vessel or of any of the survivors, she was given up as lost —no doubt the bishop and his companions finding a grave in the waters of the Pacific—and in 1847 the islands were made a separate vicariate and Bishop Maigret, who had been a companion in the prison-ship of Father Bachelot, was consecrated

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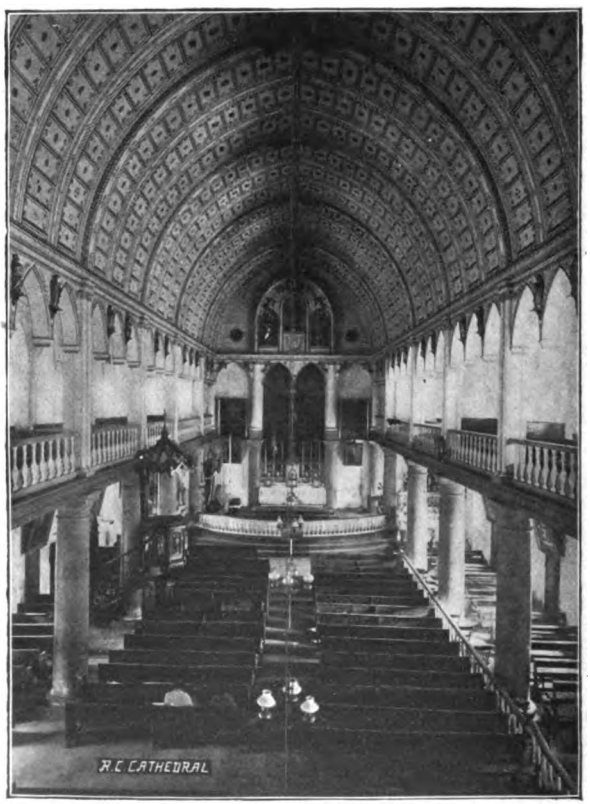
at Santiago, Chili, October 31, as titular Bishop of Arathia and named first Vicar-Apostolic. For thirty-four years this zealous bishop watched over the spiritual destinies of the islands and literally wore out his life in the arduous task. It was during his administration, in 1873, that Father Damien took charge of the leper colony on the isle of Molokai, of which the poet Stoddard says:

"A lotus isle for midday dreaming
Seen vague as our ship sails by;
A land that knows not life's commotion:
Blest 'No-Man's Land!' we sadly say;
Has it a name, yon gem of ocean?
The seaman answers, Molokai."



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

In that year Father Damien was present at the dedication of a little chapel on the island of Maui, and heard the bishop express a regret that he was unable to send a priest to the leper settlement on the island of Molokai. He at once offered himself. He was accepted, and, with the bishop and the French consul, set out in a boat loaded with cattle for Kalaupapa, the port of the leper settlement, where for sixteen years he labored and toiled and finally succumbed to the awful ravages of leprosy. For a time after his arrival on the island he was treated with great harshness by the authorities; permission was refused him to leave the island

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even to visit a brother priest on the other islands for the purpose of going to confession. The sheriff had authority to arrest him and take him back should he make the attempt. On one occasion Bishop Maigret passed in a vessel within sight of Molokai. The bishop beseeched the captain to land, but he refused; all that he would grant was to stop the steamer's machinery for a few moments and whistle. The signal was heard, a canoe put off from the shore and drew alongside; but the ship's orders forbade Father Damien coming aboard. The bishop leaned over the vessel's side, listening to the confession that came from the occupant of the canoe. It was made in French, which penitent and bishop alone understood. February, 1881, Bishop Koeckemann was consecrated as titular Bishop of Olba, at San Francisco, by Archbishop Alemany. He died in 1892, when the present Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic, Right Rev. Gulstan F. Ropert, was appointed. He was consecrated by Archbishop Riordan, at San Francisco, as titular Bishop of Panopolis, September 25, 1892.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting the present bishop while in this country last year en route to Rome. He is a charming character, simple as a child, with all the marked suavity of the French race. He speaks English with a Breton accent, and when he grows interested is a most entertaining talker, especially when conversing about his "dear islands in the Pacific." He is small of stature, iron-gray hair, pleasing face, and evidently a hard worker. He is fifty-five years of age and has been on the islands for twenty-eight years.

He was nine months reaching the scene of his labors when he made the voyage from France in 1867. Before his consecration he was pastor at Wailuku, and established a parochial school for boys under the care of the Brothers of Mary from Dayton, O., and also one for girls under charge of the Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, N. Y. While pastor there, in the words of one of the brothers, "he never tired." When the bishop was shown the press dispatch from San Francisco concerning the object of his visit to Europe, he enjoyed a hearty laugh when he reached the words that "he was going to Rome to *induce* the Pope" to do certain things. He was going to make his visit to the Holy Father—what is known as *ad limina*.

While in Europe last year the bishop was successful in procuring the services of brothers to take charge of the Leper

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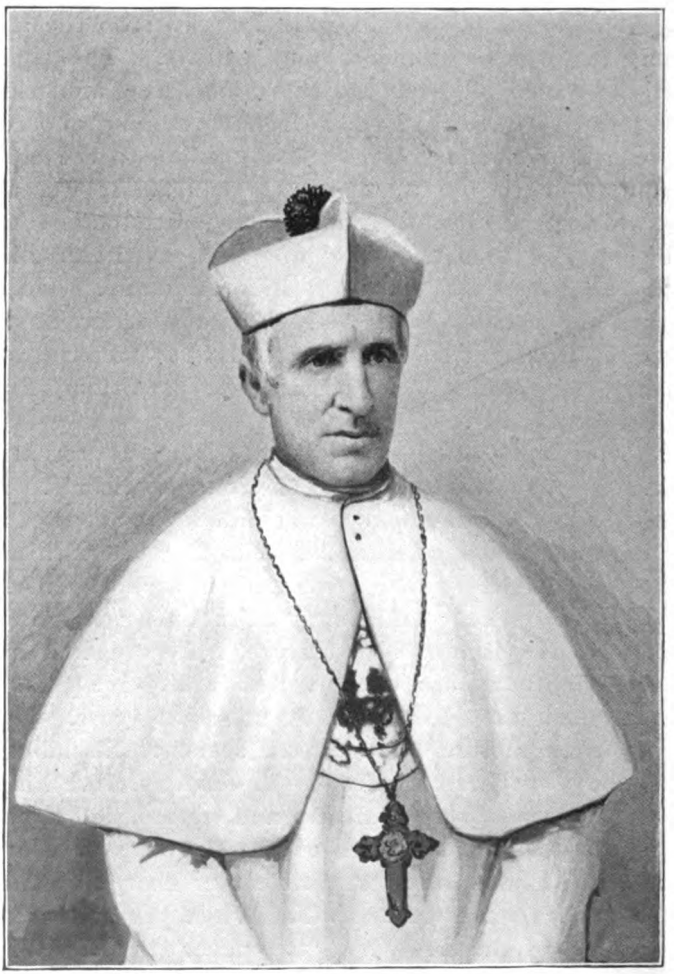
Home for Boys and Men on the island of Molokai, thus enabling the Franciscan Sisters of Syracuse, N. Y., already there to devote their entire time to the Leper Home for Girls and Women on the same island. The government had requested



RIGHT REV. GULSTAN F. ROPERT,
Vicar-Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands.

this of the bishop, and as of late years the work has grown he was only too glad to comply. He says that the number of lepers is now 1,200—100 in the Boys' Home, 100 in the Girl's Home, and the remaining 1,000 scattered about in the various houses in "The Leper Settlement" of Molokai. The boys'

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home is called Kalawao; the girls' home Kaluapapa. The Board of Health of the islands has expended lately almost $10,000 at Kalawao, putting up new buildings and adding to old ones. Mr. Joseph Dutton, an American and a convert, who has been there for nine years, has had charge of the work. Since Father Damien's death the care of financial and material affairs has been in his hands. The Board of Health wished at least four brothers of the same order that Father Damien belonged to, and paid their passage from Belgium to the islands. The new home for men and boys is to be a very complete affair in every way, and shows that Father Damien's efforts to interest the government in treating the lepers humanely, and in accordance with all that science and modern civilization demand, is bearing fruit even after his departure from earth.

Father Pamphile, a brother of Father Damien, accompanied the bishop on his return to the Sandwich Islands, and has gone to Molokai to take up the work which his heroic brother laid down with his life seven years ago—a work which Robert Louis Stevenson called "among the butts and stumps of humanity." Twice before had he arranged to go to Molokai, but each time serious illness frustrated his desire. He is now fifty-eight years of age and his hair is snow white. He has been a professor at Louvain, Belgium. Besides this heroic priest, two other priests, four brothers, and four sisters accompanied the bishop for mission work on the islands. The bishop is assisted in his work by 23 priests, 22 of whom, like himself, are members of the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary—known in France as "The Society of the Picpus"—and one, the chaplain at St. Louis' College under the care of the Brothers of Mary from Dayton, Ohio—Father Feith, of the same society. The society or order to which the bishop and his priests belong is known as "The Society of the Picpus" from the fact that when, in the year 1805, Father Coudrin instituted it, he took up his abode in the buildings commonly known as of Picpus, in the Faubourg of St. Antoine, Paris. The priests who had lived in this house years before, as the traditional story runs, were unusually attentive to the people of the neighborhood who were afflicted with some sort of skin disease, breaking out in malignant sores and pustules. The priests went among them and on many occasions pricked the sores, letting out the pus—hence the name Pic-pus—Piquer-pus.

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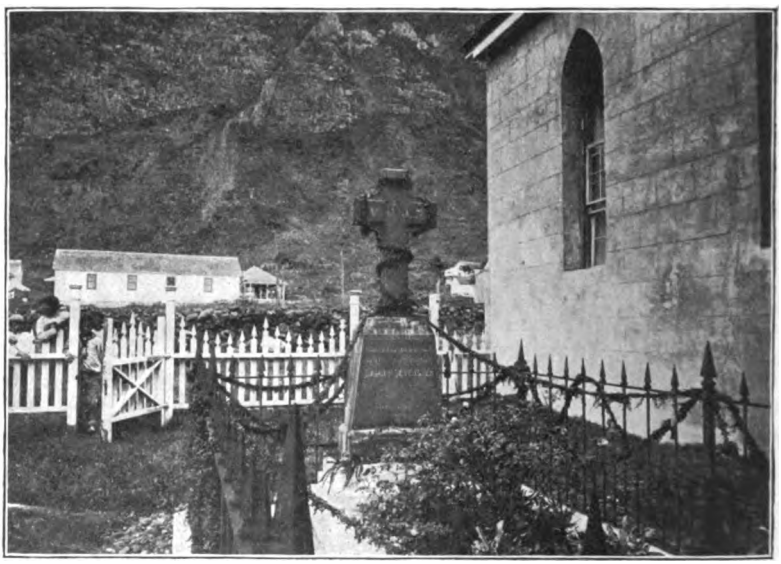
The fathers of this order were approved by the Holy See in 1817, and in 1825 Pope Leo XII. sent some of its members to preach the Gospel in the islands of the Pacific, and there they have labored for the past seventy years. How appropriate that they should have the care of lepers—the most malignant of skin diseases, and thus again in this century fulfil the meaning of the name "Pic-pus."

At present there are on the islands 35 churches, 59 chapels, one college with 522 pupils, 3 academies, and 10 parochial schools with 1,564 pupils. Last year there were 1,377 infant baptisms and 199 adult baptisms, and 266 marriages. The



FATHER DAMIEN'S GRAVE.

Catholic population is about 31,000 out of an entire population of 90,000. During the cholera at Honolulu last September the *Evening Bulletin* of that city, in its issue of September 6, thus speaks of one of the missionaries: "Yesterday evening Father Valentine entered the Cholera Hospital as a volunteer, for the purpose of aiding in comforting the sick and administering to the dying. As a matter of course this means that he shut himself up day and night with those stricken down with the disease. This exhibition of Christian devotedness to suffering fellow-creatures is akin to the immortal example of Father Damien's self-exile among the lepers of Molokai."

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This is the simple, unadorned narrative of the history of the French missionaries for seventy years in the islands of the Pacific, whether amid persecution or the ravages of leprosy or cholera—all for the greater honor and glory of God. One of them has for ever made sacred the very name of Molokai, and it is something for us American Catholics to be proud of that his companion and nurse in his last days is an American convert, Joseph Dutton, once a soldier in the ranks of his country, now a soldier enlisted for life under the standard of the cross. Rest on, then, Father Damien, hero of the church of the Sandwich Islands, hero of the century! Rest on to await the great morn of resurrection! Rest on in thy island home, made sacred by thy life and hallowed by thy death! Rest on where the waving branches of thy pandanus-tree are as muffled music and the sighing of the south wind over the coral reefs as a solemn requiem! Father Damien is dead, the sisters die one by one, and yet the work goes on, the ranks fill up, recruited from the great army of Christian soldiers onward marching. Men and women die; priests, brothers, and sisters die; but as long as the dread, mysterious, loathsome monster, leprosy, exists God's charity will touch with its coal of fire the hearts of men and women, and they will nurse and console and watch and clean and bandage the lepers, whether it be amid the islands of the balmy South Sea, where the Pacific wooes to sleep; or amid the Indies, where the odor of lemon and orange and date refresh; or amid the ice-bound coasts of Iceland and New Brunswick, where dread winter holds perpetual sway.

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A FEAST OF YEARS.*

I.

IN Juda's flowery mead, about the feet
Of Christ, there sways a thronging, famished crowd:
The strong thrust by the weak, to be allowed
A fuller share of that celestial meat
He brings to earth, to taste the bread replete
With grace and strength. And men, full harsh and proud,
Drive back the little heads that, lowly bowed,
Peer thro' the throng to see His face so sweet.
He stays the threatening hand, He stills the voice
Discordant with His own, and to His breast
He clasps these dearest objects of His love.
"Suffer," He says, in accents that rejoice
Their hearts, "these little children here to rest;
For such my kingdom is prepared above."

II.

About the crowded streets is moaned the cry
Of children, hungry for the bread Christ came
To break. The cry is heard. Their Angels aim
The quest straight up to God's own Heart, and sigh:

*To Right Rev. Monsignor Mooney, V.G. Silver Jubilee, June 9, 1896.

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"Whom wilt Thou send, dear Lord, lest souls may die
For lack of bread? They call upon Thy name,
O Sacred Heart! whose love found words of blame
For those who erst forbade them to come nigh."
Down from the throne of God there comes reply:
"My chosen priest, of generous, loving heart,
Nerved for the toil and sacrifice, I send.
Him will you aid till, every struggle by,
He reap the harvest of the toilsome part
He'll share within My vineyard to the end."

III.

Forth from the crowded school flow songs of joy;
The Pastor's festal day—a feast of years.
The memory of toil and pain endears
The face of innocence. Can pleasure cloy
When heavenly purity thus winsome, coy,
Would please its best-loved friend? So fair appears
The scene sweet innocence has spread that tears
Well from a heart whose peace cares ne'er destroy.
So looked the Christ upon the childish throng
That clustered to His side, their lisped word
More precious to His heart than angel-song—
Their souls than holocausts of those that erred;
Through the eternal years, e'en so He'll gaze
And find in their sweet voices meetest praise.

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SOME GREAT WOMEN OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

"Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. Her children rose up and called her blessed: her husband, and he praised her. Give her of the fruits of her hands: and let her works praise her in the gates."

IT is not alone one valiant woman whom we are about to praise, but a double trinity of stars.

Foremost in rank stands the Duchess de Noailles, a descendant of one of the most prominent as well as oldest families of France, and one of the most courtly dames of the court of Louis XV. She it was who, appointed to receive the young bride of the dauphin upon her entry into France, was destined to precede her to the scaffold. So stately was she in her movements, and so punctilious in her duty as mentor to the natural and inexperienced Marie Antoinette, that the latter humorously styled her Mme. l'Étiquette.

Solidly pious and virtuous, she walked to the guillotine with the same courage and self-possession that she had always shown when pursuing her duties in the midst of one of the most brilliant courts of Europe. In this most dreadful walk of her life she was accompanied by her daughter, the Duchesse d'Ayen, and her granddaughter, the eldest child of the latter. The fatal journey was made during a storm of thunder and lightning so terrific in its nature that a faithful friend and confessor was enabled to approach them in disguise, unnoticed by the guards, and, making himself known to the pious women, bestow upon them the last absolution of the church. So touched by their Christian charity and resignation was this holy man, that he returned home praising God that there were to be found in these our times martyrs not unworthy of the early days of Christianity.

The three remaining sisters, the Marquises de Lafayette, de Grammont, and de Montagu, when reunited after the dreadful scenes of the Revolution, composed a litany in honor of these blessed ones, whom they looked upon as martyrs and their special patrons, which they recited daily ever afterward.

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THE WIFE OF A HERO.

Mme. de Lafayette, the second sister, was, at the early age of fifteen, given in marriage to Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, who was but two years older than his bride. But this early marriage was but the beginning of a long life of such conjugal happiness as is granted, perhaps, but to few; for although their lives were shadowed by the course of public events, they shared each other's trials and strengthened each other to bear up under the severest ordeals.

In the year 1777 Lafayette, desirous of aiding the American cause, escaped from France notwithstanding the vigilance of the king, and was warmly welcomed by Washington, and the rank of major-general in the United States army was conferred upon him although he was but nineteen years of age.

War breaking out between France and England, the marquis considered it his duty to assist his own country, and requested a leave of absence from Congress to return to France. Bearing a letter of recommendation from Congress addressed to the king, he met with an enthusiastic reception. On the breaking out of the French Revolution the marquis became a party leader, and took a prominent part in the Assembly of the States-General, which met in 1789, and, upon the fall of the Bastile, was created commander-in-chief of the National Guards of Paris.

In the war with Austria, 1792, Lafayette was appointed one of the three major-generals to command on the frontier, where his movements were finally arrested by the Jacobin party. He denounced this faction in a letter to the Assembly, but in return was denounced by it. Knowing that he was no longer safe in France, he determined to leave the country. Accordingly a few days after the memorable 10th of August, in which the king and queen were obliged to leave the Tuileries, he crossed the frontier to the enemy's outposts at Rochefort with the intention of making his way to Holland; but he was arrested, and, after being an inmate of several prisons, was finally taken to the dungeon of Olmutz, in Moravia. Here the imprisonment was of such a nature as to prove most injurious to his health.

Through the instrumentality of Count Lally de Tollendal Lafayette effected his escape, but was recaptured and immured again in Olmutz, where he experienced even greater sufferings than before, since he was now chained heavily and maltreated

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to such a degree that his health, already poor, gave way entirely, and to add to his sufferings he learned of the Reign of Terror in France.

A FAMILY HOLOCAUST.

It was at this sad time that, ignorant of the whereabouts or even existence of her dearly loved husband, Mme. de Lafayette was called upon to witness the cruel execution of her grandmother, mother, and sister, to which anguish was added that of separation from the remaining members of her family, of whose consequent fate she was ignorant. Washington, on learning the place of his imprisonment, tried every means in his power to procure the release of the marquis, and the American minister at Paris received instructions to provide Mme. Lafayette with sufficient funds to carry herself and daughters to Vienna. There the heroic woman had an audience with the Emperor Francis II., during which, by the recital of her sufferings and recounting the services of her husband to the French monarchy, she tried to induce him to grant his release. Her request was refused; but she was allowed, along with her daughters, to share his imprisonment, on condition that having once entered the walls of the prison she would never leave them. She accepted these hard conditions, and became a ministering angel to her husband. Her health failing, she begged to be allowed to go to the capital for medical advice, but was informed that by doing so she would not be permitted to enter the dungeon again; and having already suffered the agony of suspense as to the fate of her husband during their long separation, she chose to remain and suffer.

Through kind American friends her only son, George Washington Lafayette, was allowed to depart for America, where he was received into the family of General Washington at Mount Vernon, and the safety and welfare of this one child was the only oasis in the dreadful desert of suffering and trial upon which her thoughts could rest.

After nearly two and a half years of the confinement of this admirable woman, and the fifth of that of her husband, they were liberated through the united influence of Washington and the Liberal party of the House of Commons, along with the demand of General Bonaparte. The health of Mme. de Lafayette, however, was completely broken down. The joyful family were conducted by military escort to Hamburg and placed under the protection of the American minister, but they finally passed into Holland.

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Upon the overthrow of the Directory Lafayette hastened to Paris to secure his rights as a citizen, and was offered a seat in the Senate; but this he declined, preferring to await the hoped-for constitutional government, to which he remained ever faithful.

The family took up their residence at the estate called Lagrange, which had descended to Mme. de Lafayette from her grandfather, the Duke de Noailles, and which had been preserved somehow during the vicissitudes of the Revolution.

After the return of the general from his fourth visit to America, in the year 1825, he became, partly through the prestige of his importance in America, a prominent figure in the Chamber of Deputies, and was the leader of the popular party.

In the year 1830 the course of Charles X. and his minister, Polignac, brought affairs to a crisis, and the "three days of July," their barricades and popular outbreak, ended in the dethronement of the king. Lafayette was prime mover during this time, and was the acknowledged master of the position. Some proposed to make him president of the republic, but he preferred to fall in with the views of his brethren in the Chamber of Deputies and place the Duc d'Orleans on the throne.

A HEROINE AT HER POST.

The life of Mme. de Grammont, although not so thrilling in its eventfulness as that of her older sister, the Marquise de Lafayette, will be even more interesting as the picture of the hidden life of a servant of God who, although in the world, was not of it.

It is seldom that one finds perfect disinterestedness in the service of that Being whom one would imagine well deserving of being loved and served for himself alone, and now as in the days of the apostles, when there was contention as to who should be the greater, we find anxiety and eagerness to obtain and hold positions of importance even in the service of him who came upon earth to teach the sublimity of the state of dependence and subjection. It is, therefore, all the more refreshing to hear of dignities disdained and honors valued solely because the consequences of deserving action, yet feared and shunned on account of the dangers by which they are ever attended, and that wisdom, inspired by the Holy Ghost, which teaches one that with them, as with others, the higher

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the position the greater may be the fall. As Dante wrote: "*Piu grande cade piu chi è montato.*"

The Marquis de Grammont was among the grenadiers at the Tuileries who endeavored in vain, on that fatal 10th of August, to save the royal victims of the Revolution. He was obliged to seek his safety in concealment, but was finally proscribed. Mme. de Grammont managed to avoid imprisonment by remaining concealed in their residence of Villersexe, which sustained no injury during the desolating scenes of the Revolution, it being well known as an asylum for all who labored and were heavily burdened. The marquise herself remained unharmed in her concealment, which, in all probability, was intentionally overlooked by many that they might not feel obliged to molest or even exile one who had ever humbled herself to the ranks of the lowest in the sight of God and in her own estimation, and who, while supporting the dignity of her position in life, ever respected the poor, in whom she recognized the divine image.

It was in this solitude that, uncertain as to the fate of those dearest to her, she fortified her soul in all the Christian virtues, learning to its fullest extent the nothingness of all that the world calls great and its utter inability to fill the wants of the soul. There she learned that unalterable patience which caused her to bear up under the vicissitudes of life and accept with resignation the decrees of Providence, whether manifested to her in trials and afflictions or, as was afterwards the case, in honors and prosperity; there she fostered the germs of that master virtue, charity, the legacy of those dear ones gone before, and which she increased by the daily prayers offered for those whose hands were stained with the blood of her kindred; there she learned that true position of soul before its Creator, and an humble estimation of her own good works which, seen in such clear light, seemed but mere acts of justice in assigning to their channels the goods which Almighty God had entrusted to her stewardship.

Probably it was during this stern time of trial that, in conquering her natural impulses, her manner assumed that apparent rigidity which characterized her in after life; for, although really tender-hearted, she was rather wanting in those affabilities and graces so becoming to one in her position in life; but if a smile but rarely lighted her strongly-marked features, she was none the less revered and loved for that. Her sterling worth and heroic virtues caused her to be looked upon as

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a saint even during her life-time, the more so as her rigid views never interfered in the least with those of others or caused her to censure those who took a far different view of the world and its vanities. She pitied such, but never censured.

ONE OF THE OLD NOBILITY.

After that stormy period was over the sisters were reunited once more. The marquis returned from his exile and was restored to his former rank, and the post of deputy under the Restoration was assigned him and confirmed by subsequent elections until his death. Her son was appointed to a position of honor and distinction, and happiness once more was the portion of the reunited family, who were the more fitted to enjoy it having known and experienced its loss.

The Count Félix de Merode, who had refused the crown of Belgium, which had been offered to him upon its having thrown off the yoke of Holland in the year 1830, came to Villersexe to seek a wife in the person of Rosalie de Grammont; and her heroic mother, who had closed the eyes of so many loved children, was called upon to part with her best loved one. It was a great trial to the mother's heart to break again the household hearth so lately reunited, and perhaps a less worthy suitor might have sued in vain; but one who seemed to reflect to such a degree her favorite virtues, and those which shone so conspicuously in her own character, whose contempt for the dignities of the world had proved itself by casting beneath his feet a crown, whose magnanimity had shown itself by proposing and afterwards serving the one who had stooped to pick it up, quite won the mother's heart, and his standard, which bore for its motto "*Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs*," entirely vanquished it.

The count and his lovely wife often visited the paternal roof, and delightful were those reunions, presided over by the courtly marquis and his saintly wife, who seemed to live but for others, and who in their hospitality were ever unexacting and unselfish, ever ready to increase the joy and happiness of those around them. In this old château there reigned solid comfort, but all luxury and ostentation were banished.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SUITOR.

A second time was her best-loved child, her Rosalie, demanded of her mother's heart; but this time it was the pale angel of death who claimed her as his own, and such a claim is never set aside. Unmurmuringly the heroic woman yielded

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her to his arms, saying, with the holy patriarch Job of old, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" and accepted in her place her dying trust, her best-loved child, her Benjamin, her little Xavier, scarce three years old.

The saintly grandmother took the little one to her heart and care, and, although undemonstrative in her affection, nevertheless poured it upon him in her characteristic manner, by acts developing in his character all that was good and holy and repressing all that was the contrary. She infused into his character, at an early age, her own sterling piety, along with a contempt of all that was earthly, and tried to raise his soul beyond the accidents of birth and fortune. A deep reader of the Scriptures, she used to dwell upon the life of the God-man and paint to him, by means of vivid word-pictures, his humility, poverty, and suffering life, and taught him to judge of the comparative excellence of things proportionately as they advanced or retarded his eternal welfare. He was to be an instrument in the hands of God to be used solely for the good of others, and any appearance of vanity or pride was checked in its birth. He was to be what he was in the eyes of God, and never to consider birth or fortune as a stepping-stone to earthly preferment. So strictly did she rest herself upon, and build up in him, this principle that in after years, when learning from him of his promotion to the office of *cameriere* in the papal household, she, fearing that ambition might have led him to desire this position, wrote him, instead of a congratulatory letter, as most relatives would have done under the circumstances, one of severe reproof, telling him that an humble position in a country parish would be far more suitable for him.

EARLY LESSONS IN CHARITY.

In her active duties of charity she was ever accompanied by her little grandson. She would take him to the houses of the poor and afflicted, and allow him to distribute the comforts which she had provided and even frequently would send him alone to be her almoner. Her whole time was, after the necessary family obligations, consecrated to the service of the poor and the education of their children. She built and endowed a fine hospital near the park, and a large convent where young girls were educated. She would with her own hands assist in making soup, and deal it out to the needy, and never hesitated to take into her carriage, for conveyance to the hospital or for

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the advice of eminent physicians, those who were afflicted with the most loathsome diseases. Is it surprising that, carefully as she endeavored to conceal them, her good works, along with her rigid fasts and humiliating labors, should transpire, and cause her to be looked upon and venerated as a saint before the church has set her seal upon her beatification, which will probably never be? Her life will remain hidden in Christ with God.

Her life was essentially active. She read but little, and that little was confined to a few books which could be numbered upon the fingers of one hand: *The Imitation of Christ*, *Introduction to a Devout Life*, *The Lives of the Saints*, and above all the Holy Scriptures. Here it was that she drew, as from its fountain-head, those living waters which nourished her soul and kept it ever vigorous and young. She seemed not to advance in years as time passed on, and her style and thoughts were to the last as fresh as in the days of her youth; her handwriting bears evidence of that. But although satisfied with but little literary food herself, she did not depreciate the taste for it in others, and assented willingly that the little Xavier, when he was sufficiently old, should be entered upon his collegiate course, where he might early begin, under religious auspices, that knowledge of the world as well as course of studies which were to fit him in after-life for whatever path he might pursue. She never relinquished, however, her office of mentor, and it might have amused many to witness the youthful manner in which she always treated him even after having reached man's estate. He was always to her her little Xavier, and it would have no doubt equally edified them to witness the youthful manner in which her reproaches or rebukes were received. These salutary lessons she continued by letter even when, after his military career, he began and finished his theological studies in Rome.

In his later years Xavier de Merode looked back with reverence upon the life and teachings of his grandmother, and acknowledged that her early influence had been his safeguard in the midst of the dangers of the world, and he blessed the memory of her who had taught him early to love and serve that Master whose most faithful servant he proved himself to be.

A TRULY ILLUSTRIOUS RACE.

The diocese of Besançon venerates three of the house of De Grammont among her archbishops, and owes to them much of her prosperity in the way of its principal hospitals and seats

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of learning; but probably none of them ever exceeded in virtue and in the interior and hidden life the saintly Marquise de Grammont.

We have come to the last of that heroic little band left for a time upon earth to perfect their days before going to receive the crowns awaiting them.

Of Mme. de Montagu little is known, but that little is sufficient to prove that she was not unworthy of the heroic band of confessors that either preceded her or remained to bear the cross before being crowned with their loved ones in that land in which partings shall be no more.

During the Reign of Terror she fled to England, where, in security herself, she could shed lonely tears for those she had left behind, and of whose fate she was so uncertain. Whether she prayed in unison with them for those whose ruthless hand had cut down their dear ones and separated those left behind; or whether they were included among those for whose murderers she daily prayed, she knew not, and anguish was her daily food. She passed through Belgium and Switzerland, ever trying to learn some tidings of her dear ones. The public life of the Marquis de Lafayette caused her fears to be set at rest as to the fate of himself and his little family, although most harrowing was it to her loving heart to be unable to alleviate their sufferings during their cruel imprisonment. Mme. de Grammont being a more private individual, her husband in exile and separated from her, it was not so easy to trace, and her fate was for a long time unknown; but her retreat was finally discovered by mere chance, the world would say, we will call it better—Providence. So, relieved from the anxiety of uncertainty, she waited in patience, hoping for the day in which they would be once more united.

After the Revolution, and when things had somewhat resumed their usual tenor, the sisters met at Villersexe, and mingled their tears of joy and sadness—joy for those who were left, sadness for those who were no more.

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AMARILLI ETRUSCA AND THE ROMAN READING-CIRCLE MOVEMENT.

BY MARIE ROCHE.

AMARILLI ETRUSCA is the *nom de plume* given by the Arcadian Academy to one of the most gifted women who ever wore the laurel wreath of poetry. This academy was founded in Rome by a woman and a queen, Christine of Sweden, some two centuries ago. Its mission was two-fold—to check the progress of a false and depraved taste which threatened to vitiate every art, and by careful study to restore Italian literature to its original standard.

To this noble end the academy has been most faithful, never for an instant losing sight of its ideal. To-day we find it vigorous and flourishing, gaining instead of losing strength, for all through these two hundred and five years, in spite of persistent attacks, derision, and contradiction, it has been true to the holy principles which first inspired it, and under the beneficent influence of religion it has given its country's literature an ever-growing impulse in the right direction and guarded it faithfully from all corruption.

A glance through the noble halls of the academy shows us the portraits of many to whom the Arcadians point with pride as leaders of art and song in Italy—names unfamiliar, perhaps, to the ordinary student, but whose works inspire the highest and best thinkers of the day. It has been said that the Arcadian Academy is content to be crowned with laurels of the past. To disprove this it would suffice to name the literary celebrities and students of high rank who, whether Italian or foreign, covet the privilege of admission. Bishops, cardinals, reigning sovereigns, and royal princesses are to be found among them.

A short time ago the King of Portugal was admitted. The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., in the days when he was free from the many cares and solicitudes of the triple crown of Peter, was a leader in the academy and read before it many learned and brilliant papers.

The academy numbers several hundred associates, either active or honorary. A candidate for active membership must be

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a writer of acknowledged literary ability, and his name presented by competent judges. Honorary membership requires the candidate to be, if not the author of some well-known and esteemed work, at least recognized as a distinguished patron of letters. This degree is sometimes conferred upon foreigners, as in the instance of the King of Portugal and Carmen Sylvia.

There are no fees for membership save such as are attend-

TERESA BANDETTINI, BETTER KNOWN AS AMARILLI ETRUSCA, BORN AT LUCCA.

ant upon the conferring of diplomas. Just now Monsignor Berlotini, canon of St. Peter's at the Vatican, a man noted for his erudition, is president. Under his direction his learned colleagues are engaged on a commentary of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, that great work of Italian genius which, like the plays of our own Shakspere, is an inexhaustible mine to the commentators of each succeeding generation.

Lectures are given each evening on Biblical and Historical Literature, Hygiene, and Science; these are attended by a

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numerous audience of earnest and cultivated students, and constitute an uninterrupted school, so to speak, in which is acquired a taste for good literature and scientific study.

There are branch academies of the Arcadia in the different cities of Italy, which cultivate literary talent and are of inestimable value to young minds, saving them from the corruption, religious, moral, and literary, which now pervades the world of letters. This Roman academy has anticipated by two hundred years the American Summer-School and Reading-Circle movement, yet in its infancy but already so popular in our own country.

There are annual and fortnightly meetings which are attended by active members only. Special assemblies are convoked from time to time; these are public, and to them all members, both active and honorary, are invited. Commemorative meetings are held on the anniversary of those events whose memory should arouse ambition to "add a new glory to the glory of the past." A living evidence of the robust and vigorous life of the academy is the amount of intellectual labor and the devotion to science required by such continuous assemblies.

One of the most interesting commemorative meetings took place lately on the anniversary of the day when Amarilli Etrusca was solemnly crowned with laurel by the academy, and her portrait hung in its hall, one hundred years ago. The illustrious academician, Rev. Pietro Desideri, recalled at this centennial her marvellous life in a delightful eulogy, and it is from this panegyric that we have drawn the romantic incidents of a career which, for vicissitudes, is almost unrivalled in the history of literature.

Near the left bank of the River Serchio, in a fertile and well-watered valley, lies the ancient city of Lucca. It is of Etruscan origin, and few cities of its size can boast a prouder list of illustrious names. Among the most distinguished we may mention the profound theologian and moralist, Constantine Roncaglia; Pier Jacopo Bacci, historian; Castruccio Bonamici, the celebrated latinist; Ludovico Maracci, the Oriental linguist; and Bottoni, the painter. But Lucca's crown of joy is Teresa Bandettini, called in Arcadia Amarilli Etrusca, from her native city.

Our heroine was born on the 12th of August, 1763. Her parents, Domenicho and Maria Alba Micheli, were of honorable extraction but possessed of little means. If the gift of wealth

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was denied her, Teresa was endowed with a precocious intelligence, a lively imagination, and an extraordinary love of study; gifts of God which enabled her, in after years, to persevere on the rugged road to fame which he destined her to pursue. It is said that an Augustinian monk, struck with the intense love of study evinced by the little girl, prophesied that she would become another Corilla. This seemed incredible at the time, for Corilla Olimpica (Maria Magdalena Morelli) was a poetess of such distinction that her marble bust had a place of honor in the hall of the academy.

When Teresa was only six years old, and could barely read

HOUSE AT LUCCA WHERE AMARILLI ETRUSCA LIVED.

and write, chance threw in her way a volume of Petrarch's sonnets. She read and re-read them with ever-increasing delight, till such a love of poetry was enkindled in her soul that the desire to write verse became a passion; and in her moments of solitude she would improvise. Imagining that a rival competed with her, she would change her place in the room and improvise a rejoinder. Such power and imagination, in a child of her age, who had received but the most elementary instruction, certainly evinced rare genius. Her intense love of reading, study, and the composition of verse alarmed her parents, who feared the strain too great for her frail and

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delicate organization. They forbade it therefore, and to insure her obedience deprived her of all books and writing materials. But poetry was so essentially a part of the child's nature she could not resist the impulse to write. After some days, unable to procure pens and paper at home, she gathered scraps of paper in the street, and in a secluded corner of the house she wrote with a bit of charcoal the verses which sprang spontaneously from her ardent imagination. This state of affairs became at last insupportable; she resolved to confide in a learned and reliable friend of the family. Weeping bitterly, she revealed to him her love of study and poetry, and begged him to intercede with her parents that she might be left to pursue the natural and strong inclination of her heart. The result exceeded her most sanguine expectations. Her father and mother withdrew their prohibition and gave her, with Petrarch's poetry, the classic works of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Metastasio.

The little girl applied herself to these studies with great and persevering ardor, not only committing the master-pieces to memory but reading with such keen intelligence that she was able to write a really profound commentary on the *Divina Commedia.* This serious work was necessary, for, as Horace affirms, the poetic gift must be cultivated by severe and well-regulated study from the earliest years if it is ever to attain perfection.

A smiling future lay before Teresa; at fifteen fame seemed within her grasp, when the death of her father suddenly plunged the family into poverty. The poor mother, now a desolate widow, took a resolution which put an end to the child's studies. Thinking her daughter would realize a fortune on the stage, she placed her among the dancers at the opera. This decision was a thunder-bolt to the young girl, who, however, submitted to the maternal wishes, fearing to further afflict her mother, already prostrated by the double loss of husband and fortune. Much against her will Teresa appeared in the theatres of Florence, Bologna, Venice, and Trieste. It is true that the opera ballet in those days was far different from that which degrades the stage to-day, yet one can hardly understand such a step on the part of a mother. God, however, protected the pure-hearted and pure-minded child, who, notwithstanding her perilous profession, with no earthly protector and exposed to every danger, kept herself unspotted from the world, preserved an unblemished reputation, and even

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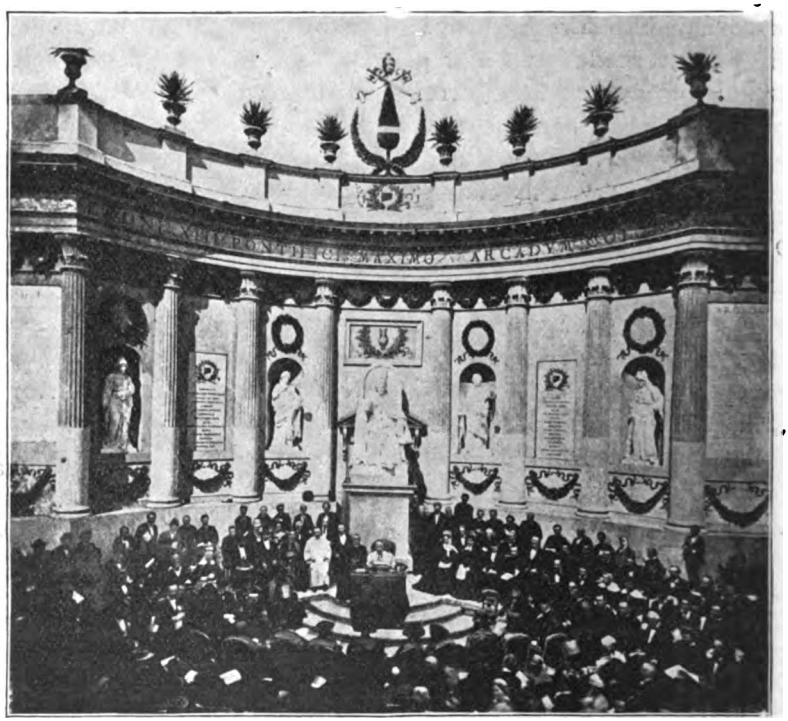
continued her studies, reading Dante behind the scenes during intermissions, thus gaining among her companions the name of "Dotta Ballerina," "The Learned Ballet Girl."

One day she heard a poet from Verona improvising between the acts. She listened, trembling with emotion; then, following a sudden impulse, stepped forward and replied in verse of such beauty and true poetic inspiration that she was recognized from that day as an improvisatrice. We may imagine the surprise of all who listened. She was urged to leave the career



SOLEMN MEETING OF THE ACADEMY OF THE ARCADIA AT ROME.

of a dancer and follow the nobler path of literature. Such advice corresponded only too well with her own longing for home-life, thirst for knowledge, and love of poetry; but want of means prevented her from abandoning the theatre. Nevertheless, the hope of a future gave her new courage, and in each city where she successively appeared she sought the friendship of distinguished scholars whose age and position rendered them safe guides. At Florence she became the pupil of the venerable Vincent Martinelli, who appreciated the rare genius of the young girl and urged her on to severe studies.

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At Venice she made acquaintance with the celebrated naturalist l'Abbé Albert de Fortis, who turned her attention to the natural sciences. At Trieste she placed herself under the direction of Vincenza Giuniga and Baron Brigido, governor of the city, both learned men. At Bologna the renowned Salvioli and Senator Cacili were her patrons.

In this city she met Pietro Landucci, whom she married. He was a captain of cavalry in the service of the Duke of Modena, and seems to have been in every way worthy of her choice. She left the theatre from that moment and dedicated her life henceforth to home, literature, and art. Following the advice of those whose rank and learning entitled them to consideration, she applied herself to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, the modern sciences, history, mythology, French, Latin, and Greek, and with such success that among her translations are exquisite renderings of Homer, classic beauties from Ovid and Virgil, and Buffon's *Natural History* from the French.

We hardly know which to admire most in Teresa Bandettini, the improvisatrice or the poetess. Her poems show profound thought and extensive reading. Her *Rimes Variés*, published when she was only twenty-three years of age, are imbued with the spirit of Petrarch. These volumes were followed by a poem on "The Death of Adonis," and in 1774 by a tragedy entitled "Polidoro," dedicated to her friend the celebrated painter, Angelica Kauffmann, who in return painted her portrait as an improvisatrice. Of this tragedy the famous Francheschi says: "Many so-called great tragedies are inferior to that of the celebrated poetess of Lucca. In it we find the simplicity of the Greek tragedy; the characters are true to history and well sustained to the end; the dialogue natural, animated, and thrilling; the sentiment pure and elevated." In 1805 she published the poem "Tesïde," every line of which is a gem. After reading it one of the greatest critics of the day wrote to her: "You should thank the Almighty for the great gift he has bestowed upon you. My admiration of your talent grew as I read each page of your poem." Among her shorter poems we cannot omit mention of "Viareggio," of "Fragments des Plusieurs Histoires Romantiques," together with some thoughtful verses written on the death of those whom she loved. One in memory of Vincenzo Monti breathes the tenderest and most sincere regret. Touching beyond description are the lines written when her only child, a little daughter, left her for heaven. Her best tragedy was "Rosmunda in Ravenna."

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In Teresa's poems we find beautiful imagery and harmony of language united to noble thoughts; they charm the ear by their melody, and lift up the soul to the ideal. Her talent for improvisation was such that without a moment's reflection she would compose on any theme given, not only developing it in exquisite verse, but enriching it with many historical and poetical allusions.

In personal appearance she was not beautiful in the ordinary

MGR. BERLOTINI, CANON OF ST. PETER'S.

acceptance of the term, but when speaking or reciting her face became illuminated by inspiration and transfigured with a beauty almost supernatural.

One day at Bologna when invited to improvise in public, on different subjects to be suggested by the audience, the death of Marie Antoinette was chosen; the theme called forth her highest powers. A tide of pathetic eloquence broke forth from her heart, and when she described in tender and moving accents

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the last moments of Austria's royal daughter all present were choked with sobs, whilst she herself, overcome with emotion, was obliged to interrupt her song.

The renown of her genius won her a place in the "Académie des Arcades," and she was named by her associates Amarilli Etrusca. Rome set the last seal upon her triumphs. She arrived in the Eternal City in 1793. At several meetings of the academy a brilliant assembly of illustrious men of letters, cardinals, and academicians crowded to hear her. She improvised eight consecutive times on the same subject, each time varying the ideas and the metre.

Such extraordinary gifts merited the heartiest appreciation, and the following year, on March 2, when Abbé Louis Godard presided at the academy, her portrait was crowned with laurels and hung in the principal hall. On this occasion Vincenzo Monti, Prince Baldassar Odescalchi, Duke de Céri, and many other academicians offered poetical tributes in her praise. Similar honors were paid her in Perugia and in Mantua. Her name was now on every lip. Pius VI., of holy memory; Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria; the Archduchess Beatrix d'Este; Charles Albert, King of Sardinia; Napoleon, Emperor of France, and many other reigning sovereigns lavished honors upon her. In her native town her bust, in marble, was placed in the literary Academy "des Oscuri," and the great Alfieri, although a declared enemy to the art of improvising, could not restrain his admiration for her poems, and wrote a classic sonnet in her praise. All this homage was paid not only to her genius, but still more to her sweet and gracious character as a woman and her sincere religious sentiments. Throughout her long life her moral virtue shone undimmed. In a career that was beset with many dangers an almost severe reserve marked her intercourse with the world; yet "Pride never sat at her fireside, where Poetry was the sweet handmaid of Faith." She frequented the sacraments regularly, and loved to repeat that trust in God is the foundation of all true human wisdom. Her love of Christ and his poor breathed in all she wrote. The last days of her life were spent in Modena, where, on the 5th of April, 1837, at the age of sixty-four, after receiving the last sacraments of the church, she peacefully gave up her soul to the God whom she had so loved, praised, and honored on earth. Her name is still spoken with enthusiasm by her people and country, and we trust this brief sketch will make her better known in our own land.

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ARE ANGLICAN ORDERS VALID?*

BY REV. CHARLES J. POWERS.

THE discussion of the validity of Anglican orders has been vehement from time to time during the past three hundred years, and is as yet unsettled, although perhaps more nearly brought to a termination than ever before because of the papal commission just now sitting.

What the Holy See will determine can only be surmised, albeit prophecies are rife enough. But whatever the decision may be, it is evident to all that the conclusion in the matter will have been reached after careful, impartial investigation of the arguments advanced by both the supporters and the opponents of the claim for the validity of Anglican orders.

Nor can the consequences of Rome's judgment, favorable or unfavorable to the Anglicans, as yet be certainly foreseen. For ourselves, we cannot agree with even so profound a thinker as Mr. Gladstone in believing that a decision adverse to the Anglican claim will retard the progress of Christian unity. It is our conviction that the mind and heart of Pope Leo will find means to remove the obstacles from the way of those who are sincerely desirous of entering the one fold of which he is the one shepherd. For while the dogmas of divine and Catholic faith are as unchangeable and eternal as truth itself, the discipline of the church can be adjusted to meet the exigencies arising from particular and peculiar conditions.

We may, therefore, confidently rely upon the Sovereign Pontiff doing all that loving kindness and wisdom will prudently suggest to further one of the great aims of his glorious pontificate, the religious unity of Christendom.

It is our purpose here to sketch in outline the grounds for the position taken in dealing with this subject by the majority of Catholic writers. The arguments may be classed under three general headings, this division being based upon—

1st. The attitude of the Holy See and the Catholic hierarchy, as displayed in the various decisions emanating from Rome, and in the practical application of these in individual cases;

* *Are Anglican Orders Valid?* By J. MacDevitt, D.D., for many years Professor of Ecclesiastical History and the Introduction to Sacred Scripture in Foreign Missionary College, All Hallows, Dublin. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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2d. Upon the facts and uncertainties viewed from an historical stand-point;

3d. Upon theological difficulties arising from the probability of defect in the intention, and in the matter and the form, of the Anglican rite of consecration and ordination.

As soon as Queen Mary ascended the throne a bill was passed by Parliament in November, 1553, for the reunion of the Anglican Church with Rome. Immediately the queen made petition to the pope for a representative of the Holy See who, possessing legatine powers, would adjust ecclesiastical difficulties in England, and restore the church in that country to the position it had held among Catholic nations before the schism of Henry VIII. and the heresy of Edward VI.

Reginald Cardinal Pole, illustrious by his birth—he was a prince of the blood—but more by his learning and holiness, was appointed legate. Froude bears testimony that "his character was irreproachable," and that "in all the virtues of the Catholic Church he walked without spot or stain."

On his advent as plenipotentiary the reconciliation of repentant bishops and priests became a matter of the first importance, and a decision was sought as to the course of procedure to be taken in regard to the clergy who had submitted themselves to the royal mandates during the reign of the late king and that of his father.

Paul IV. instructed his representative in two documents* issued, the one toward the middle, the other in the fall of 1555. His Holiness recognized the validity of the orders of those consecrated and ordained according to the approved form of the church—"*in forma ecclesiæ*"—even in cases where the officiants were schismatics. The bishops and archbishops, however, and those promoted by them to sacred orders, who had not obtained consecration and ordination "*in forma ecclesiæ*," could not be considered as having received orders, and were bound to reordination before exercising any function.

POLICY OF THE CHURCH.

Such a decision, coming from the Holy See in the form of

*"Eos tantum Episcopos et Archiepiscopos qui non in forma ecclesiæ ordinati et consecrati fuerunt, rite et recte ordinatos dici non posse, et propterea personas ab eis ad ordines ipsos promotas, ordines non recepisse sed eosdem ordines a suo ordinario de novo suscipere debere et ad id teneri."

"Alios vero quibus ordines hujusmodi etiam collati fuerunt ab Episcopis et Archiepiscopis in forma ecclesiæ ordinatis et consecratis licet ipsi Episcopi et Archiepiscopi schismatici fuerint . . . recepisse characterem ordinum eis collatorum executione ipsorum ordinum caruisse et propterea tam nostram quam præfati Reginaldi Cardinalis et Legati dispensationem eis concessam eos ad executionem ordinum hujusmodi ita ut in eis et absque eo quod juxta literarum nostrarum prædictarum tenorem ordines ipsos a suo ordinario de novo suscipiunt, libere ministrare possint plene habilitasse sicque ab omnibus censeri.

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a brief, is in itself of great weight in aiding us to reach a judgment in this controversy. For the policy of the church has been to admit the validity of sacraments administered and received by schismatics and heretics when the lack of some essential element has not caused them to be void.

"*Sancta sancte*" is a maxim of ecclesiastical practice to the strict application of which the whole policy of the church, concerning the sacraments of those separated from unity, bears witness.

So adverse has Rome been to having the validity of such sacraments unjustly questioned that she has in some cases forbidden their repetition under severe penalty. Irregularity, for instance, is incurred by the baptizer and the baptized who rashly reiterate the sacrament of baptism because it has been given by a heretic; and punishment would not be long withheld should mistaken and irreverent zeal go the length of repeating other sacraments in cases where there was no room for doubt of their validity.

The Roman Curia evidently at this time was persuaded that serious doubt existed as to the validity of Anglican orders, and adopted the only course by which defect in those orders could be removed.

Moreover, the force of the argument, drawn from the tenor of these instructions, is all the greater when we recall the character of Cardinal Pole and his intimate knowledge of the situation in all its details. A man of deep piety and wide experience, animated by a sincere love of country and of religion, whatever could have been conceded the cardinal would surely have granted. His holiness, his sweetness, his very diplomacy are in evidence as to this. But his decision was unfavorable. His action, therefore, in this matter of vital interest to the English clergy and the English people, was based upon a judgment formed after a full consideration of all the facts, and was prompted by the dictates of an enlightened and upright conscience.

PAPAL UTTERANCES.

These instructions to Cardinal Pole are most important utterances of the Holy See on this subject. Confirmation, moreover, has been given to them in the decision rendered in the case of Dr. Gordon, the Protestant bishop of Galloway, who was received into the Catholic Church in the beginning of the last century. The Holy See was asked for an opinion concerning the orders of this Anglican prelate, and Clement XI. in a decree dated April 17, 1704, decided against their validity.

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Nor should the severe condemnation of M. Le Courayer, canon of St. Geneviève, be overlooked or undervalued in a sincere effort to arrive at the mind of Rome. This learned French ecclesiastic published a treatise in support of the validity of Anglican orders in which he maintained that the rite, as well as the power of conferring holy orders in the Church of England, was sound.

Oxford applauded, and bestowed upon this new champion the degree of doctor of divinity. The royal favor and bounty were displayed in the gift of a considerable pension. But Cardinal De Noailles, Archbishop of Paris and ordinary of the distinguished author, ordered a retractation—which, however, could not be obtained from the canon. All else failing, Benedict XIII., on the 25th of June, 1728, condemned the work as containing propositions which were "false, scandalous, erroneous, and heretical."

This attitude of the Holy See has been emphasized by the universal custom of treating as simple laymen those clergymen of the Church of England who have embraced the Catholic faith.

To such of these converts as desired to enter and were called to the ecclesiastical state the sacraments of confirmation and order have been invariably administered absolutely, and generally even conditional baptism has been received by them. The manifest conclusion from these premises is that the judgment of the church as evidenced in her instructions and practice has hitherto been unfavorable to the Anglican claim. We shall now view the question from the historical stand-point.

NEED OF APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

All who would argue for the validity of Anglican orders are agreed in admitting the necessity of the apostolic succession. Unless he who ministers holy orders has himself received orders from one who is a successor of the apostles, his acts are without effect as far as conferring sacramental power is concerned.

Dr. Parker is confessedly the source whence the orders of the Church of England have been derived. His consecration as a bishop should be, therefore, a matter beyond dispute. No shadow of doubt should rest upon that fact, for even speculative doubt would beget practical certainty as to the defect of apostolic succession.

But is it certain that Matthew Parker was a bishop? We need not concern ourselves now as to his fitness for the office.

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We need not dwell upon his character, nor recall that he was prominent in that group of which Dr. Littledale writes in his lecture on "Innovations," that "documents hidden from the public eye for centuries in the archives of London, Vienna, and Simancas are now rapidly being printed, and every fresh find establishes more clearly the utter scoundrelism of the reformers." Nor is it necessary to know the depth of his degradation in being the creature of Cranmer, "the most abject, servile tool that ever twisted or turned to the winds of royal caprice." Neither need we weigh the doubtful honor that Elizabeth—her father's child, a Tudor from head to foot—was his patron and advanced him to the primatial see in consideration of his services in the capacity of chaplain to Anne Boleyn, her mother, and to herself.

We can ignore, too, his venality in turning his exalted, sacred office—he the reformer, the purifier of doctrine and of practice! —to his own account in a shameless traffic in holy things. We can even forget that Froude says that "he (Parker) had left behind him enormous wealth, which had been accumulated, as is proved from a statement in the handwriting of his successor, by the same unscrupulous practices which had brought about the first revolt against the church. He had been corrupt in the distribution of his own patronage, and he had sold his interest with others. Every year he made profits by admitting children to the cure of souls for money. He used a graduated scale, in which the price for inducting an infant into a benefice varied with the age; children under fourteen not being inadmissible if the adequate fees were forthcoming."

All these things and more to his discredit would not, indeed, have made him less a bishop, nor curtailed his absolute power of exercising his apostolic order had he obtained consecration. But what proof have we that he ever received that plenitude of the priesthood?—what proof that brings with it moral certainty?

PARKER'S CONSECRATION.

In the directions given for the consecration of Archbishop Parker it was laid down that the order of King Edward's book should be used, and that letters-patent should "be directed to any other archbishop within the king's dominions. If all be vacant, to four bishops, to be appointed by the queen's letters-patent." Lord Burleigh wrote, "There is no archbishop nor four bishops now to be had." The Catholic bishops were in prison or in exile.

Had the Catholic hierarchy of England acquiesced in the

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design of Queen Elizabeth to make her bishops "something like" the Catholic bishops of the rest of Christendom, and "yet different"; had they assented to her claim of supremacy, Dr. Parker would have had no difficulty in finding a consecrator. But all, save the aged Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, positively refused to take the oath of supremacy, and it is doubtful whether even he took it. The last we hear of him is that he hesitated. He could not make up his mind to sign, although he was willing to obey in so far as to administer the oath to others.

Let his feebleness of mind and body be his excuse. His brethren of the bishop's bench chose prison or exile rather than submission. And the royal hand fell heavily upon them because they preferred to obey God rather than man. "The Marian bishops," writes Bishop Jewel in February, 1562, "are still confined in the Tower, and going on in their old way. They are an obstinate and untamed set of men, but are nevertheless subdued by terror and the sword." The only lawful bishop at liberty was, therefore, Dr. Kitchen, but it is certain that he refused to consecrate Dr. Parker. Richard Creagh, Primate of all Ireland, was a prisoner at the time in the Tower, and an offer of freedom is said to have been made to him if he would but act as consecrator; but this prelate also indignantly declined.

The difficulty, however, is supposed to have been removed by William Barlow, Bishop elect of Chichester. The Lambeth register has an entry showing that Dr. Parker was consecrated on Sunday, December 17, 1559, in the palace chapel by Bishop Barlow, assisted by John Scorey, elect of Hereford, John Hodgkins, Suffragan of Bedford, and Miles Coverdale, of Exeter.

This record, it has been maintained, is a forgery. The register was only unearthed in 1613, fifty years and more after the date of the elevation of Parker to the throne of Canterbury. During the fierce controversy waged over the fact of his consecration in the years immediately following the announcement of it in 1559, when the story of the ceremony at the Nag's Head was flaunted in the face of the adherents of the reformation, there is a rather suspicious silence as to this register. What more effectual answer than this record could there have been to the pamphlet of John Hollywood, with its detailed account purporting to come from an eye-witness?

Although the kingdom was filled with rumors that the mockery so circumstantially narrated in the pamphlet had taken

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place; although the statements made therein were accepted by a large portion of the public as true; although the publication of the consecration did not satisfy a large number who persisted in calling the bishops of the new order of things "parliament bishops"; still the all-important record was not produced until fifty years had passed away. Viewed as a historical event, is Parker's consecration, then, so sure that the orders of a whole church may safely rest upon him?

Even if the Nag's Head consecration be a myth, and the forgery of the Lambeth register an invention of heated controversy, is it yet certain that Archbishop Parker was indeed a bishop of apostolic succession? What does it avail the Anglican claim that Parker trampled under foot canons of general councils and forced his way through broken laws to the seat of St. Augustine? What if the bishop who enthroned him was himself no bishop? And who consecrated Barlow? And what did Barlow care about consecration at best? William Barlow is the link between the old order and new in the Church of England, and his power to transmit the apostolic succession should be beyond question if the Anglican claim would stand.

WAS BARLOW EVER CONSECRATED?

Parker's claim to consecration is upheld by the Lambeth register, but no official record whatever gives support to Barlow. Authentic history knows not the day nor the hour of his consecration. Cranmer's record is silent, documentary evidence is absent, credible testimony is wanting. The most material fact in the argument for Anglican orders is doubtful because the consecration of Barlow is not proved. A bishop elect exercises jurisdiction after he has presented his bulls to the administrator of his see, but he remains what he was previous to his election, as far as the power of order is concerned.

It is certain that Barlow was a monk, a priest, a bishop elect. That he was consecrated still remains to be proved. Barlow's antecedents make proof imperative in his case. A negative argument drawn from the absence of a record would not have great weight had the "elect of Chichester" been a man of Catholic mind. But Barlow was an Erastian in doctrine. "If the king's grace," he said, "being supreme head of the Church of England, did choose, denominate, and elect any layman, being learned, to be a bishop, that layman would be as good a bishop as himself or the best in England."

He lived by the breath of his sovereign's nostrils. After the king had "studied better," and changed his mind concern-

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ing the Papal supremacy in favor of which he had written in 1521, and, as Mr. Brewer says, had set up "a headship without a precedent and at variance with all tradition," he looked about for instruments to aid him in effecting his purpose of separating the English Church from the centre of unity. Barlow become on a sudden a most zealous Protestant, was named first Bishop of St. Asaph, then of St. David's, and later of the richer See of Bath and Wells.

Here his gratitude to his master nearly cost him his head. It occurred to him that the king would be pleased with a series of tracts ridiculing the Mass, Purgatory, and other leading Catholic doctrines. But instead of meriting praise for his devotion to the new religion, he aroused the wrath of the king, who was no lover of heresies except those of his own devising. Barlow saved his life and his see by an abject apology and retractation as fulsome in professions of attachment to the ancient church as he had been lavish in abuse of her doctrines in his tracts. When Queen Mary ascended the throne he found it convenient to depart into Germany, where he remained until Elizabeth began to reign. Then he returned to England and was made the "elect of Chichester." His irreverent and shifty character was so notorious that even his associates in heresy could place no reliance upon him.

Do we ask too much when we demand proof of the consecration of one so Erastian, so vacillating, so steeped in German Protestantism? Are not Anglicans unfortunate in the link so necessary in the chain? Barlow expressed himself as content with the king's appointment to a see, and there is no evidence he ever sought more than the royal favor or asked or obtained episcopal consecration. Yet this evidence is absolutely necessary to remove doubt.

No man was ever fairer to an adversary than Cardinal Newman, none more ready to admit a solid argument advanced by an opponent than he. Yet he has written of the Anglican Church: "As to its possession of episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decided, I will believe it as being a decision of a higher judgment than my own; but for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, who saw the sacerdotal character on the head of a gaily attired youngster, before I can by my own wit acquiesce in it."

In a subsequent article the theological grounds of the Anglican claims will be considered.

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THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT CITY.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

THE peregrinatory character of New York is now well established. In a land where houses are sometimes built on wheels it is not considered wonderful that a city should be constantly shifting its ground. Mountains often take it into their heads to look out for new camping sites. In Ireland the bogs frequently display a similar proclivity. To be stationary means to stagnate, and that is not the American habit. When we wax fat we like to kick and to get plenty of room to do it.

We are now beholding a phase of New York development. It is worth beholding, for probably ere another generation shall have come it will have vanished, and something more marvellous taken its place. In some countries it is said vegetation is so energetic that you can see and hear the grass growing. New York is built much after that fashion. You can see the city on the move, and springing up as it goes along.

When it was in the protoplasmic state the city was content with the few yards of ground below the Bowling-green. The Indians outside the palisading could hurl a javelin across the

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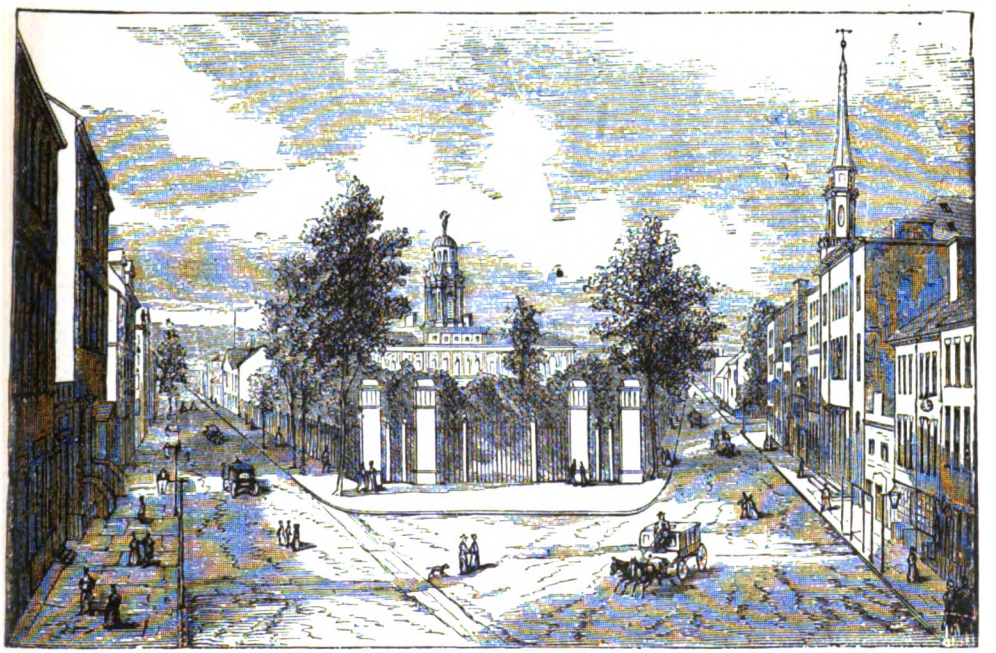
whole establishment. New Amsterdam did not ambition to own the earth, but the Saturnian reign of the Van Corlears and the Stuyvesants came to an end when the horde of English, Irish, and Scotch began to pour into the island of Manna-hata. Where stood the forest primeval now stand the serried ranks of the sky-scrapers, and the noble red man is only to be seen in front of the cigar-stores. With the change of name New York has gone in for "everything in sight," and now wants more as well. It is presently busy at work hammering out its scheme of enlarged city government, and its greatest difficulty probably will be the finding of a new name. It has not been happy hitherto in its nomenclature. Borrowing names from the old world is decidedly stupid and un-American. The aboriginal name, Manhattan, was euphony compared with New Amsterdam; while New York suffers from a redundancy of liquid



CITY HALL PARK FIFTY YEARS AGO.

vowels. As for the stop-gap, Greater New York, it is not for a moment to be thought of. After all, there is something in a name. Our greatest city ought to be called after our greatest man, but, unfortunately, another capital less great already claims the coveted title.

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There is absolutely no parallel for the rate of expansion of this great city. London has spread steadily out year by year, but New York leaps into the heart of the country again and again, taking strides with seven-league boots, so to speak, and

ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S TREE.

laying down urban lines in places which were yesterday daisy-prinked meadows or rugged stretches of rocky wilderness. But it is not alone an expansion which is going on in New York; it is a transformation. It is curious to look at a print of New York, or its outskirts, of, say, fifty years ago, and contrast the buildings then standing with those which are being put up to-day. Everywhere it was the mean-looking, ugly wooden shanty perched on top of a hill, very often to make its bare ugliness the more conspicuous. To-day the hill is levelled and the

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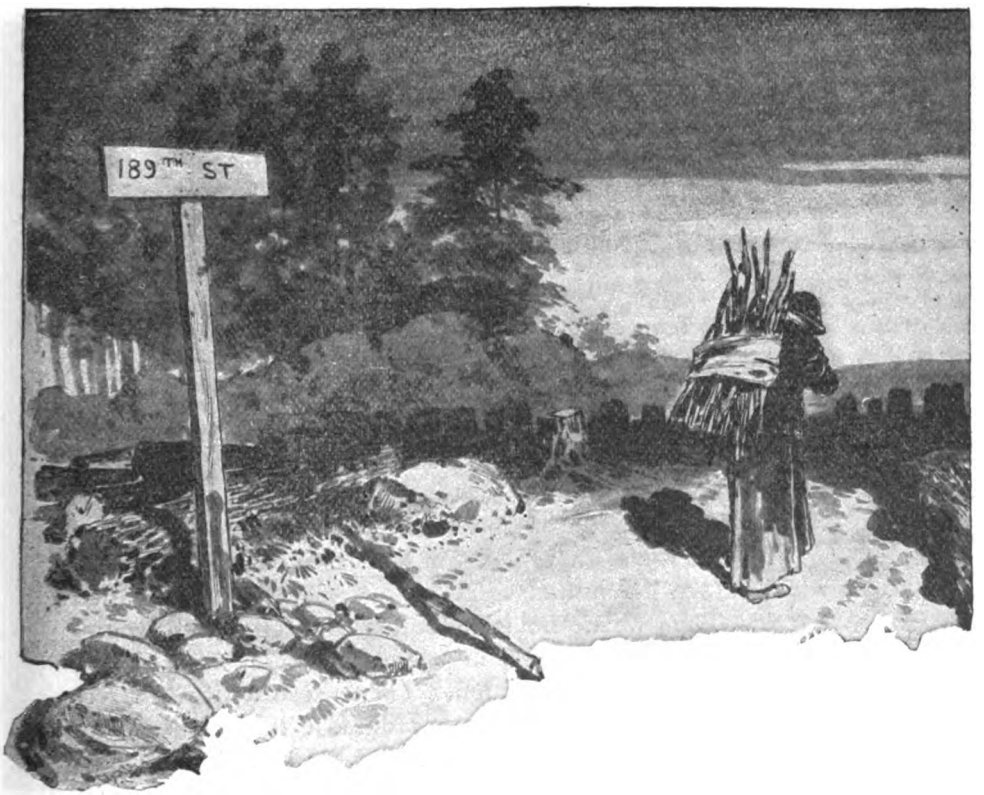
houses are immense and imposing in architectural style. The country is being levelled as the city is being built. This is altogether a modern idea. In the old days it never occurred to men to level hills where they wanted to build a city; they simply built on them.

If this plan secured the quality of picturesqueness, it did not contribute toward the facilitating of business. Business is the *raison d'être* of a city; and the American idea of placing this view before all others is perfectly in accordance with the historical side of the question. From the æsthetic side, too,



WEAK BEGINNINGS.

there is something to be urged on behalf of the level plain as a site for a great metropolis. The splendid vistas and stately lengths which delight the eye, even where the broad thoroughfares are swarming with people and throbbing with commerce, are impossible in a city of billowy surface. Cities perched on precipitous rocks suggest banditti and mediæval insecurity. We

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like to flatter ourselves that these accompaniments of urban and suburban life are things of the past, though our daily paper tells us we are only hugging a pleasing delusion.

It is not to be forgotten that the first recorded visit of a white man to the shores of Manhattan was that of a gentleman connected with an enterprising firm of corsairs. He was a navigator and traveller of some note, named Verrazano. Whether he joined the pirate ship from necessity or from predilection is matter for conjecture. His ship entered the waters of the bay in the year 1524, and he sent some boats up the Hudson, where his men found a kindly reception from the Indians along the banks. Despite this mistaken hospitality, the Indians were left alone until 1611, when the Dutch, having heard of the fine bay and river, and the furry denizens of their shores, from Henry Hudson, sent out two commissioners, named Block and Christiansen, to establish a trade with the red men. They began operations at Albany, by building a fort which they called Nassau; and then they set up a cluster of log huts at the southern end of Manhattan, at the spot marked now by No. 45 Broadway; and thus the tradition that Albany takes precedence of New York may be traced to a veritable source. Other great cities have their origin clouded in legendary uncertainty; New York is above all such adventitious aids to distinction. She is a matter-of-fact American lady who discards rouge and face-powder, and is content to stand on her own good looks and a well-defined respectable parentage.

It was Commissioner Block who seems to have discovered that Nassau, or Albany, was not the place, after all, for the planting of a city and a trade, for he was not long in New Amsterdam before he built a tight little vessel which he called *The Restless*. Thus were the foundations of a city and a commerce laid at the same time, in a very modest way, by the shrewd and enterprising Dutchmen. Then arose a tiny fortress to protect the trade of New Amsterdam, a log-house where the Battery, or rather the Aquarium, now stands. The Dutch government granted a charter to a couple of trading companies, and these brought out some immigrants. Then came a governor, Peter Minuit, and it is to be observed that his first official act was to go through the formality of buying the island from the natives. The price paid for Manhattan was exactly twenty-four dollars, or beads and other gimcracks to that amount. This policy was always followed by the Dutch settlers in their dealings with the Indians, and it was success-

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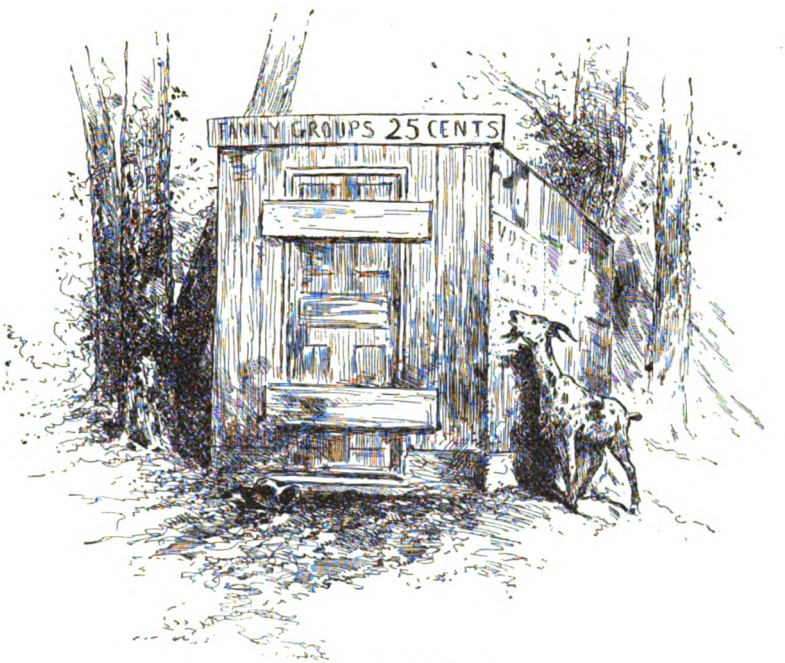
ful in throwing the guileless natives off their guard. Other Dutchmen came, with whom the Indians found it necessary to deal *vi et armis*, and matters grew so hot about New Amsterdam that the governor was compelled to import troops from Holland, erect a stone wall across the island, and fortify his



AN OLD-TIME "STORE."

position generally. New Amsterdam, however, was not satisfied to be cooped up in a corner thus, and even under Dutch rule it gradually began to dispute the title of the four-footed bears who then prowled in the region of Wall Street and the wolves of the non-usurious species who made night hideous along the lines of Broadway and the Bowery. Even the Dutch had a faint glimmering of the splendid possibilities of the place, for it is on record that the merchants of old Amsterdam, at a Chamber meeting, prophesied of the new city that when its ships rode upon every ocean numbers then looking with eager eyes toward it would be tempted to embark to settle there.

But no increase of note took place in the new settlement, such as to give hope of the accuracy of this vaticination, until the year 1663. Then Great Britain, by one of those superb strokes of thievery which raise the corsairship of Verrazano to the dignity of a great imperial policy, suddenly put in an

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appearance in New York and told the Dutch commander to "git." Governor Stuyvesant, seeing in the act nothing of a commercial nature such as gave the Dutch their title—not even an offer of recompense for the twenty-four dollars' worth of beads and buttons—said he would rather be carried out dead than submit; but, as his martial spirit was not shared in by the burghers, he was forced to give up the fort and retire to his Sabine farm on the Bowery. There was no law of nations strong enough at that time to punish Great Britain for this

WAIT FOR THE BLAST.

piece of buccaneering, but there was something germinating in the garden of the future that might have consoled Governor Stuyvesant as he indignantly smoked his pipe in his Bowery plaisance. There was to be a day of reckoning. Even-handed justice, a hundred years after, commended the poisoned chalice

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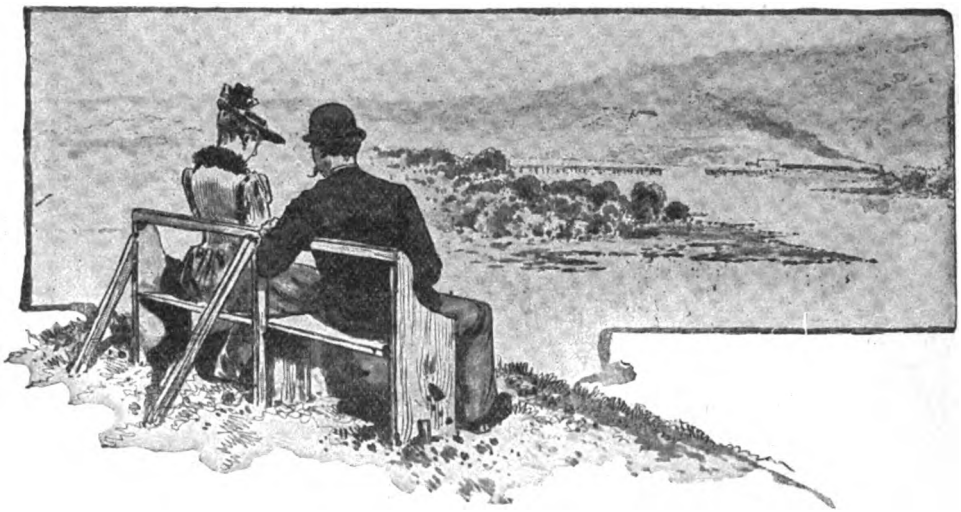
to her own lips, when every inch of territory claimed on this continent by Great Britain was transferred by the law of conquest to the free American people.

At the close of the War of Independence New York stretched up as far as the City Hall Park. Beyond this boundary lay a common on which stood an alms-house, a house of correction, and a gallows. There was no City Hall there then;



AT FORT GEORGE.

the older building stood at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, and it was there that Washington was sworn in as first President of the United States. Where the present City Hall stands he had, thirteen years before, in the centre of a square of American bayonets, had the Declaration of Independence read to the public and the citizen army by an aide-de-camp who had a good pair of lungs. New York lost no time in starting out on its own account, in imitation of all the colonies, from that day.

Beyond the Common lay the vast semi-feudal estates of the great Dutch millionaires, the Patroons. At Astor Place the upper end of Broadway came to a dead stop, being crossed at right angles by the high wall of the Randall farm; but the inhabited part of the thoroughfare did not extend beyond Anthony Street. There was no wharfage on the East River shore beyond Rutgers Street, nor at the North River beyond Harrison Street. Greenwich Village stood where Greenwich Avenue now winds, and Chelsea Village around the region of

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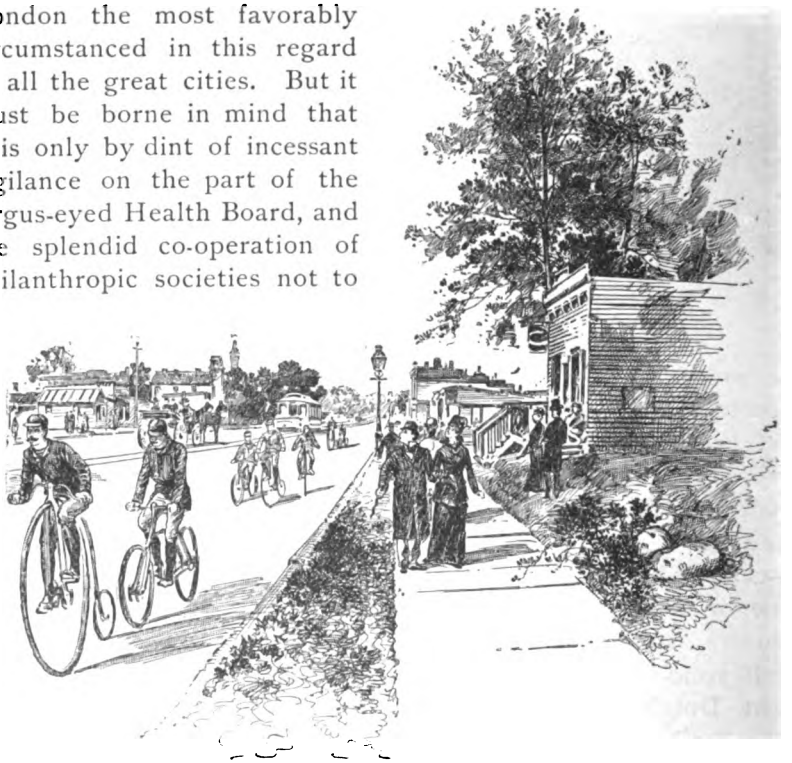
West Twenty-third Street. About where Central Park now smiles there lay a couple of other villages fresh in the memory of many still living—Bloomingdale and Yorkville. In 1830 the population of the city was 202,000; the returns of the last census nearly twice quintupled that number.

But the enormous expansion of the city which we are now daily witnessing did not really begin until some fifty years ago. Then immigration came with a rush; and ever since the ever-increasing volume of it resulted in some very undesirable architectural conditions. With all the evils of overcrowding and privation of air and light, the Board of Health has kept up the fight against disease so well that New York's death-rate now reaches only to about twenty-two per one thousand persons annually, being next to London the most favorably circumstanced in this regard of all the great cities. But it must be borne in mind that it is only by dint of incessant vigilance on the part of the Argus-eyed Health Board, and the splendid co-operation of philanthropic societies not to be matched for zeal and efficiency outside New York, that this gratifying condition for the public weal is maintained. We must not forget that should we be visited by a dangerous epidemic, and should this laudable state of vigilance be relaxed



ON THE UPPER BOULEVARD.

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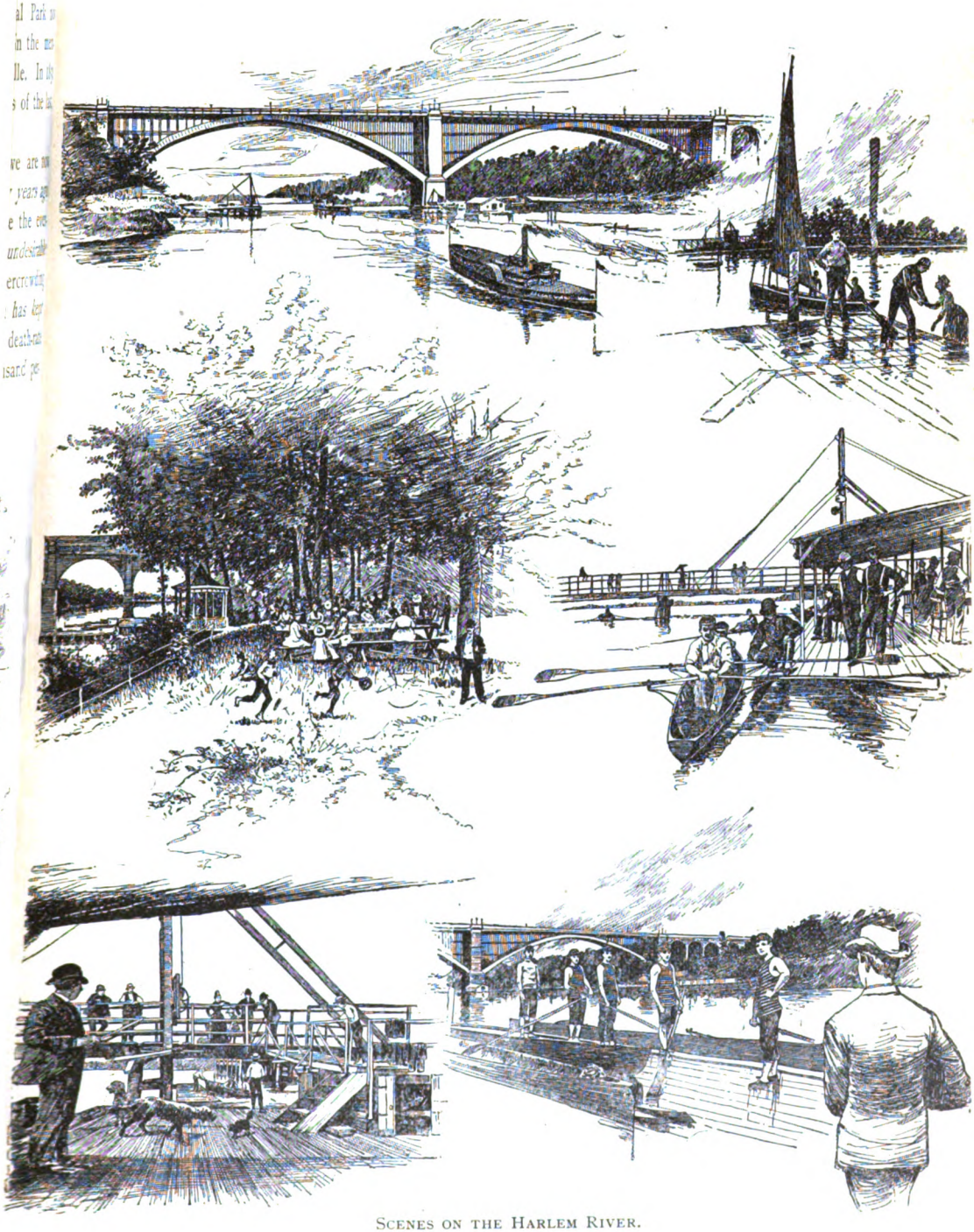

SCENES ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

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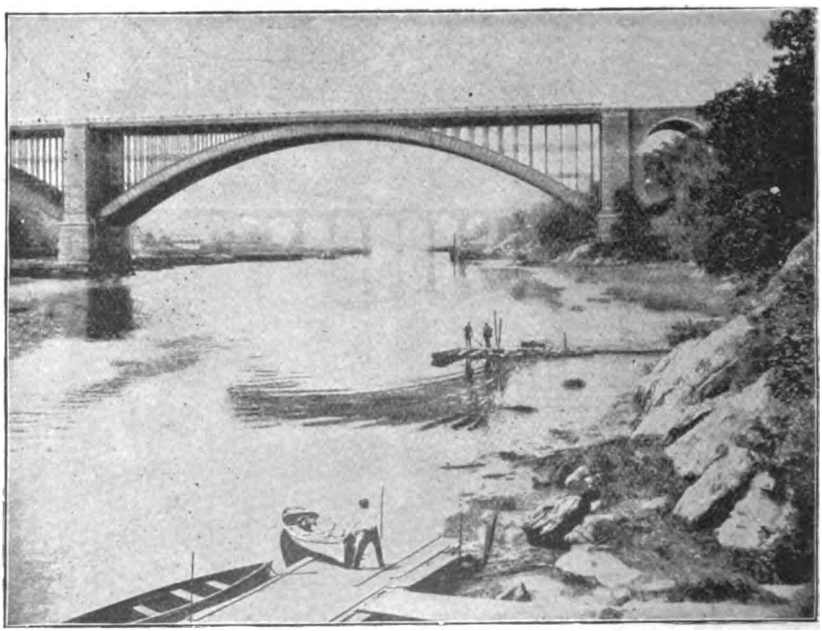
for a moment, there exist conditions such as must render whole districts an easy prey to pestilence.

In a former article some of the evils of the tenement-house system were, all too feebly perhaps, endeavored to be pointed out. These evils still exist. The building of tenement-houses goes on incessantly, and the same stupid policy of covering almost the whole of the available ground with the dwelling-fabric is being obstinately pursued. There is no city in the world outside where the children are driven into the streets as they are in New York, through the horrible greed of the speculating landlords. All the side streets and less frequented avenues literally swarm with children young and old, after the day's schooling and the day's work is over. They are the plague of existence to the passers-by and the store-keepers, but it is not the children's fault. They have nowhere to play but in the street. There is a constant interfiltration thus going on between the vicious children and those who do not belong to the vicious classes. Parents have no safeguards for their



WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

children after school hours. The best of them are perfectly helpless as long as this unnatural system of driving those children into the street is persevered in. It is worthy only of a barbarous people.

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Will it be too much to hope that this grave and most perturbing subject may be considered now that New York has begun a new and mighty stage in her municipal development? The barons at Runnymede had hardly a more onerous work on hand than they in drawing up the new charter for the metropolis of the New World. Their powers under the State Con-

MANHATTANVILLE BEFORE THE FIRE.

stitution are, saving the general laws of the States Federation, plenary. Will they, while respecting the rights of landlords and millionaire speculators, remember that the people whom that class has so ruthlessly trodden under foot have the right to live as decent human beings? Will they remember that there is a higher law than that of private right, the interest of the public safety and the collective conscience of a Christian community, which demands that the process of undoing the work of the school and the church be no longer suffered to go on nightly in the swarming side streets of New York?

In the deep-rooted antipathy of the people to the principle of paternalism in government lies the great opportunity of the acute trafficker in human misery. In the great cities of England, the efforts of the philanthropist to provide decent housing for the people having proved insufficient, recourse was freely had to municipal and governmental powers. Modern legislation has given much freedom to municipal bodies in borrowing public money at nominal interest for the erection of artisans' dwellings, public baths, libraries, reading-rooms, etc. Under the operation of this salutary sort of "paternalism," as it is not very appropriately called, the change which has come over the conditions of living in most of the great English and Scottish cities is little short of magical. Miles upon miles of pretty

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suburban houses, with trim gardens front and rear, make the outskirts of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places delightful to the eye and gratifying to the heart. Looking at these places, and contrasting them with the surroundings of the working population in the Black Country, or the same manufacturing towns only a brief while ago, one cannot help exclaiming: "Here is civilization at last—here wisdom!" Want of space has hitherto been the excuse for the abominable pest-inviting overcrowding of New York. Want of space cannot stand much longer as a plea. The area now swept into the ambit of New York is immense. How to utilize it all will be the problem now. And it is to be most earnestly hoped that the first attention of the commission shall be de-

AMSTERDAM AVENUE.

voted to this vital question of domiciles for the toilers. The munificent benefactors who supplied Rome with water were deemed worthy of divine honors by the people. Those who shall solve the problem of the decent housing of the population of New York will deserve to live in grateful remembrance no less than the Trajans and the Antonines.

Inseparable from this problem, and not less pressing in its

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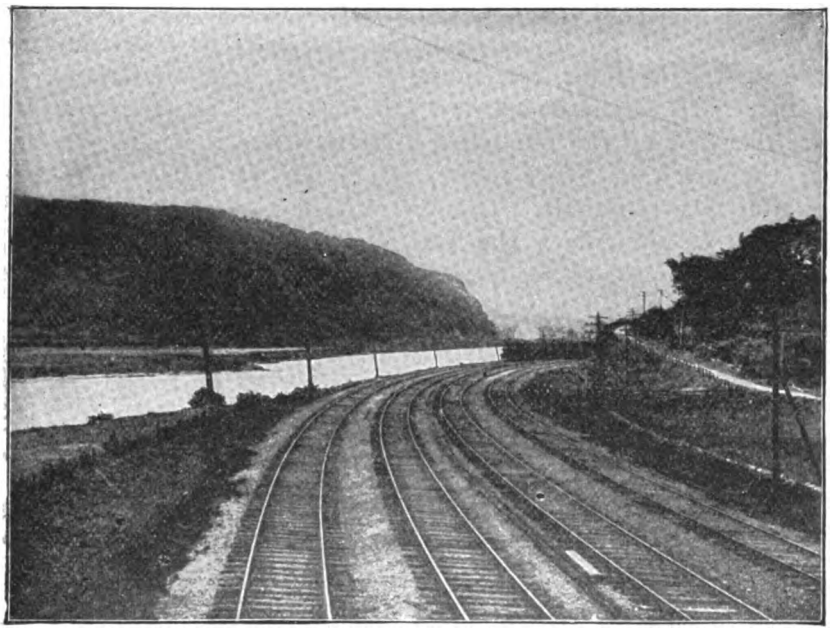
urgency, is that of transit over the whole metropolitan area. Here the question of paternalism *versus* monopoly comes sharply in. A step has been taken in the direction of wise paternalism by the vote of the people for the construction of a rapid tran-



ROAD, RAIL, AND RIVER.

sit system, but law has been enabled to save monopoly for the present by neutralizing the popular will. We might usefully take a lesson from other places. "They manage this matter better in France."

Under a Republican government the city of Paris is allowed to have its economic affairs administered by the municipality, save in regard to its fire department. The *pompiers*, being all military men, are under the general rules of military service. But apart from this, the municipality is the authority in all public matters. It regulates the intra-mural railway and omnibus charges and the car fares, and lays down the routes for all lines of traffic. For convenience and cheapness of transportation there is no city better arranged than the gay French capital. Around the whole city runs the ceinture railway, forming a pretty regular circle, and the street-car lines operate inside of this like the spokes of a wheel, so to speak. Three centimes is the fare for the outside of these cars, four inside. By the

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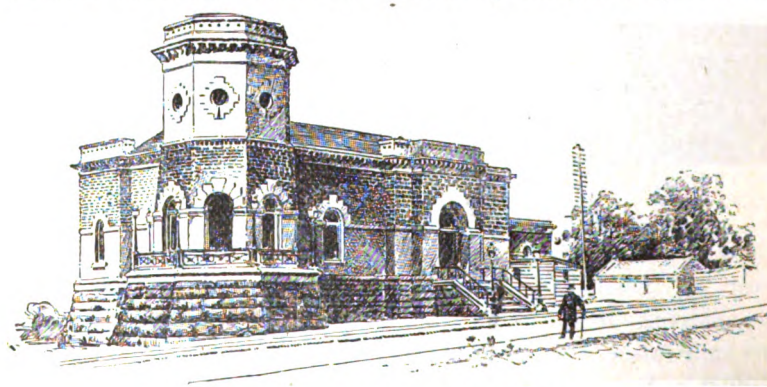
system of *correspondances*—that is, transfer tickets—a passenger can travel the whole day upon the various street-car lines, if he need to do so, for the one fare. On the Seine there is a splendid service of swift steamers called the Hirondelles. On these the fare to all points around the city is five centimes, be the distance small or great. The surface cars and the steamboats are worked by the same company, and they have no choice in the matter of fares, for these are fixed and unalterable. So with regard to the coach and cab service. The fares for these are dictated by the municipal authority, and it is the provision of the law that every *cocher*, on taking up a passenger, shall exhibit his fare-table. This is an inflexible rule, and any infraction of it involves the loss of the *cocher's* license without power of appeal or recovery. At least such was the state of affairs in Paris a few years ago.

In London the question of transportation for its teeming millions has been solved by private enterprise. The vast network of the underground railway system connects with the countless suburban lines at convenient points, and by this means



CROTON AQUEDUCT GATE-HOUSE.

the great bulk of the suburban population find facilities for coming and going to their daily work. Street cars are not permitted save in the outlying thoroughfares, but there is a perfect multitude of 'busses and swarms of cabs. The omnibuses number probably twelve or thirteen thousand. The fares on all these are exceedingly low, going down even to one half-penny—that is to say, a cent. For a half-penny one gets a ride of half a mile, across Westminster or Waterloo Bridge. From all the central railway termini there are penny fares by which the traveller can reach any place within a couple of miles. Two pence is the usual fare for a journey of from four

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to five miles, and three pence for the most distant suburbs, on street car or omnibus. On the Thames the steamer service is most convenient, and quite as attractive in point of cheapness. There is no reason why the Hudson and the East River should not be utilized quite as freely as the Seine, the Thames, and the Mersey for the relief of the crowded traffic of New York.

The framers of a charter cannot alter the methods and tastes of a people, nor lay down a policy in government. In mechanical aids to living Americans justly pride themselves as not being behind the age, and the modes of transportation in Paris and London might not be entitled to a first place in their regard. But there may be something in the systems on which the important question of transportation is daily solved in those and other great cities which ought not to be above their consideration. The zonal system in Austria-Hungary ought, too, to be inquired into. So much depends upon an enlightened solution of the problem in connection with our new start in municipal life, that every means of settling it wisely ought to be taken ere a decision be come to. So finely interwoven is the morality of a great population with the facts of their material life and their physical atmosphere, that those who lay down the lines of government for a vast metropolis are charged with a responsibility little inferior to that devolving on the guardians of its spiritual interests.

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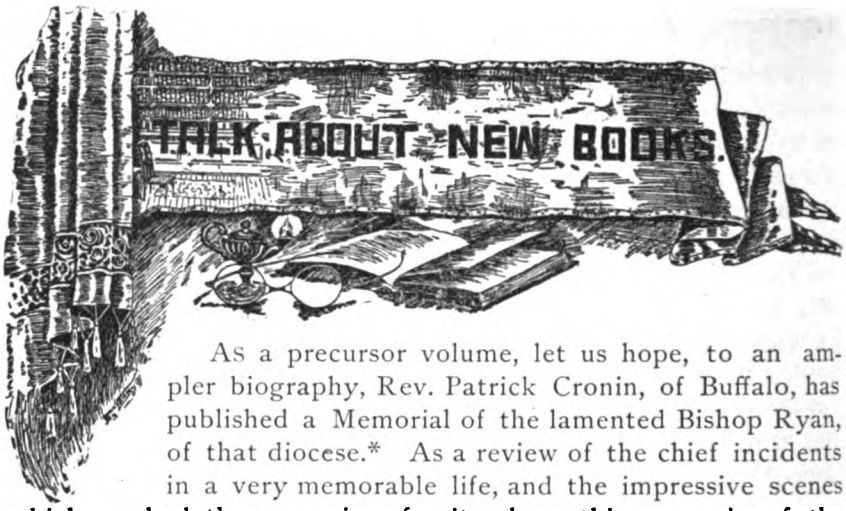

As a precursor volume, let us hope, to an ampler biography, Rev. Patrick Cronin, of Buffalo, has published a Memorial of the lamented Bishop Ryan, of that diocese.* As a review of the chief incidents in a very memorable life, and the impressive scenes which marked the mourning for its close, this souvenir of the great bishop will be welcomed by the Catholic public. But Father Cronin does not offer us the work by any means as a biography. Even the powers of a graceful and mellifluous pen could never present a life so long bound up with the spiritual and intellectual development of a great progressive diocese, in an age of marvellous growth, within the compass of six score pages. Into the details of the deceased prelate's daily life—those details that make up the sum of our earthly travail, but are, after all, only the filling in of noble outlines and majestic purposes—he does not take the reader. But he sketches, in a few easy, graphic numbers, the salient features of an episcopate which was coincident with the rapid rise of his diocesan capital into a splendid city, a hive of manly industry, and a centre of warm Catholic piety. The many beautiful portraits and plates of ecclesiastical and charitable buildings with which the volume is interspersed give proof of the highest skill in the engraving and machine departments of the publishing firm; and it ought to be added that the typography and bookbinding are equally creditable.

Cardinal Satolli, in whose mission to this country the departed prelate took a most active interest, has given his warm commendation to this souvenir work, and hopes that the lessons of a great life which it sets before the world may find the appreciation of a wide circle of readers.

The history of Armenia under Turkish rule is a necessary

* *Memorial of the Life and Labors of Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, D.D., C.M., second Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y.* By Rev. Patrick Cronin, LL.D. Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Catholic Publication Company.

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thing to-day; too much cannot be done to enlighten the world on the enormities which the Sultan and Lord Salisbury are endeavoring to hide away. But we do not like to see that history presented in a way which seems intended to provoke religious controversy. This, it appears to us, the new work on Armenia,* by Rev. George H. Filian, an Armenian priest, is eminently calculated to do. He presents us with a number of statements concerning the origin and status of the schismatic Armenian Church which are remarkable for their ingenious suppression of the truth, as well as for their bold presentation of truth's antithesis. The phrase "Nestorian heresy" is never mentioned in the brief sketch of church history contained in the book. But this bold attempt at suppression is a trifle compared with the clumsy inconsistencies which are embodied in some of the positive statements. Gregory the Illuminator is relied on as the founder of the church in Armenia, and it is then asserted that the church he founded was an independent and separate body, as much as the Greek or the Roman Catholic Church. To perpetrate this bungling misstatement the writer is compelled to invert the historical order of things. There was but one church when Gregory started on his mission, and that had its head in Rome. It was with an apostolic approbation from Rome in his pocket that the great missionary set out upon his task. The designations Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic did not come into use until many centuries after the foundation of the Armenian branch of the church; but the result of the Nestorian schism certainly justifies the author in claiming for his church the distinction of being the first "Protestant" one. A characteristic mark of the church to which the author belongs, he endeavors to show, is an indifference on the subject of dogmatic theology. Its bishops avoided such difficulties as the dual nature of the Saviour and the procession of the Holy Ghost by saying they were of no importance; "they did not care"—these are his words—whence the Holy Spirit proceeded. It is enough to provoke a smile, after this admission, to find the author boasting that he studied theology in three different universities. When bishops "have no use" for theology, it looks a little odd to find priests wasting their valuable youth over the subject.

Referring to the Armenian Catholicos, the author says "he is considered to be fallible," being removable, if not found satis-

* *Armenia and Her People.* By the Rev. George H. Filian. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company

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factory, by the mixed episcopal and lay body who elect him; but "he is a presiding bishop." This assertion is suggestive of a dim perception that infallibility ought to be a characteristic of "an independent church," but when a fixed theology is of no consequence, the function of infallibility must necessarily seem a superfluous attribute. And yet it seems, after all Mr. Filian's mosaic of explanations is got through, that under the pretence of no theology he has been treating us to some remarkable specimens of a new and startling departure in that science.

Other strange things there are in this history that do not help to raise our respect for the type of Armenian character which the author represents. His adulation for everything English and Protestant would seem to make him out as of the Scotch-Irish breed rather than the astute oriental; while his rabies against Catholicism is as pronounced as that of the most red-hot follower of the arch-traducer Traynor. Perhaps this is his idea of good gospel Christianity in practice. Considering the fact that it is Protestant England which has permitted and encouraged the sultan to butcher and outrage his countrymen and countrywomen, the admonition to "love your enemies" is carried to the point of sublimity by this patriotic Armenian cleric.

A distinctive mark of the poetry of the late Robert Louis Stevenson was a striving at laconism. We say striving, for the workmanship of his poems required careful selection in the materials. Monosyllabics and diphthongal tools were his chief delight, the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon strains in the English tongue yielding him the richest materials. This predilection, and a certain habit of fantastic play of fancy, at times disdainful of congruity or fitness, proclaim the connoisseur in phraseology rather than the spontaneous poet. In the desire to avoid redundancy, plainly evident in all his verse, the effect is to lend an appearance of primness and Calvinistic severity to his work—as though his Muse preferred an octagonal lyre to one whose sides revealed the line of beauty and the richness of appropriate ornamentation. The offset for this trait was the wonderfully fecund power of fancy and the recondite lore of many lands with which the wandering novelist's mind was freighted. In a new issue of his poetical works (containing some forty pieces in addition to those in the previous edition) we discern the irregularity of power and the inequality of work

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due, no doubt, in part, to a too great solicitude for uniformity in quantity of his word-materials, and to an inequality in the writer's own mental moods, which he to some extent confesses in the after-word (if this phrase be a correct one in the new literary jargon) at the end of the volume.* Nor can the reader fail to notice an inequality in the writer's spiritual strivings as well. Whatever Stevenson's early impressions of religion, this side of his nature appears to have suffered a metamorphosis in the course of his long Odyssey. Doubt and cynicism mark his expressions on the working of Divine Providence at times; again, we find whole-souled confession of the duty of the human soul to rely on God's goodness while nobly doing that which comes to one's hands to do—the true note of the brave Christian pilgrim. Anon, despite his chivalrous defence of the Catholic priest against his own narrow-minded and selfish Calvinistic co-religionists, we find him venting his feelings against the monastic life in a poem that might have been expected of the age of John Knox rather than that of Montalembert. This is the only case in which we find any trace of the microscopic mind and the ungenerous surmise at things not fully intelligible even to the poetical mind which we find in Stevenson.

Perhaps his most pleasing poetical work is to be found in the part of the volume called "A Child's Garden of Verse." Very delicate and quaint-sounding echoes from elfin-land seem to quiver in many of these shells culled from the boundless shore of fancy, but yet not so catchy for the youthful heart as the work of that great past-master, Eugene Field. Still they are more natural—more like the rhymes which real children sing and the odd fears and fancies with which the little budding mind is packed. Here are a couple of typical examples:

WINDY NIGHTS.

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long, in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.
Late in the night, when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,

* *Poems and Ballads.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

PIRATE STORY.

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,
The wicket is the harbor and the garden is the shore.

Perhaps the work of the maturer sort most free from the "pale cast of thought" and pessimistic melancholy is a fine piece of blank verse called "Not Yet, My Soul":

Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
Where thou with grass, and rivers, and the breeze,
And the bright face of day, thy dalliance hadst;
Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds;
Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.
The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve intwined;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done!
A bond at birth is forged; a debt doth lie
Immortal on mortality. It grows—
By vast rebound it grows, unceasing growth;
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,
From man, from God, from nature, till the soul
At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.

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Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit! and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleaguered; whether soon
Or late she fall; whether to-day thy friends
Bewail thee dead, or after years, a man
Grown old in honor and the friend of peace.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours;
Each is with service pregnant; each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign.
As when a captain rallies to the fight
His scattered legions, and beats ruin back,
He, on the field, encamps, well pleased in mind.
Yet surely him shall fortune overtake,
Him smite in turn, headlong his ensigns drive;
And that dear land, now safe, to-morrow fall.
But he, unthinking, in the present good
Solely delights, and all the camps rejoice.

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. vol. viii. of *Pepys' Diary*.* The author, for some reason not yet ascertained, abruptly laid down his pen at the conclusion of this volume, just at the point where it was beginning to become most valuable from an historical point of view, owing to the trend of events at the time, and the intimate knowledge of the inner life of those who swayed the political world in England. Pepys himself furnishes a reason for the discontinuance of his short-hand notes, in the failing condition of his eye-sight; but in the same passage he intimates his intention of continuing his narrative in long-hand by the help of others, but on a more reserved basis, leaving room for marginal commentary by himself, in short-hand. But this design, there is reason to believe, he never carried out; at least no trace of any such record is as yet forthcoming. It was the author's intention to write a history of the Navy, owing to the great facilities his position at the Admiralty afforded him; and this design, too, he seems to have relinquished for some good reason. In the present volume there are two excellent plates in mezzotint—a copy of Greenhill's portrait of the ill-favored debauchee, Charles II., and one of the cicerone who introduced him to the English Parlia-

* *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S.* Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. viii. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan & Co.

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ment on the occasion history has made memorable—George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. An astute, stolid man, by the way, the same duke looks in his portrait; and his costume reveals his character. It consists of the buff surcoat of the Roundhead, with plain leathern sword-belt, with the puffed and gold-braided sleeves of the Cavalier, frilled lace collar and cuffs, and rich ducal ribbon and ornamented baldric. In his hand he grasps a marshal's *bâton*, with which, from the serious and calculating cast of his face and the arm's pose, one might think he were acting as the leader of an orchestra. Perhaps the great Lely intended to be slyly satirical in this famous portrait.

The next volume of the series will be filled with matter complementary to the Diary, and a memorandum on the author's pedigree.

In a work called *Nature of an Universe of Life** we have a striking proof of the durability of the human brain under the severest tension that a study of scientific formulæ and the subtleties of the profoundest logic can apply to its machinery. The scientific nomenclature in it would require a large glossary; the plain language is put to such uses as demand a profound study. So far as we have been enabled to form a conception of the author's purpose, one of his objects was to prove that man is a product of Nature, mind and body. The Greeks before Plato believed something like this; men and women were with them *autocthones*—animate things that sprang from the earth—male or female according as the pebbles were thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha, after the Deluge. A fruitless endeavor to follow this bewildering product of a morbid pseudo-science suggests, indeed, from its countless variations upon the string of Nature, the complaint of Hamlet:

> ". . . and we, poor fools of Nature,
> So horribly to shake our dispositions
> With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

We derive a vast deal of interesting and suggestive, if not practically useful, lore from an essay on *The Education of Children at Rome*,† by Dr. George Clarke, of Trinity College, Dublin, and James Hall Academy, Montclair, Colorado. By "at Rome"

* *Nature of an Universe of Life.* By Leonidas Spratt. Jacksonville, Fla.: Vance Printing Co.

† *Education of Children at Rome.* By George Clarke, Ph.D. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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the learned author, we find, means in the Rome of pre-Christian days, and his phraseology appears to imply that Rome was in that age a place of learning so familiar in the minds of the cultured as to be spoken of in the same way as the modern university-centres, "at Harvard," "at Oxford," etc. His work displays the fruits of a patient search through the pages of old authors, and we gather from it that the dominant notion of Roman educators was that education played only a secondary part in the production of great men, as Cicero, Horace, Seneca, and other authorities taught. Quintilian is, however, relied upon as maintaining the opinion that a laborious cultivation of the mental soil from the earliest period possible for pedagogic purposes is the best preparation for an aspirant to greatness. The status of the average teacher in Rome, both as to pay and social respect, does not seem to have been very high, but teaching seems to have sometimes maintained a unique status of its own, by refusing to give its mental treasures for pay. So, too, with the law in Rome, when the great advocate ostensibly pleaded his client's cause gratis, but kept an open-mouthed wallet hanging from his girdle into which the client was at liberty to put as handsome retainers and "refreshers" as he was able. On the whole the Roman system would seem better adapted for the development of the best that was in a smart pupil than that of our own day. An exposition of the Roman school method and apparatus, as outlined by Dr. Clarke, would, we venture to think, be a highly interesting adjunct of any modern school exhibit.

I.—A NEW DIATESSARON.*

This is a valuable contribution to the literature necessary for the study of the life of Christ, as well as for devotional use in meditating or preaching upon the events and doctrines of our Saviour's mission. It is the life of our Lord set forth in one connected narrative, from which no event, discourse, or even detail, occurring in any of the four Gospels, has been omitted; the whole narrative, nevertheless, being made up entirely of the words of the Evangelists.

It is not a complete harmony of the Gospels, which would give every word of the inspired writers taken out of their place and centred together upon facts and discourses. But it is all

* *Jesus: His Life in the very Words of the Four Gospels.* A Diatessaron. By Henry Beauclerk, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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the facts and all the discourses, down to the least details, given in no other words than the Gospel ones, omitting those words not anyway helpful for a full knowledge. No words whatever are wanting except those which would be found merely repetitive in a Harmony. Either in the text of this Diatessaron, or in the margins, every single verse of the four Gospels is accounted for. Not only so, but every word used can be instantly traced by marginal references, or by insertions of "superiors" in the text, to its proper author. The writer has not commented on the inspired narrative, giving, however, an occasional foot-note by way of suggestion or leading to further study of disputed matters.

Such a volume is indispensable for a fairly accurate knowledge of our Saviour's life. It is of superior use to a harmony for any but a professor or a student whose main purpose is research. Father Beauclerk can congratulate himself that he has contributed very notably to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ in preparing this well-planned work. For those who would meditate at first hand on the doings and sayings of the Redeemer, some such book is of immense value, is indispensable. Father Coleridge's Harmony is excellent for the class-room; but it is in two volumes, is cumbered with inevitable repetition, and is perplexed with the printer's puzzle of placing the different portions so as to stand properly related. The present work is in one small volume, contains everything good to meditate on or preach about, and is a uniform narrative. Not by way of fault-finding, but in the interest of more convenient use, we suggest that in the new edition sure to be printed the minuter divisions of the Life shall be inserted in the margin of the text. This would aid memory, and would save the too-frequent recurrence to the table of contents.

2.—THE GREEK SCHISM.*

This is a story located in Constantinople, in the middle of the ninth century. As a story it is well written and interesting. But it is much more interesting and of very considerable value as a historical sketch of the persecution and deposition of the Patriarch, St. Ignatius, the elevation of Photius, the subsequent downfall of the Emperor Michael and the wicked usurper Photius, the reinstatement of Ignatius, and the celebration of the Eighth Ecumenical Council.

* *Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways.* By Cyril. 2 vols. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

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This historical sketch, under the pleasing form of a romance, is most opportune, because at present attention is turned toward Constantinople and the unhappy Christians of those regions which once made part of the Eastern Roman Empire. It presents a true view of the tyranny of the emperors over the church, of the constantly recurring revolts of ambitious and heretical patriarchs against the Roman Church, and of the disgraceful, criminal origin of the deplorable Greek schism, begun by Photius in the ninth and consummated by his successor in the eleventh century. The whole history of Photius furnishes overwhelming proofs that the supremacy over the Eastern patriarchates was claimed by the Roman pontiffs, and admitted by the patriarchs, with the entire body of the bishops, during the whole period of the first eight councils.

3.—DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.*

With this volume Father Hunter's *Theology* is finished. The approbation of the censors of the Society of Jesus and of Cardinal Vaughan gives a sufficient endorsement to the work as a safe manual for the laity. It gives them in a plain, intelligible style an exposition of the theology contained in our best Latin text-books and taught in our seminaries. We cordially recommend it as a useful and trustworthy book of instruction for the laity.

4.—A NEW CATHOLIC CATECHISM.†

The experienced teacher who knows the difficulties connected with the teaching of Christian Doctrine will find this Catechism worthy of careful inspection. No higher claim can be made for it than the guarantee that it represents the mature work of a distinguished priest whose knowledge of the child's mind is quite as reliable as his eminent theological learning. In its present form it embodies many suggestions from men of authority in educational circles and competent catechists, to whom the work was submitted inviting criticism about a year ago.

* *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology.* By Sylvester Joseph Hunter, S.J. Vol iii. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., printers to the Holy Apostolic See. 1896. Imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan. Price $1.50.

† *A Catechism of the Christian Religion.* By a Priest of the Archdiocese of New York, approved by the Ordinary. New York: Charles Wildermann, 11 Barclay Street.

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The author has been guided by this declaration from St. Augustine: "*Doctrina Christiana ita doceatur ut pateat, placeat, moveat.*" Great care has been taken to secure the simplest verbal form, giving a preference to words that may be readily understood by children, while at the same time conveying the clear and exact meaning of the doctrine.

This new Catechism follows the law of development recognized in school books for reading, spelling, and all the secular branches of study; it is arranged in three parts. Beginners are provided in the first part with a distinct book, which contains the information for First Confession, with a new plan of assisting the examination of conscience by a clear exposition of the commandments. When promoted to the second part the child will feel the joy that comes from getting a new book, which contains a complete review of the knowledge already gained, with the additional matter needed to prepare for First Holy Communion. The third part is calculated to complete the instruction in Christian Doctrine. Under the chapter devoted to the fourth commandment is found a very timely exposition of true patriotism, which gives the right interpretation of the duty of allegiance to the civil authority in the United States.

Two editions of the new Catechism have been prepared, one with the German and English on opposite pages; the other containing only the English text, which has been carefully revised by a most accurate master of the language.

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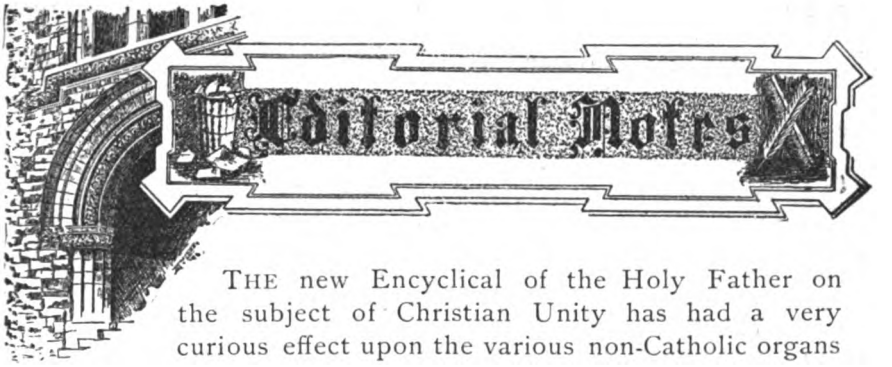

THE new Encyclical of the Holy Father on the subject of Christian Unity has had a very curious effect upon the various non-Catholic organs of opinion. From the tone of their comments it would appear that they had expected an invitation to join the Mother Church on the condition that they retain their own attitude of dissent and independence while the Pope surrendered his prerogatives as the successor of St. Peter and first Bishop of the whole Christian Church. "Rome never changes" is now their disappointed cry. A church with a headship subject to variation with every passing political or intellectual mood would seem to be the desideratum with the various representations of conflicting doctrine and uncertain authority. The Holy Father's Encyclical lays down nothing new in the assertion of the conditions on which unity is possible. It simply states what cannot be denied, that the first essential of unity is the admission of a central authority. When that principle is admitted, as admitted it must be in the end, the process of unification ought to be comparatively easy.

No matter how bland the axioms of our modern civilization, race antipathies, in a country of heterogeneous origin, are the most strenuous forces in the silent currents of its daily life, until the process of fusion has had time to compose them. This well-recognized social law gives the clue to the great significance attached to the unveiling of the O'Reilly monument at Boston recently. Versatile as was his genius as poet and journalist, John Boyle O'Reilly as the enthusiastic Irish patriot, ready for martyrdom for nationality's sake, never could have gained the place he did in the affections of the learned of Boston had he not been able to disarm their prejudices and show that devotion to fatherland is quite compatible with the broadest philanthropy and love of freedom for all in the highest interests of humanity. He was a unique figure, filling a unique place—such a figure as only the poet's heart, perhaps, could conceive—a soul fully in touch with the age and the environ-

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ment, but yet a thousand years beyond and above them. His monument stands, therefore, for a new covenant in nationality and literature.

One of the most elephantine failures in the world has been that of the great Unionist government in England, so far. Returned to power with an irresistible majority, it has been utterly unable to use its giant's strength to any single good purpose. Its great measures in Parliament have been four—an English Rating Bill, an Irish Land Bill, an Irish Education and an English Education Bill. The first named, which was a reactionary measure of a most unpopular character, designed to benefit the land-owner at the expense of the rate-payer and the toiler, was forced through Parliament by the unsparing application of the closure. The second is still undealt with. The third and fourth—the most important of the series—have been ignominiously withdrawn. No one can commiserate the government for the humiliation which has overtaken it with regard to the Education Bills, so glaringly inconsistent and unfair was its action with regard to the different measures.

It was of a piece with the traditional Tory policy that the treatment proposed for Ireland was the direct antithesis of that proposed for England. In giving a tardy instalment of justice to the Christian Brothers' Schools with one hand, with the other the government proposed to apply the provisions of the Compulsory Act to Ireland without the safeguard of a "conscience clause." Therefore the bill was condemned by the Irish bishops and by public opinion throughout the country. The conscience clause was, on the contrary, insisted on as a condition of the inadequate relief to the Voluntary Schools offered in the English Bill. Though the principle of that bill was substantially accepted by the English Roman Catholic hierarchy, the amount of relief it offered was considered entirely inadequate. The Nonconformists and Radicals made so great a clamor about the bill, however, and it met with so much opposition in Parliament, that the government, after a couple of weeks' battling, gave up the fight and withdrew both bills for the present session. Mr. Balfour has proved himself a conspicuous failure as leader of the House of Commons; while Mr. Chamberlain, at the head of the Colonial Office, has been so fooled by Mr. Kruger of the Transvaal as to cut as ridiculous a figure as the Poet Laureate.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WE are pleased to learn from an esteemed correspondent that the convent schools are one after another falling into line and forming Alumnæ Associations. Last spring the Sisters of Charity of St. Elizabeth's and Mount St. Vincent's Academy made this forward move, and now the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, that time-honored institution of learning in the South, have placed themselves among the leaders. The invitation from the sisters to the former graduates to assemble at Nazareth on June 17 last met with a ready response from the old pupils who, to the number of ninety, came from near and far to do honor to their Alma Mater; many of them gray-haired old women, others in the prime of womanhood, and others still sweet girl graduates with laurels yet unfaded.

Nazareth was founded in 1812, and chartered in 1829, and though she has ever been a potent factor in the development of higher education, numbering among her alumnæ prominent women in all parts of the United States who have attained prominence in art and literature, it was only in 1895 that steps were taken to organize an Alumnæ Association, and not until 1896 that the movement actually took shape. Mrs. Fannie Bradford Miles, of New Hope, Ky., a niece of President Jefferson Davis, and one of the first graduates of the institution, was elected president, and called the meeting to order. Right Rev. William George McCloskey, the venerable Bishop of Louisville, then addressed the assemblage. He was followed by Father William Dann, who in the course of his remarks paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Mrs. Clara L. McIlvain, who is held up to each succeeding class of graduates as the most gifted writer Nazareth ever produced.

One of the interesting features of the occasion was the reading of a letter by a young miss who represented the sixteenth member of her family who had been a pupil of Nazareth. The sisters entertained their visitors "right royally," and at the conclusion of the banquet, which was made beautiful with music and song, the guests and pupils united in singing "My Old Kentucky Home."

Although the Sisters of Nazareth have advertised and written extensively, they find it impossible to place themselves in communication with all their widely scattered pupils. All are, however, cordially invited to join the Alumnæ Association, the only requirements being an honorable character and devotion to their Alma Mater. Membership may be obtained by forwarding name and address, with one dollar fee, to Mrs. Kate Spalding, Treasurer, Lebanon, Ky. The name and address must also be sent to Sister Marietta, Nazareth Academy, Ky., for the register.

The following list of officers were elected by the Alumnæ Association: President, Mrs. Edward Miles (Annie Bradford), New Hope, Ky.; First Vice-President, Mrs. James Mulligan, Lexington, Ky.; Treasurer, Mrs. Ralph L. Spalding, Lebanon, Ky.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ann Hanly Botts, Lebanon, Ky.; Recording Secretary, Miss Mollie A. Chiles, Lexington, Ky.; Vice-President of Missouri, Mrs. Julia Sloan Spalding, St. Louis, Mo.; Vice-President of Texas, Mrs. L. Hardie Cleveland, Galveston, Tex.; Vice-President of Illinois, Mrs. Leonora Spalding; Vice-President of Arkansas, Mrs. P. H. Pendleton, Pine Bluff; Vice-President of Tennessee, Mrs. Daniel Phillips; Vice-President of Alabama, Mrs. T. Fossick Rockwood; Vice-President of Louisiana, Mrs. W. H. Peterman, Marksville; Vice-President of Mississippi, Mrs. Medora Cook Cassidy, Stormville; Vice-

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President of Indiana, Miss Nora C. Duffy, Jeffersonville; Vice-President of Ohio, Miss Margaret Ryan, Cincinnati; Foreign Vice-President, Mrs. Anna Rudd Taylor, Paris, France.

It has been proposed that these various officers, representing Nazareth at home and abroad, should organize Reading Circles in their respective cities; those in Kentucky making a special study of Kentucky writers, while those in the other States will take up the writers of the South. A well-organized work of this kind will tend to make Nazareth a more potent factor of education than any other institution in the South. Her influence then will be felt not only within her convent walls, but far outside these confined limits which was her sole sphere of usefulness until the alumnæ went forth and joined the rapidly swelling numbers of Reading Circles, thus spreading far and wide the beneficent influence of Nazareth. The reports of the work of these Circles throughout the South will be given at the next annual meeting of the alumnæ on the last Wednesday of June, 1897. Meanwhile the Columbian Reading Union will be glad to note the progress of the new organizations.

* * *

A Reading Circle has been organized at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, having for its object the strengthening of religious principles and higher intellectual culture by means of thorough and well directed reading. The membership is limited to twenty-five persons. Applications will be registered and places given as vacancies occur from members dropping off, not working satisfactorily, or absenting themselves without sufficient reason from three successive meetings. Ladies ready to read and work will be admitted, after having been properly introduced and accepted by vote of directress and members. Meetings will be held twice a month for two hours at the Academy of the Sacred Heart. The text-book indicated by the directress will be read by the whole Circle. At each meeting a working committee will be chosen to read other designated books, a verbal or written digest of which will be given at the next meeting.

Those not on the committee may read as their tastes direct, but fiction will be limited to one volume in three. The plan of study includes an advance course in Christian doctrine and thorough ground-work in philosophy, accompanied by readings in Cardinal Newman and Brother Azarias; a course in universal history, supplemented by a study of the world-famed masterpieces in literature and art; special studies in American, British, French, German, Italian, and Spanish history and literature; studies in any of the natural sciences.

A synthetic view of the subject under study will be presented by the directress, who also assigns the reading matter for the working committee. Leading notes or test questions on the fortnight's work will be distributed and answers to the same required at the following meeting.

Those on the working committee prepare special work on topics that require fuller development than can be gathered from the text-book. However, should any other member come across valuable bits of information on the given subject, she may bring it as a contribution to the general fund. Thus much information will be furnished *all*, at a very slight *individual* cost.

* * *

The members of the McMillan Reading Circle, established at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., have made commendable progress in high-class reading and discussion. The books which they are reading are Goodyear's *Roman and Mediæval Art; Foundation Studies in Literature*, by Mrs. Margaret Mooney, teacher

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of literature in the Albany Normal College, and *Political Economy*. In addition to these standard works the members have read the *Reading Circle Review* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and at the meetings have discussed topics of the times. At the close of the Circle's second year the enthusiasm in which it might be said to have had its origin has not abated, and the members look forward to another year's work with as much interest as they did to the formation.

* * *

The St. Thomas Aquinas Reading Circle held its regular meetings every Saturday afternoon at the Dominican Convent, 886 Madison Avenue, Albany, N.Y. Recently the young ladies of the Circle held their first reception, their friends being their guests. A very interesting programme of entertainment was presented consisting of recitations, choruses, and solos on the mandolin by the members of the Circle.

The two special features of the afternoon, however, were by Miss Margaret E. Jordan and Mrs. M. K. Boyd. Miss Jordan furnished a paper entitled "The Reading Circle as it bears upon Self and Others." Though brief, the paper touched upon all the vital bearings of the work, and drew attention to the leaders of Catholic literary movements and to their varied works, closing with some striking examples of the power of the printed word in the uplifting and sanctification of souls. Miss Jordan is well known as a writer in both prose and verse. Mrs. Boyd favored the Circle and its guests with selections from various authors, rendering exquisitely those of a pathetic nature, and with a charm peculiarly her own presenting those of a humorous character. Mrs. Boyd's force as a public speaker lies in her power of captivating at once the heart of her hearers.

Several of the religious were present during the literary entertainment. The Circle is conducted by one of the sisters, who brings not only the zeal of the religious but the interest of the student to the cause. The Circle has devoted this year to the study of Christian doctrine; its general reading has been that classic of our language, Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. The motto of St. Thomas Aquinas Circle is well chosen, and is kept steadily in view: Ad Altiora—"To Higher Things." The room was decorated with the papal colors, yellow and white, adopted as the colors of the Circle; while the motto in purple and gold surmounted the flower-decked shrine of St. Thomas Aquinas.

* * *

An editorial in the Boston *Pilot* is justly severe on a universal critic who is sadly in need of reliable information about some of his fellow-Catholics. The *Pilot* gives this sound advice:

The public censor of individuals, literary movements, or methods of government should speak or write against the background of the highest standards, moral, literary, and political. He should be impartial and impersonal. The moment he proclaims himself as the standard of measurement he neutralizes the value of those points in his criticism which were true and well taken, and makes himself ridiculous besides.

Mr. William Henry Thorne, editor of the *Globe Review*, imagines that the mantle of Brownson has fallen upon him. It is well that it has not, for he would be smothered under its ample folds. In the current issue of his Review Mr. Thorne undertakes to deal with the Summer-Schools and Catholic periodical literature, with the Catholic University, the status of French-Canadian priests in the New England dioceses, the attitude of Congress on the Cuban question, and the Raines Bill.

He disapproves of Summer-Schools, Catholic or Protestant, without reserve.

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It is no part of Catholic obligation to attend Summer-Schools nor to contribute to their maintenance; but it is the bounden duty of a critic to know something of that which he condemns, and Mr. Thorne has evidently never spent even a week at Plattsburgh or Madison. He condemns on the unreliable basis of "I am told."

It is true that in the present Catholic literary movement, as in every literary movement, there is more or less chaff with the wheat; that the bane of every organization is the host of vulgar pushers and self-advertisers who endeavor to use it for the hearing which would be elsewhere refused them; but the sifting process is going on successfully, and the season of the aspirant for Catholic favor and patronage who has no reality behind his oratorical or literary pretensions is usually very short.

Some of our Catholic magazines and many of our Catholic newspapers are pitched to a very low key, literary and journalistic. But these have their deserved punishment in their small circulation; and, in any event, they are not likely to take much to heart the criticism of a man who thus records his opinion of his own work:

"The one crying need of the age is a great magazine devoted to intellectual and literary culture in the interest of Catholic Christianity and supported by the whole Catholic Church. I founded the *Globe Review* to fill some such need. . .

"I am perfectly convinced that any one issue of this Review published during the last four years has done more for the advancement of Catholic truth and Catholic culture than has been done by all the meetings and all the lectures of all Catholic or Protestant Summer-Schools yet held in this land."

Mr. Thorne can take care of the state as easily as of the church, though at a somewhat higher figure. He says:

"Our national government costs the people for salaries alone, not to speak of wastes and spoils, nearly $50,000,000 a year. For $1,000,000 a year I would agree to hire all needed assistants and do the work the entire national government has to do, but does not do, or agree to be shot, or commit suicide, after five years of honest trial."

But since the church makes him no offer to be her literary censor, nor the state to be minister of finance, we fear Mr. Thorne must content himself with his present *rôle* of Grand High Chief Pessimist to the Catholics of America.

* * *

Mr. Banks M. Moore is one of the select number of young men devoted to the work of the Columbian Reading Union, though not belonging to any Reading Circle. He sends the following notice of a recent book:

Messrs. D. H. McBride & Co., of Chicago, have adopted an admirable plan of collecting Summer-School essays and publishing them in small book form, thus perpetuating the good work and giving it a broader field. The Summer-Schools represent the results of the best thought in America; and it would be contrary to their purpose to suppose that their influence is merely temporary, or that it is to be confined to those only who have the leisure to attend their sessions. Through the design of the Chicago publisher, not only are many learned essays preserved but also there is given an opportunity to those who on account of distance or lack of time are prevented from personal attendance at the lectures. The enterprising publisher should receive from the general public the substantial reward of a large circulation.

We have a volume of these essays at hand from the Summer-School held at Madison, Wis., and we note among the contributors many distinguished names:

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Monsignor D'Harlez, Dr. Hart, Miss K. E. Conway, Professor M. F. Egan, Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., Rev. E. Magevney, S.J., and Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

Father McMillan was requested to prepare an essay on the Growth of Reading Circles, and it would be difficult to obtain a better authority upon the subject, for he has been identified with the work since its organization in America. He was the founder of the celebrated Ozanam Reading Circle, of New York City, the first regularly organized body of the kind in this country. The origin of the movement he traces to the free circulating library of St. Paul's Sunday-school in New York City, when in 1886 several graduates decided to form a reading circle named in honor of Frederic Ozanam, the gifted French *littérateur*. In the Sunday-school there is a custom to assign to each pupil a certain number of religious books with extraneous reading; and the Ozanam Reading Circle, following this precedent, gives pre-eminence to Catholic authors. The readings are selected from a literary stand-point; standard periodicals are frequently consulted; and a stimulus is given to good thought by having the members read aloud some impressive passages. All efforts tend in some way to acquaint the members with Catholic history and Catholic literature.

Father McMillan also speaks of "the highly-gifted" Brother Azarias as an earnest advocate of the Reading Circle in America; and for this object especially he prepared his work on *Books and Reading*. Within ten years great progress has been made in the movement, as has been shown by the continued existence of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio. Yet much remains to be done; and the Summer-School at Lake Champlain can trace a large measure of its success to Catholic Reading Circles. The essay on the whole shows a wide knowledge of the subject and is presented by its distinguished author in an especially attractive manner.

The comparison of Buddhism with Christianity is the highly interesting theme chosen by Monsignor D'Harlez, and it is thoroughly and ably treated. Not only has the author made a deep and thorough research into the popular religion of Asia, but he has taken occasion to compare its particular forms with the doctrines of Christianity, and thence draws his deductions. These we find by no means preponderating on the side of Buddhism, even though the essayist has given a full and complete exposition of the system, considering it in its origin, its founder, and its precepts. The genesis of the Buddhist system is but an offshoot from Brahminism, lessening the excesses of the latter with an attempt to strike "the happy mean." In its very beginning it is contrary to Christianity, inasmuch as its basis rests merely upon human intelligence, not divine inspiration. The exposition of its origin is mainly historical, as is also the chapter upon the founder—Siddhartha—who appears as one loving and pitying humanity and striving for its elevation, yet prompted only by the emotions of his own heart. Monsignor D'Harlez very clearly illustrates the inferiority of the religion in these two important respects to Christianity, which places its whole groundwork upon its divine origin, and therefore must certainly surpass in every way any fabrication of the human intellect. It is not strange, then, that we find in the doctrines of Buddhism many intellectual extravagances and contradictions, prone as the mind is to err in its own judgments and reasonings. Chief among these is the fundamental doctrine of reincarnation, which we can find supported by no proof; and to this is added a belief even more untenable, that "rebirth depends upon *our own will*."

There is no personal God—there is only an invisible eternal action pervading everything and producing in each being a different effect, which mysterious prin-

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ciple the Buddhist calls "Karma." Life is not created, but it arises from a desire which is the soul (or rather what we would call the soul) coalescing with material elements. There is no eternal punishment for sin, only a horrible rebirth; neither is there any eternal reward for the just—reward except in annihilation, which Buddha considers a blessing: whereas some of our latter-day philosophers, going to the other extreme, have sought to make the annihilation of the soul a negative punishment for sin. Though Buddhism has made no encroachments upon Christianity in America, still a careful perusal of the essay by Monsignor D'Harlez will serve to strengthen the truth that is within us and to fortify it against the more pernicious theories that are continually arising from every side.

The different writers represented in the Summer-School Essays published by Messrs. D. H. McBride & Co. are as follows:

Volume I.: Buddhism and Christianity, by Monsignor D'Harlez; Christian Science and Faith Cure, by Dr. T. P. Hart; Growth of Reading Circles, by Rev. T. McMillan, C.S.P.; Reading Circle Work, by Rev. W. J. Dalton; Church Music, by Rev. R. Fuhr, O.S.F.; Catholic Literary Societies, by Miss K. E. Conway; Historical Criticism, by Rev. P. C. De Smedt, S.J. Volume II.: The Spanish Inquisition, by Rev. J. F. Nugent; Savonarola, by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D.; Joan of Arc, by J. W. Wilstach; Magna Charta, by Professor J. G. Ewing; Missionary Explorers of the North-west, by Judge W. L. Kelly.

In preparation: Christian Ethics, by Rev. J. J. Conway, S.J.; Aristotle and the Christian Church, by Brother Azarias; Social Problems, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy; Dante and Education, by Rev. J. F. Mullaney; A Posthumous Work (yet unnamed), by Brother Azarias; Church and State, by Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D.; The Sacred Scriptures, by Rev. P. J. Danehy, D.D.; Literature and Faith, by Professor M. F. Egan, LL.D.; The Eastern Schism, by Rev. Joseph La Boule; Economics, by Hon. R. Graham Frost; Catholic Educational Development, by Rev. E. Magevney, S.J.; English Literature, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, LL.D.; The Church and the Times, by Archbishop Ireland; The Catholic Layman, by Hon. W. J. Onahan. * * *

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews, A.M., LL.B.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Claudius: A Sketch from the First Century. By C. M. Home.

PURE MUSIC SOCIETY (private edition of five hundred copies):
Iphigenia, Baroness of Styne: A Story of the "Divine Impatience" An appropriate autobiography. By Frederick Horace Clark.

WESTERN CHRONICLE COMPANY, Omaha:
Meg: The Story of an Ignorant Little Fisher Girl. By Gilbert Guest.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:
Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago. By the Rev. T. A. Goodwin.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

8 Rue François I., Paris:
La Franc-Maçonnerie Demasquée. Nouvelle Serie, No. 26.

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 Paternoster Row, London:
The Life of Blessed Thomas More. By the Rev. Dean Fleming, Rector of St. Mary's, Moorfields.

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THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS. (See page 825.)

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1896. NO. 378.

SOME FEATURES OF THE NEW ISSUE: SILVER OR GOLD.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.

EVEN to the non-combatant in the new controversy before the country some features of the contest are noticeable and interesting. Without attempting to participate here in the discussion itself, we may with much satisfaction appreciate some general aspects of the situation. There is much pleasure in noting that there is a total elimination of race prejudice or passion, although the fight is bitter, fierce, and highly personal in abuse. The offensive antipathies of one people coming from a foreign shore to another coming from an equally distant point, are not to be made use of. There can be no reasonably successful appeal for a man's vote on the money question if based on the fact of his birthplace, or the starting-point of his ancestor's immigration. Even the quasi-secret waves of racial prejudice that move in political talk, but are always avoided in public, are this time capable of but feeble effect.

Again, the bitter controversies of pretended religious bias are for once wholly futile. A man's creed can have so little touch with the issue of a monetary standard that it would be little better than sheer lunacy to urge its application. The society that is American in name only can have nothing in this campaign to protect its secret membership against, except perhaps its own rapid decay from political inaction.

In these features the contest is likely to be hailed with joy by all who want a free field for an intellectual debate. In these respects we may reasonably hope to have a political con-

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test actually tending to develop the thought and mind of the people. The usual diversions or digressions are to be omitted and the issue left to be determined by the best judgment of a majority of our citizens.

So hard pressed for material are the business politicians who ply the trade of arousing the harmful prejudices and passions of the multitude, that their efforts this year are immensely absurd. Those working on the gold side of the question call our attention to the alleged unharvested hair of the silver champions, to the so-called anarchy of bimetallism; while the professional disturbers this time enlisted in the silver ranks, in equally unanswerable terms denounce the so-called "moneyed barons" of Wall Street.

DANGER OF A CLASS CONFLICT.

If, in truth, the question is vital to American interests, it behooves those sincerely interested in the country's welfare to help towards the elucidation of the vexing problem. It would be better to at once address ourselves to a careful study of the question. Calm and dispassionate reasoning will always reach the American people when the political alarmists are temporarily suppressed. He is indeed a wise man who can say advisedly, without much reading, that on one side is the only financial hope of the business world. The topic is an exceedingly difficult one from a political point of view. It is a controversy that requires genuine statesmanship and much honesty of purpose. There are forces working through the land that will in time make their serious results dangerously apparent. We cannot safely shut our eyes to an unusually strong feeling of discontent among the masses. Conservatives who are wise prepare for changed conditions in time to avert their sudden harsh effect, or adapt the new conditions so far as possible to the elastic customs of business or political life. In periods of unrest there is always danger of arraying class against class, a conflict of invariable misfortune and sorrow.

The editor of one of the leading journals of the country, perhaps the ablest in point of political discernment, has dubbed the silver candidate a "sonorous nullity." And in this epithet the editor unwittingly calls our attention to the importance of the issue itself compared with the personality of the candidates. If silver legislation will achieve but half the cure claimed for it, or work half the evil to the business world that some men seem to fear, it approaches in importance the dignity of a

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national benefit or curse. In a controversy, then, of this nature the candidates are but standard-bearers; mere representatives of opposite forces, who themselves will have little to do with the issue except by way of a possible veto.

EFFACEMENT OF PARTY LINES.

But the most striking feature of the campaign is the absolute dethronement of the party fetich. Even those who have been following one party, politically, with a regularity grown into habit, are this year committing the so-called political crime of "bolting." Those staunch adherents of both parties who have followed the rod of party fealty to the exclusion of all other political instincts, who have tramped after the party emblem through all kinds of apparent political error, are now receiving the new light of individual suffrage. They are now taking the view that the bunching of votes is not all the suffrage; that selection and judgment are also the rights of citizens. The once despised doctrine of "Mugwumpery" is now subscribed to with remarkable ease. Veterans of both political camps, who have fought or voted with one organization since political infancy, are this year bidding farewell to old comrades without much perceptible remorse. And who will say that the change is not a wholesome one for political life generally? It goes to prove that the people, despite the allurements of mere politicians, are quite equal to an independent and rational use of their suffrage; that when an important principle is really in peril, they will forsake party ties to do that which the disinterested political conscience dictates.

THE RISE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

In the wide range of literature devoted to political and municipal reform there is one idea that is universally adopted as essential—the independent exercise of suffrage. When we find famed party champions acting on this idea, their future influence against independent action is next to impotent. So that, whatever the result of the present issue, we have gone far towards exploding the old party idea, that the political parties are armies ruled by commandants whose orders are not to be gainsaid. We are really recruiting an immense host of independent thinkers on public questions who will not shirk their public duties by leaving them to party leaders. With our suffrage so universal in its privileges each citizen has a duty, as well as a right, to do politically as his judgment directs. It was never meant that a citizen should act by proxy.

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GERMANY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOSEPH WALTER WILSTACH.

O write the story of a people after the lapse of a century or more is a task which scholars may daringly conceive. We have, however, only to look upon the civilization in which we live, with all its multiform features, its network of various influences, beliefs, prejudices, passions, customs, its arts and sciences, its ignorance and knowledge, its traits and habits, to realize the greatness of the task even when the living, active entity is before the eye. But when the busy hand of time shall have changed all this—shall have swept away or destroyed, shall have introduced new causes and produced new effects, how incomparably greater will the undertaking have become! Therefore, to write the story of a people—that is, to give a true picture of a people in all the complexities of their existence—must be a proposition presenting itself to a scientific mind as, strictly speaking, an impossibility.

But even to approximately succeed, according to a high ideal of such a task, would require an amount of genius, of knowledge, of art in language, of skill in construction, of artistic touch and power of coloring, that may be imagined but has never been possessed by the most favored of minds. The largeness of the field, the multiplicity of the details, and the inevitable lack of facts only add to the difficulty. Therefore we must be satisfied with a very inadequate result if we would read with pleasure the labors of those who have devoted their studies to such tasks. We must take the framework of their facts and let imagination supply what the impossibilities of the task preclude. To write the story of a people, either at some special epoch, or during some continuous period of its existence, is a fruitful form of historic composition, and has received a new impetus in our day. It is the outgrowth, no doubt, of that growing spirit of democracy which is pervading the world, and from a wider appreciation of the fact that the doings of sovereigns and the measures of governments and armies are of less value than that inner life of the people from which all national causes get their growth and momentum.

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We have had in recent years several attempts at this species of composition—in Green's *History of the English People*, in McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, and, latest of all, a German work by Janssen, in *A History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.** The subject of Janssen's work is interesting and profitable, and invites the mind to contemplate that wonderful period when an old polity was passing away and a new one was taking its place. The line of demarcation of this period is roughly placed by two great events: the development of the art of printing and the discovery of a new world by Columbus. In sketching the spread of the art of arts Janssen, with pardonable national pride, alludes to it as the "German art." Such, indeed, it was, and the German printers were the pioneers who first carried the art into every country of Europe except England, whose first printer learned the art from Teutonic craftsmen. Wonderful, indeed, and rapid is the growth of the art in the incunabulum period of fifty years up to 1500. One reason for this is the intelligent, the educated, the high-principled character of the first great printers; another, the wide thirst for knowledge through the fountain of books which, however wide-spread the traffic in manuscripts had become, was but poorly satiated until printing multiplied the streams of knowledge.

We know, but we are apt to forget, the salient data of this first fruitful half-century, with its one hundred editions of the Bible; its many editions of the classics and of the Fathers of the church; of poets whose praises were on every lip, but whose memory is only preserved to-day in learned hand-books; of prayer-books and works of devotion; in other words, such a harvest of intellectual food as a great and intelligent population, on its march to the fuller daylight of modern civilization, would naturally desire and demand.

I believe it is Cardinal Newman who has called the literature of a people the mirror of its life—the reflection of its arts and sciences, its aspirations, its ambitions, its failures, its successes. So that the history of a people properly speaking, inside of the broad lines of its national changes, can only be written in a series of pictures of all the phases of its intellectual life. Janssen has conceived this idea of presenting it—the truly philosophic one.

His two handsome volumes—and, by the way, a more beau-

* *A History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* By J. Janssen. Translated from the German. 2 vols. 8vo. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1895.

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tiful specimen of book-making it has seldom been our pleasure to take up—he has divided into four books. Book I. treats of the spread of the art of printing, elementary schools and religious education, elementary education and the older humanists, and the universities and other schools of learning. The second book, under the head of art and popular literature, sketches architecture, sculpture and painting, engraving; popular life, reflected in art, music, popular poetry, topical poetry and prose, and popular reading. The third book describes agricultural life, the conditions of artisans, and commerce and capital. The fourth book sketches the political conditions and bearings of the people, followed by a survey and retrospect.

A study of the principles and work of the Brethren of the Social Life—an organization which honeycombed Germany in the fifteenth century—would not be without profit to the modern Catholic world, with its *advanced* ideas. *With them the formation of a Christian character was the basis of all education.* Their schools were free; and at Deventer, in 1500, the number of students reached 2,200. Many great men received the elements of education from these zealous teachers; and Hegius, one of the greatest of these in learning, in piety, and in charity, held as a fundamental principle that "all learning gained at the expense of religion is only pernicious."

It is, indeed, an ennobling, a soul-refreshing experience to contemplate some of the simple great minds of that day—such as Nicholas of Cusa, Rudolph Agricola, Alexander Hegius, Wimpeling, and many others, whose sturdy qualities and deep scholarship would have made them great in any age. Janssen has given us charming sketches of their characters and their lives. Yet we cannot contemplate this Germany of the fifteenth century, with its wide-spread love of learning, going hand-in-hand with the love of God and Holy Church, without a shudder, when we know it was the sheep-fold on which were to be let loose the ravening wolves that came with Luther.

In his introductory pages to art and literature Janssen strikes the keynote to his subject in the pithy statement that art flourishes only in days of strong faith and true courage, when men find greater joy in high ideals than in the merely practical things of life. And farther on he says that "in proportion to the dwindling of religious faith and earnestness, and as ancient creeds and traditions were forgotten or despised, art too declined. In proportion as men began to run after false gods and strive to resuscitate the dead world of heathen-

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ism, so artistic, creative, and ideal power gradually weakened, until it became altogether lifeless and barren."

The chapters on Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting will be found intensely interesting and directory. The number of splendid churches which sprang up in this age is truly remarkable. "Such a multitude of beautiful places of worship," he says truly, "could not have been built had not a Christian spirit of piety and devotion pervaded all classes of society. It was not the love of art which superinduced piety; but the pious character of the people, combined with its high mental culture, expressed itself in a love of Christian works of art." The story of the contributions which helped to carry on through long years these great works to completion are touching in their simplicity and by what they imply of the people and the age.

I cannot forego giving Janssen's description of what the idea of the Gothic church edifice embodied: "The Christian Germanic, or so-called Gothic, art has been fitly described as the architectural embodiment of Christianity. A Gothic edifice not only represents organic unity in all the different parts, but is, as it were, an organic development from a hidden germ, embodying both in its form and material the highest truths, without any sham or unreality. All the lines tend upwards, as if to lead the eye to heaven. The order, distribution, and strength of the different parts symbolize severally the ascendency of the spirit over matter. All the details and carvings of its profuse ornamentation are in harmony with each other and with the fundamental idea of the edifice. Constructed after a fixed plan, in the spirit of sacrifice and prayer, many of these buildings, even in their present state of decay, strike the beholder with wonder, and excite him to piety and devotion." This will recall to those who have read Schlegel's *Lectures on the History of Literature* his beautiful expressions on the same subject.

The reader who follows Janssen will always find himself in the society of the noble and great in literature and the arts. He will be led to contemplate all that was beautiful in an age whose buildings, paintings, carvings, and products of the sister mechanical arts are among the treasures to-day of Christian genius. But he will not have seen a full picture of Germany at the end of the middle ages. He will behold a picture of society such as Kenelm Digby has given us in his *Mores Catholici*, a picture of the better and finer side of a society in which faith was luxuriant and productive of the highest fruits.

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But in this society there were other phases disagreeable to contemplate. Those causes were at work which prepared the way and made possible the hatreds and the ruin of the so-called Reformation. This failure to give in more detail, to more strongly accentuate, this side of history, is flattering to the æsthetic sense and edifying to the heart that loves to witness the fruitage of faith. Only in the chapter on popular poetry, and in that brief portion of the final summary of the second volume referring to scandals and abuses, the undermining of church authority and heretics, is one corner of the veil lifted, and we see that the age had its festering sores. Yet there could be no nobler study for the cultivation of the artistic, for the enlivening of faith, for the broadening and refreshment of the mind in viewing a society so different from our own, than that of old Germany at this period when so many arts had reached their apogee, and when the application of religious principles to daily life and national growth was so wide-spread. It is in this spirit that Janssen has written. His love for the highest and the best has induced him to keep only these in the foreground; has induced him to veil his eyes as much as possible from a consideration of the giant evils which had eaten with such cancerous rapacity into the very vitals of the nation. These evils, it is plain, were not, as Protestants and infidels would teach, the logical outgrowth of Catholicity; they were a violation of and a sacrilege upon it; and if they had not existed in spite of a vigorous Catholicity, Protestantism and its sister infidelities would have found no soil there in which to strike their roots.

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YORK MINSTER AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY J. ARTHUR FLOYD.

YORK! What visions of the past the name conjures up, and yet that name is almost modern as compared with the venerable city that bears it. Its genesis is at once interesting and instructive; it takes us back through the long vista of past centuries to the days of the Roman occupation of Britain, and to yet more remote times, earlier than the dawn of the Christian era or the invasion of Julius Cæsar, when we meet with it in its original form as Caer Ebrauc—the city of Ebraucus. The Romans converted it into Eboracum, and by that process of mutation to which names are subject it became in Anglo-Saxon days Eoferwick; to the Danish settlers it was Jorvick; in Domesday Book it is written Euerwick, and the process of development has resulted in its present form, York—a name illustrious in the annals of Western Christendom, and in modern days from its adoption by the commercial capital of the United States.

Britain, which had been divided by the Emperor Severus, in 197 A. D., into two prefectures, with Eboracum as the principal town of the northern of the two, was by a subsequent partition under Constantine the Great split into the three provinces of Britannia Prima in the south, with London as its capital; Britannia Secunda covered what is now the principality of Wales, its chief town being Caerleon; Maxima Cæsarensis extended over the whole north as far as the Roman arms had penetrated, and included York, the then metropolis of all Britain. The church had by this time firmly rooted itself in the island, and sent a bishop from each of the above provinces as representatives to the Council of Arles (A. D. 314). They were Restitutus of London, Adelphius of Caerleon, and Eborius of York. Restitutus later on also took part in the Councils of Nicea (A. D. 325) and Sardica (A. D. 347).

It was within the walls of York that Constantine was first proclaimed Cæsar of Gaul, Spain, and Britain; in after years he reunited under his own undivided sway all the provinces into which the Roman Empire had been divided by Diocletian,

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and, having submitted himself to the teaching of the church, the Roman purple then for the first time rested on the shoulders of a Christian occupant of the throne of Augustus. It has been contended that Constantine was partly of British parentage, and it was on some such ground that the English representatives at the Councils of Basel and Constance claimed precedence for themselves in the proceedings of those assemblages.

The final departure of the Romans from Britain rendered possible the Teutonic invasions that swept over the country and drove out Christianity from the eastern part of the island. By them the land seems to have been divided by a line running north and south, from Scotland to the English Channel, into two unequal divisions. Into the Western or smaller division the Britons were driven from the larger eastern division by the flood of barbarian invaders, and there the British Church continued to exist. York, in the east, shared the fate of the rest of the country that fell into the hands of these Germanic tribes; every vestige of Christianity seems to have disappeared, and pagan worship was once again set up. The memory of their wrongs lived on in the minds of the Britons, and, as a consequence, they made no effort to evangelize their oppressors. It remained for the popes to undertake England's second conversion, just as Leo XIII. is once again laboring for the same end.

ADVENT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

From the district round York, then called Deira, came the fair, flaxen-haired boys who, exposed for sale in the Roman market, attracted the attention of St. Gregory the Great, and inflamed him with desire to win back their country "de ira Dei"—from the wrath of God—as the saint put it; only his subsequent elevation to the papacy prevented his attempting to carry out his wish in person. He did what was in his power in sending St. Augustine and his companions. They landed in Thanet in 597, and soon the kingdom of Kent received the faith at their hands.

St. Augustine was instructed to found a second archiepiscopal see at York, in addition to the one he should occupy in the south. In the then state of affairs in Northumbria this was impossible, and neither Augustine nor his two immediate successors found it in their power to carry out this instruction. When, however, Edwin, the pagan king of Northumbria, desired to marry the Christian princess, Ethelberga of Kent, he was told "it was not lawful to marry a Christian virgin to a

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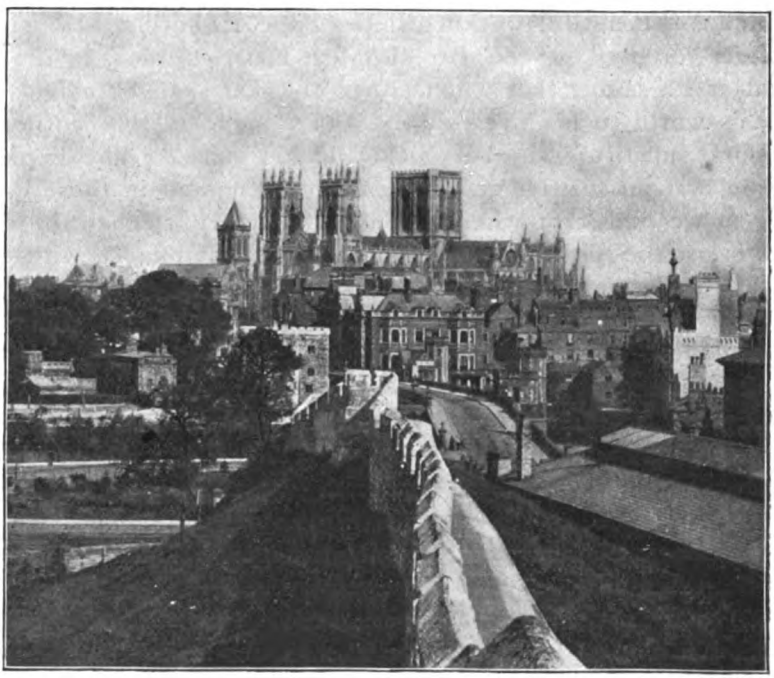
pagan husband." Edwin replied "that he would in no manner act in opposition to the Christian faith which the virgin professed; he would allow her and her attendants to follow that faith, and would himself embrace it if it should be found more holy and more worthy of God." Edwin's promises were deemed satisfactory. St. Paulinus was ordained bishop, and conducted Ethelberga to her Northumbrian home; Edwin's conversion was the result, and Paulinus, in accordance with the Papal mandate, made York his archiepiscopal see. A small



YORK AND ITS MINSTER, FROM THE OLD WALLS.

church was hastily built of wood and dedicated to St. Peter, and in it Edwin was baptized in 627. It was, however, quite unworthy of being the metropolitan church of the north; and was, moreover, inadequate to accommodate the multitudes that flocked to St. Paulinus for instruction and baptism. As a consequence Edwin, "as soon as he was baptized, took care, by the direction of the same Paulinus, to build in the same place a larger and nobler church of stone, in the midst whereof that same oratory which he had first erected should be enclosed." It is said, apparently on good authority, that remains of this first stone church still exist and form part of the crypt under the choir of the existing minster. Edwin was slain in battle

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in 633, and did not see the completion of his stone church, which was not finished till the reign of St. Oswald, who mounted the throne in 634.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF PAPAL SUPREMACY.

St. Paulinus did not confine his apostolate to Northumbria; he carried the cross over the Humber into Lindsey—a subordinate, petty kingdom dependent on Mercia, which is now included in Lincolnshire. He there converted the governor of the city of Lincoln with his family, and built in that city a church of beautiful workmanship. Pope Honorius had sent a pallium for each of the two English metropolitans, to the intent, as he said, "that when either of them shall be called out of this world to his Creator, the other may, by this authority of ours, substitute another bishop in his place." The Pope of Rome had jurisdiction in the realm of England in those days, and so we find that when Justus of Canterbury died, in 627, Honorius, the elect archbishop, came, in compliance with this papal regulation, to St. Paulinus for consecration, and received it at his hands in the above-mentioned church at Lincoln.

On the death of Edwin the affairs of Northumbria fell into great confusion; the country was split into two, each division having for its ruler an apostate prince. St. Paulinus, concerned for the security of his royal charge, Queen Ethelberga and her children, and seeing no safety for them but in flight, managed to conduct them by sea into Kent. He was there invested with the bishopric of Rochester, and died in possession of that see.

The rule of the two apostates over Deira and Bernicia lasted only a few months; both were slain in battle by Cadwalla, King of the Britons, who himself, for a short time, ruled the two provinces "in a rapacious and bloody manner." In his turn he was overcome by St. Oswald, "a man beloved by God," as Venerable Bede tells us; and who, just before entering into battle, set up a cross, and, kneeling before it with his soldiers, he prayed that God would enable them to free their country from the tyranny of Cadwalla. St. Oswald became king, and in after years the good monks of Hexham came yearly on the eve of the anniversary of his death to the spot where the cross had stood, there to watch and pray for the health of his soul.

On his accession to the throne the spiritual welfare of his people at once engaged the attention of St. Oswald. He and many of his followers had received baptism when in banishment among the Scots, and it naturally followed that to them he sent for a teacher for his country. The result was the mission

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of St. Aidan, who established his see at Lindisfarne, and for a short time it became the ecclesiastical centre of the province. In those days the bishoprics in England were frequently established away from populous towns, and probably in this instance Lindisfarne was selected on account of its retired position, which would recommend it to the taste and habits of St. Aidan, fresh from the monastic life of Iona. He could not very well have settled in York, since Paulinus, although absent, was still in canonical possession of the archbishopric, and had left behind him a representative in the person of James the Deacon, a holy ecclesiastic who continued to instruct, to baptize, and to teach the Roman method of singing. It thus came about that for thirty years after the departure of St. Paulinus no one was consecrated in his place.

THE EASTER CONTROVERSY.

The doctrine of Papal supremacy is writ deep on the face of the annals of York. The minster is dedicated to St. Peter, and along "Petergate" we pass to its west front. St. Wilfrid, next after Paulinus to hold the see, was an unwavering advocate of "ultramontane claims." Prior to his elevation to the episcopate he appeared as Abbot of Ripon at the council held in St. Peter's Abbey at Whitby for establishing uniformity as to the day for the Easter celebration. Amongst others present in the council were King Oswy; Hilda, Abbess of Whitby; Colman, Bishop of Lindisfarne; and St. Chad, who all favored the then British method of computing the date of the festival that had also been in vogue in Rome prior to 457, and which, due to the interruption of communication with the Roman authorities consequent on the Saxon invasion, had remained in use in Britain long after Rome had authorized the more modern computation. On the other side were Queen Eanfleda, Oswy's son Alfrid, Agilbert, Bishop of Dorchester, Wilfrid, and James the Deacon; these held that it was foolish to hold to old and faulty custom and thus to set themselves in opposition to the practice of the rest of the church. Colman defended the ancient observance on the ground of the practice of his fathers and the teaching of St. Columba, whilst Wilfrid pleaded that it was incumbent on them to conform to the decision of the successors of the most blessed Prince of the Apostles, to whom our Lord said "I will give thee the keys of kingdom of heaven." Colman acknowledged that the keys were held by St. Peter, and, finally convinced by this confession of the

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champion of an obsolete custom, the king determined that he would not be in opposition to the holder of the keys, lest, as he expressed himself, "when I come to the gates of the kingdom of heaven there should be none to open them, he being my adversary who is proved to have the keys."

St. Wilfrid was consecrated Bishop of York in 664, and later on, without his consent, the diocese was divided by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury, at the instigation of Egfrid, King of Northumbria, into three parts. Against this arbitrary act Wilfrid, by the advice of some of the bishops, appealed to the pope. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and *ipso facto* the highest ecclesiastic in the land, yet knew that his mere insular authority as primate of all Britain derived all its force from a still higher universal authority vested by divine appointment in St. Peter's line; and so, holding his office, as he would have acknowledged, by the favor of the Apostolic See, he at once sent off an advocate to Rome to vindicate his action and to oppose Wilfrid's appeal. The pope, having heard both parties, pronounced a final verdict in Wilfrid's favor, and if for a time the English authorities were contumacious, their non-compliance with that decision was based on no rejection of Papal jurisdiction; rather, their plea that the written verdict brought from Rome was a forgery, or it had been procured by unfair means, was a tacit acknowledgment of its binding force if genuine. The time when men put mere temporal considerations on one side, and make their best preparation for the hereafter—the hour of death—came to Theodore. He sent for St. Wilfrid, and asked pardon for the injustice that he had done him; he acknowledged that, in having consented with the king to deprive him of his see, he had sinned against God and St. Peter, and, as an atonement, he procured from the king his restoration to his possessions and bishopric. In 697 Wilfrid was a second time driven from his see; again an appeal to Rome resulted in his favor, and again, in this case as in the former, the near approach of eternity, and true apprehension of the judgment of God, drew from the saint's persecutor an acknowledgment that, as in the rest of the Christian world, so in England, the pope had supreme jurisdiction; for in his last will, written on what he thought would be his death-bed, King Alcfrid refers to the pope's decision in Wilfrid's favor, and promises "if he should recover he would perform the *orders* of the Apostolic See; but if death prevented him from fulfilling them himself, he left the performance of them to his heir."

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In a paper read at a Catholic Conference in 1891 Cardinal Vaughan refers to York's devotion to St. Peter in the following words: "There was great devotion to St. Peter's High Altar in York Minster. It was here that William I. of Scotland did homage to Henry II. when, in token of subjection, he deposited on the altar of St. Peter his breast-plate, spear, and saddle, in 1171. By an immemorial tradition all the faithful of the diocese of York were obliged to visit St. Peter's altar annually, and to deposit thereon the sum of one penny; and the tradition used to be enforced from time to time in documents which have come down to our own time."

"St. Peter's image in York, which was most richly and expensively gilt and decorated, as can be seen by the bills which are extant, was a famous object of devotion. By a statute of the minster it was decreed that a wax candle be kept burning before St. Peter's image during the whole of the octave of his feast."

"'Peter Corn' was the annual levy of corn, throughout the diocese of York, ordered by King Atherstone, to be distributed among the poor in thanksgiving *to God and St. Peter* for his victory over the Scots at Dunbar."

St. Peter, in the person of his successor, St. Gregory the Great, provided that the archbishops of York should have metropolitan authority over Scotland, and later on, in the person of Pope Clement III., he released that country from such canonical subjection, and made the Scottish Church immediately dependent on the Holy See.

From the time of St. Paulinus the archiepiscopate of York remained in abeyance till the days of Archbishop Egbert; the prelates who held the see in the interval were simply bishops subject to Canterbury, since none of them had been invested by the popes with the pallium and archiepiscopal jurisdiction. An addition, by an unknown writer, appended to Bede's history informs us that in the year 732 Egbert was made Bishop of York, and says, under the year 735, "Bishop Egbert, having received the pall from the Apostolic See, was the first confirmed archbishop after Paulinus." Egbert was a connecting link between those two most eminent Anglo-Saxons, Bede and Alcuin. Under the tuition of Bede he developed that love of learning which led to his forming the famed library of York, and under his fostering care York's renowned monastic school obtained an influence that made itself felt throughout Christendom. Of that school Alcuin, a native of York, was an alumnus,

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and from Egbert he received a training which resulted in his becoming the first scholar of his age, and the counsellor and confidant of Charlemagne, by whom he was made Abbot of St. Martin's at Tours. A letter of Alcuin's gives us some idea of the estimation in which the school and library of York and its venerable archbishop were held in France. It appears that Charlemagne proposed to found certain schools after the model of that of York in his own dominions. Alcuin writes to him on the subject, and says: "Give me the more polished volumes of scholastic learning, such as I used to have in my own

"WALTER DE GREY COMMENCED THE SOUTH TRANSEPT IN 1230."

country, through the laudable and ardent industry of my master, Archbishop Egbert, and, if it please your wisdom, I will send some of our youths, who may obtain thence whatever is necessary, and bring back into France the flowers of Britain, that the garden of Paradise be not confined to York, but that some of its offshoots may be transplanted to Tours." The fame of Alcuin redounded to the honor and credit of his alma mater and of his master the good archbishop, and it would be almost impossible to overestimate the benefits reaped by Christendom from his influence in the councils of Charlemagne.

The "flowers of Britain" were transplanted into France

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none too soon, for even before the death of Alcuin the Danes were commencing their predatory attacks on England. Their first irruption took place in 787; they came in large numbers in 793; in 867 they took York, and throughout the whole district from the Tyne to the Tweed "they destroyed the churches and monasteries far and wide with fire and sword, leaving nothing remaining save the bare unroofed walls." Not the least of the calamities that they inflicted was the destruction of the school of York. However, the church that had converted and civilized its Saxon persecutors soon transformed the heathen Danes into devout followers of the cross, and in no particular more sincere than in their devotion to York's great tutelar saint—St. Peter, and to St. Peter's successors.

The year 1066 saw the coming of William the Conqueror and the Norman conquest of England. To the Archbishop of Canterbury appertained by long custom the right to crown the kings of England. Stigand, the then archbishop, was an intruder, and not recognized by Rome. The new king, who would acknowledge no authority higher than his own in the state, was just as determined to support and enforce obedience to such an authority in the church, and so, as Simeon of Durham tells us, in 1066 "he went with his army to London, and was there elevated to the throne; and because Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, was charged by the apostolic pope with not having received the pall canonically, on Christmas day he was solemnly consecrated at Westminster by Aldred, Archbishop of York."

NORMAN FOUNDATION OF YORK MINSTER.

The minster erected by St. Paulinus was burnt down in 741; the church built to take its place shared the same fate, together with Archbishop Egbert's library, in 1068. Again it was rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas, only to be again burnt down in 1137. With the exception of the part of the crypt already mentioned, no part of the existing minster dates back earlier than the episcopate of Walter de Grey, who commenced the present south transept between 1230 and 1241. The whole building was completed by the end of the fifteenth century.

The question of ways and means in the rebuilding of the successive minsters was, of course, a very serious one even in those days of practical Christianity. The archbishops set noble examples of self-denying generosity; Archbishop Melton contributed £700 and Archbishop Thursby £1,267—figures which

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at present-day value very inadequately represent the worth of their donations. In the means adopted for raising the necessary funds one characteristic article of the faith of the builders comes out, and is evidence of the absurdity of the claim to "continuity" preached within the walls of the minster by the aliens from the old faith who are now in possession. For the purpose of raising these funds indulgences were granted at various times to those who "were truly contrite and had confessed their sins." The register of Archbishop Walter de Grey (1215–1255) is full of indulgences granted for this purpose. Jocelin, Bishop of Salisbury (*tempo* Henry II.), released from forty days of penance all such as bountifully contributed towards the re-edification of York minster. Archbishop Melton also granted indulgences for the same purpose; as also did Popes Innocent VI. and Urban V.

In 1140 Archbishop Thurstan, "finding the time of his warfare nearly accomplished," as William of Newburgh tells us, "relinquished his dignity; and, excusing himself from its burdens, passed his last days with the Cluniac monks at Pontefract." To fill the vacancy thus created St. William of York, treasurer of the minster and nephew of King Stephen, was by Stephen nominated to the see, elected by a majority of the chapter, and consecrated by the pope's legate, Henry of Winchester.

THE POPE THE SUPREME SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY.

The *congé d'élire* and nomination by the sovereign to an archbishopric in the Anglican Church of to-day carry with them all the force of a final appointment, since the part taken by the chapter, to whom the *congé d'élire* is addressed, is merely to endorse what is virtually a royal appointment against which there is no appeal. It was far different in those happy days when the Catholic Church was the one church of England. Royal nominations were then accepted only when they commended themselves to the supreme authority, which was not the king but the pope, and so, notwithstanding the good will of the church in England, and notwithstanding his royal nomination and consecration by the Papal legate, we find St. William first sending, then going in person to the feet of the Holy Father to beg the pall and Papal confirmation. The pope, influenced by the great St. Bernard, deposed St. William, and afterwards wrote, as John of Hexham relates, "to the Bishop of Durham and the chapter of York, requiring them within forty days after the receipt of his epistle to elect in his stead a man of learning, judgment, and piety." In obedience to this

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mandate the superior clergy of the diocese of York met, and, as their suffrages were divided between Henry Murdac, Abbot of Fountains, and Master Hilary, the pope's clerk, once again the voice of St. Peter's successor was heard, settling the claims of the rival candidates and consecrating Henry of Fountains for the archbishopric. St. William was thoroughly imbued with the truth so explicitly taught in mediæval times—that the pope is the source of all spiritual jurisdiction—and so, when his nomination and consecration were disregarded, he did not for one moment assert anything so unheard-of as the superior authority of his royal appointment, nor did he question the right of the pope to fill the see as he had done. Without a murmur or complaint he retired to Winchester, living with the monks there, "and prized their holiness of life as much as that of angels, eating and drinking with them, and sleeping in their dormitory." Henry of York died in 1153, and St. William was a second time elected to the archiepiscopal chair. To satisfy the wishes of his friends, he again started for Rome to beg for confirmation of his election and the pall. Success crowned his efforts and he was reinstated in the see. He returned to England, and at his entrance into York so great a crowd thronged forth to meet him that the bridge over the Ouse gave way beneath the weight, so that men, women, and children fell into the river. The saint made the sign of the cross over the water, and by his prayers brought it about that not a single one was drowned. He was canonized by Nicholas III. about 1280.

CARDINAL WOLSEY AT YORK.

Cardinal Wolsey was preferred to York in 1515. It was unfortunate for the archdiocese that the exigencies of state rendered the great and commanding diplomatic skill of its archbishop indispensable in the councils of a king who numbered an emperor in the ranks of his armies, and who aspired to be the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Wolsey rose in influence with the success of the policy he directed till he became the first statesman of his age. The day came when he learned from experience the folly of putting any trust in princes; he lost the favor of Henry VIII. and was banished to York. It was in those, the closing days of his life, that misfortune and adversity brought out the real lovable side of his character and all those virtues which go to make up the typical Catholic bishop. Cavendish tells us that at this period he on one occasion visited St. Oswald's Abbey, near York, and there confirmed children from 8 A. M. till 12 noon; then making a short

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dinner, he returned to the church at 1 o'clock to confirm more children till 4 P. M. The next morning before he departed he confirmed nearly a hundred children more, and then rode on his journey, and coming to a stone cross on the wayside he found assembled two hundred more children; he alighted and confirmed them all. We read of Wolsey that, after his arrest on a charge of high treason and when he was passing through Cawood in charge of his guards, "the people ran crying after him through the town, they loved him so well." What a world of regret that the life spent in statecraft had not been devoted, as were his last few weeks at York, to the higher and nobler calling of his episcopal office, is contained in the dying words of the great cardinal. "If," said he, "I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs." Yes, poor cardinal! and in that case the tears shed at your arrest would have been seen throughout old England and not confined to the poor people of the diocese of York, in which your better self had become known.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE.

The Reformation, like a deadly miasma, overspread the land, and so obnoxious was the Reformed religion to the people of England that in all directions they stood up to fight or die for the old faith. Devonshire and Norfolk; Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the whole North of England, took up arms rather than submit to the plundering of the monks, the destruction of the monasteries, and rejection of the pope's supremacy. The history of the rising in Yorkshire—known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace"—shows us that York and its people were in the forefront of the battle for the old church. "The whole movement," as Dr. F. G. Lee, Protestant rector of All Saints, Lambeth, tells us, "was marked by a complete absence of selfishness on the part of its promoters, and by the active presence and energy of the highest type of loyalty—loyalty to God's revealed truth." The Convocation of York met at Pontefract and demanded that "the recent statutes which had abrogated that ancient and legitimate authority of the pope, known since the time of St. Austin; suppressed the monasteries; declared Mary, the daughter of Queen Katherine, illegitimate, and bestowed on the king the tithes and first-fruits of all benefices, must be at once, each one and every one, repealed." The movement assumed such serious proportions that the king at length issued a public proclamation promising redress of all grievances, and granting a free pardon to all who

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had taken part in the rising. Robert Aske, the leader of "the Pilgrims," and other prominent supporters of the movement, were induced to proceed to London to confer with Henry; but no sooner were the bands of the Pilgrims dispersed than he showed to what a depth of infamy he could descend when it served his purpose. Aske was taken to York and ignominiously hanged in chains; others of the leaders were executed at Tyburn or burnt at Smithfield, and throughout the towns and villages of the North the mutilated, decomposing corpses of less prominent promoters of the rising told of a king's perjury and of the steadfast perseverance unto death of his victims, and, as we remember the cause of the sufferings of these holy mar-

SAINTLY MARGARET CLITHEROE WAS MARTYRED HERE.

tyrs, we feel the warm blood throbbing in our veins with an eager desire to emulate their constancy and to show ourselves not unworthy of that glorious heritage they have handed down.

DAYS OF MARTYRDOM.

The final scene in the ghastly drama that culminated in the supplanting of the *old* by the *new* church came at last. Pole, Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, and patient, long-suffering Queen Mary, passed to a better world on one and the same day. As a consequence Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York—the last of the old line of Catholic archbishops in the country—found himself at the head of the church in England at the most momentous crisis in its history. Nobly he headed the heroic bench of bishops, who, with one exception, stood firm as a rock in their opposition to Elizabeth's ecclesiastical policy

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and the revolution against authority that hailed her as its leader. When summoned to appear before the queen, and told either to take the new oath of supremacy or resign their sees, Heath, who had shown his loyalty by mainly contributing to secure for Elizabeth the undisturbed succession to the crown, refused, in his own name and in that of his colleagues, to take the oath, since the Fathers and the great Councils of the church all proclaimed Rome as the Head of that Church which their Divine Master had founded. In 1560 Heath, in conjunction with the other bishops, all of whom had been deprived except Kitchen of Llandaff, wrote to Matthew Parker, Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, "a letter terrifying of the Reformed bishops and clergy of the Church of England, with curses and other threatenings, for not acknowledging the Papal tribunal." Parker replies: "Ye have separated yourselves . . . from us," and "ye permit one man to have all the members of your Saviour Christ Jesus under his subjection. . . . Ye have made it sacrilege to dispute of his fact, heresy to doubt of his power, paganism to disobey him, and blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to act or speak against his decrees." If, instead of condemning them, it had been Parker's intention to have set the bishops before us as exemplars of self-sacrificing fidelity to God's Holy Church and His Vicar, he could scarcely have expressed himself in words more certain to elicit our loving admiration for these grand confessors. After five years spent in a dark, unwholesome dungeon in the Tower of London Heath was sent back to York, and, on some paltry pretence, it was determined by the queen in council that he, an old man of eighty, should be tortured, pinched, or thumb-screwed.

Our sketch would be incomplete if it contained no reference to saintly Margaret Clitheroe, for having harbored and maintained Jesuits and seminary priests, and for unlawfully hearing Mass, this most heroic woman was martyred at York under circumstances of the most fiendish brutality. In her trial she gave as her reason for non-compliance with the "new church" her belief "in that One Church, not made by man, which hath Seven Sacraments and one unalterable Faith." In that church she expressed her determination to live and die. In accordance with the sentence passed on her, she was first divested of her clothing, her hands and feet were tied, and she was stretched out at full length with a large flint stone of many sharp angles placed beneath the centre of her back. Upon her breast was placed a stout oak door, and for a quarter of an hour a quan-

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tity of heavy stones were piled thereon, one after another, till a weight of near on half a ton had accumulated. The sickening sight lasted till at last a heavier stone was pitched on to the rest, and then the continually repeated invocation, "O Jesu, good Jesu, have mercy upon me!" ceased once and for ever, and the tired soul, crushed out of the mangled body, took its flight, and faithfulness unto death was rewarded with the crown of life and the ever-abiding presence of the "good Jesu" who had supported her in her agonizing trial, and then taken her to himself.

Admiration beyond the power of words to express takes possession of us when we see this gentle, defenceless woman, professing, in the presence of the enemies of the old church, her faith in its creed, and willingness to die for the same; and when we think of her constancy and glorious triumph the Te Deum bursts spontaneously from our lips in thanksgiving to Almighty God that he allows us to share the same holy faith that led her to look on the martyr's crown as the choicest offering to lay at the feet of our Lord.

Three hundred years have passed since Margaret Clitheroe's time, and now once again many of those who worship in the old minster are turning Romeward with the conviction that only by submission to the Apostolic See can they recover that unity of faith lost to them at the Reformation, and there are grounds to justify the hope that the Mass shall again be heard within its walls, and that once again the people assembled therein shall be bidden "to pray for Christ's Holy Catholic Church, and for the Pope, its supreme Head on earth."

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THE PAINTING IN THE CONVENT PARLOR.

I.

MY sister Nellie had finished her course of studies at Norton College, Longshore, N. Y., and taken her diploma, being graduated with distinction. She had come home to Illinois in June, and enjoyed some weeks with me, mostly on horseback —Nellie rides like an empress; she of Austria I am thinking of—and then had packed my grips and carried me an unwilling bachelor to that more than American Como, Lake George, for the season. But what was a fellow to do? Given his sister just from school, with no other relatives nearer than remote cousins in the whole wide world, notwithstanding bachelorhood of forty-five and a lazy, stay-at-home disposition—what was a fellow to do but be agreeable and go play father, escort, chaperon, and discreet elder brother all in one? That is exactly what I did. A more delightful, healthful, romantic, and pleasurable summer brother and sister never had than the one Nellie and I spent that season at Lake George. The 10th of August of the same year found us back at home. To enjoy the quiet and comfort of an old-fashioned mansion in the prairie country near enough to Chicago not to be out of the world?

No, my dear reader. Miss Nellie Burrbridge had completed her education, as I have informed you, at Norton College, Longshore, in June.

We were at home to pack trunks, lock up the house, entrust it to a care-taker, and be off to France, Miss Burrbridge to finish abroad what she had completed at home. Some schoolgirl friend, graduating two years before, had returned from France for the commencement at Norton in June; had told Miss Nellie of a wonderful instructress in harp-music at a convent in the South of France, conducted by the Daughters of Charity. What more natural? Miss Burrbridge wished to perfect her French and be instructed in the manipulation of that divine instrument, the harp. To France then we were going.

Saturday, August 21, found us at Pier No. 38, North River. September found us at Paris, at the Lyons depot.

September 25 we took carriages at La Tour Farreauchette

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for Château De La Rocca—otherwise an academy of the Daughters of Charity. The afternoon of that day, after an enchanting drive, we alighted at the Château De La Rocca, handed our cards to the portress for the mother-superior, and were shown into the parlor to await the pleasure of her distinguished presence; and we had some time to wait. The parlor might well be termed a *salon*—long, spacious, furnished with elegance and exquisite taste, unusual, I should fancy, in convent parlors. But this convent had been the country-seat of the De La Rocca family until very recent years, when the last of the line, Mme. La Bain-Farreauchette, a widow and childless, had given it to the Daughters of Charity for a higher academy for young ladies.

While waiting for the mother-superior I had time to look about me. On the wall, hung low to catch the light, was a large painting of a beach-scene. I looked closely at it. There was no doubt of it. There is but one scene like it in the whole world—the beach at Galveston, Texas. I looked closer still. There, half embedded in the sand, was the trunk of a grand old cypress-tree. Many a time in the early morning and late at night I rested on the trunk of the tree of which this was the picture.

"Bridge"—it is so Nellie always addresses me—"what is there about that painting that so engrosses your attention?"

Before I could answer Mme. Huitville, the superioress, had entered and stood, cards in hand, bowing with a grace and dignity truly pleasing to see. If the picture had attracted my attention Mme. Huitville astonished me—no, positively startled me. I had surely seen her before. Why, I had even been present at her marriage and death. And there she stood smiling at me, and saying in most excellent English, "Mr. Burrbridge, I believe; and your sister, Miss Nellie, who comes to us for a time."

Miss Burrbridge, presently established in her quarters, had come down to the parlor and kissed me good-by, and I was soon driving back to La Tour Farreauchette to catch the Paris express via Lyons.

What long, long thoughts will come to a man shut up in a railway compartment alone during a long, long ride?

II.

In the fall of 1870 I was ordered South by the doctors. In fact I was to go below the frost-line, and remain until June.

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Nellie was then three years old, an orphan and my ward. What was I to do? An invalid, I could not take the child with me. But go I must, or have the pleasure of being the least interested party at a funeral in the spring. So said two eminent physicians of Chicago. Old Mrs. Stone, my housekeeper, quietly settled the matter: "Do as the doctors bid you, Mr. Burrbridge. I will look out for Nellie, keep house, and send you word of affairs from time to time." So I went South.

November 27, 1870, I landed in the City of Galveston, tired, jaded, weak, and miserable. I went to my room and ordered supper served there. A mulatto boy came with a tray, and laid the cover and served me. He opened my grips for me, prepared my bath, and, somewhat to my astonishment, let down a large mosquito-net about the bed, and tucked it in under the mattresses on three sides. I groaned. Mosquitoes in winter! I will be obliged to wing it again. My supper finished, a smoke, my bath, and to bed. Sleep is always good; but sleep to an invalid worn with travel is the balm of Paradise. And how well I slept the night long! Before five I was awake, and up and dressed, surprising the scrub-women as I passed through the lobby of the hotel to the street. As I reached the corner I heard the bells of a church sound in a short, loud jingle, and so bent my steps that way, passing through a quaint old street, with here a brick building and there a shanty. At one door was a second-hand furniture store, and at the other a Dago fruit-stand. Then a yard with a low, one-story house—frame, of course—with a wondrous rose-bush in full bloom running across the front of it, and along one side. Over the gate, trained to a trellis, a Maréchal Niel blooming as I had not seen one bloom before. No one in sight, either about the house or the street, to ask for or buy from; I leisurely helped myself, and walked on to the old church, now in full view. I am neither churchman nor pious, and yet somehow I was attracted to the old pile. I got to know it well afterwards during my winter in Galveston. Who built it, or when, I never learned; but one might take it for an old adobe church of the Franciscan friars, and that morning, as I entered, I expected to see amidst a dilapidated interior some of the brown or black or white-robed brotherhood. But I was mistaken. This was the Catholic cathedral of the city, and on the morning of November 28, 1870, it was empty save for myself; a tall, stately woman without bonnet,

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her head covered with a white something, half-shawl, half-veil, half-lace, half-wool; a lovely child of fourteen or fifteen years, and an old colored woman, who knelt behind mistress and child.

A very old priest came forth, clad in golden robes, preceded by a boy in scarlet and lace. A more beautiful picture I never saw. The old man, with silver hair and feeble step, with a devotion that shone in his face with the light of another world; the boy so beautiful, so young and small that he was scarcely able to carry the mass-book; with eyes that danced with youth and life and fun, but yet a copy of the old priest's reverent walk and manner and mien. Son of Adam that I am and was, I lingered on through the Mass service—to pray? to scoff? Neither. I stayed to see the face of that queenly form some pews ahead of me, so devoutly wrapped in prayer.

The service finished, all three rose to depart, and faced me coming down the aisle. The mother—evidently the mother—tall, dark, blue-black eyes, grace itself as she swept a low bow to the altar, on reaching the aisle from her pew. The daughter—surely the daughter—tall for her age, dark hair, eyes, and complexion. The old mammy—who else?—like the one and like the other, and yet only an old quadroon servant. They passed by me and out into the sunlit street.

Good breeding required that I should wait till I heard their footsteps on the stones of the steps before I followed, though the vision of beauty and wonderfully striking resemblance of all three urged me after them in curiosity. But before I left my pew I heard the rattle of carriage wheels and the trot of horses, and when I gained the door no one was in sight.

A street railway passes the cathedral directly in front of it, and a car going by as I came out, I boarded it, trending I knew not exactly whither, only I knew toward the gulf side of the city. It landed me on the beach. Galveston beach! There it was before me, seeming to me to stretch miles away in one long marble avenue, guarded on one side by the opal surf of the gulf, and on the other by the sand-hills of the island's edge; sparkling as though set with gems; cool, though flashing sunlight back and forth; sweet with the perfume of the ocean's incense, borne north by the gulf breeze which softly whispers to the sands all day long.

I no longer felt an invalid. I wandered up this glorious beach, as though walking through the great aisles leading to the golden 'yond. How far I walked I know not, only when I

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turned back I was tired and weak; had foolishly overtaxed myself and had to rest on the trunk of a huge cypress embedded in the sand. Then I started on again. A gentleman on horseback overtook me, and, noticing my weakness, dismounted and kindly offered me his saddle.

By what art is it? Surely these Southern gentlemen can offer a courtesy with an ease and dignity and kindness that other men do not possess. When we reached the tramway I dismounted, thanked him, and we exchanged cards. His bore the name of Gaston R. Tunnley. I reached the hotel, and, after brandy and raw eggs and a little rest, breakfasted, and breakfasted well, seeming none the worse for my morning's adventure.

The next day I went into private quarters, and was much pleased to find that I had as companion-boarder, and no one else, Gaston R. Tunnley, of Tunnley Springs, Tenn.; also of Tunnley plantation, Deautin Parish, La. Rather swell and rather English, I thought. But he had served in the Rebellion on the Southern side, as his sires had served in the Revolution on the American side; so I was mistaken, you see. It was now the end of May, 1871.

I had announced that I was to start North the second week of June. One evening, on the beach, Tunnley asked me if I would do him a favor, and serve as a witness to a marriage in the parlor of our boarding-house on the following evening. "My mother will arrive to-morrow, and be the other witness."

"Certainly," I said; and as the information was not volunteered, I did not ask whose wedding it was to be. A note on my table told me that I would be expected in the parlor at eight o'clock. I put on my dress-suit—how was I to know?—and walked along the hall and across it to the parlor. I was introduced to Mrs. Tunnley, a proud, stately old lady whose acknowledgment of the introduction seemed like scorn. I was introduced also to Père Duquoin, the old clergyman I had seen the first day I was in Galveston. I was introduced by Tunnley, being now somewhat confused, to "My daughter Nolita; and this is Mammy Nola." All these were my friends of the cathedral, the handsome child and the handsome old quadroon negress. Then I went with Tunnley to the end of the room, and was introduced to "My wife, Mrs. Tunnley." "It is only for form's sake, Mr. Burrbridge," said Tunnley; "and we wish a witness on Nolita's account." Then they were married over again by Père Duquoin, and I and Mrs. Tunnley, Sr., signed the papers.

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Then Mrs. Tunnley, Jr., drew from her bosom a paper yellow with age and, smiling, offered it to me to read. What I read was as follows:

"Be it known that I, John Weston, in Iberville, La., contrary to the laws of the State, but as I deem right according to the laws of God, did jine (*sic*) Gaston R. Tunnley and Magnolia Tunnley" (slaves take the name of their masters) "as man and wife. Witnesses of the said act are old Mrs. Nola Tunnley, black, and myself. Signed by my hand this day, June the 12th, 1859.

"JOHN WESTON, Preacher, white, M. E. Church. Amen."

Two weeks later I was in the same parlor at the death of the same woman, and I wept to see the end so sad and yet so peaceful. Consumption had claimed her for its own. There she reclined, poor gentle soul! On one side the husband, A. Tunnley, of Tunnley Springs, broken with sorrow; on the other the old mother of the husband, with one arm about little Nolita and one about her newly-found daughter's neck, kissing away in tears the sorrow of years of scorn; at the foot of the couch the old negress, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart; Père Duquoin, with choked voice, vainly endeavoring to recite the prayers for the dying; and she, smiling in the face of death, more beautiful than when I first saw her, on that sunny morn, in the old cathedral of Galveston.

III.

A man will have long, long thoughts when he rides alone on a long, long journey. Madame Huitville! Why the change of name from Nolita Tunnley?

How like the mother as I saw her at Mass service in the old cathedral at Galveston! Evidently she did not recognize me, nor my name. I did not return to the Château De La Rocca to bring Nellie away, but met her at Lyons. Her letters to me contained little or nothing of Madame Huitville.

We are back at home now here in the prairie country. In the evening Nellie plays for me on her harp. She was taught "to manipulate that divine instrument" very well.

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THE WORD-PAINTING OF DANTE.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

SCHELLING has said that the poetry of Dante is prophetic and typical of all modern poetry, embracing all its characteristics, and springing out of its intricately mingled materials. He goes further, and declares that all who would know modern poetry, not superficially but at the fountain-head, should train themselves by this great and mighty spirit.

The qualities of poetic excellence, by which the mystic spirit of the dead Florentine has so stamped itself upon the culture of this and other generations, excite wonder or provoke admiration in a variety of ways. His masterful handling of the elegant tongue he employed, his power of condensed expression, his simplicity, his directness, his earnestness, his tenderness, his marvellous fancy, portraying

"Armies of angels that soar, or demons that lurk,"

are less astounding, perhaps, than his attention to small details; his pausing, brush in hand, before the stupendous aim he has in view, to paint a succession of pictures.

In the very first lines of the Inferno there is presented a *selva-oscura*, a *selva selvaggia*, a dark and savage forest, jagged of aspect; its rugged trees, its thick-massed foliage, the haunt of nameless terrors. Desolation seizes upon the poet. He feels it in the intensity of his being—*il lago del cor:* in the lake of his heart.

Ruskin remarks upon the character of horror given by Dante to his forests, in contradistinction to Homer and the Greeks on the one hand, Shakspere and the English song-writers on the other. To them a forest is a place for merriment, adventure, thought, contemplation. To Dante the embodiment of grim terror. On leaving the city of Dis the poet, with his guide, Virgil, comes upon a forest "thick crowded with ghosts"; and again, in the thirteenth canto of the Inferno, reaches one "whereof the foliage is not green, but of a dusky color; nor the branches smooth, but gnarled and intertangled; not apple-trees, but thorns with poison."

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The trees of this wood are, indeed, living and suffering entities. Upon the borders of Paradise, however, is the heavenly forest, dense and living green, which tempered to the eyes the new-born day.

Dante, delivered from the terrors of that first wood by Virgil, who is described as one "from long silence hoarse," revives as "flowers, bowed by the nocturnal chill, uplift themselves and open on their stem when the sun whitens them."

The poets pass on through "the brown air," approaching night "releasing the animals of earth from their toils." Arrived before the sorrowful city, they see the sentence of despair inscribed there in "dim" coloring, and the boatman with wheels of flame about his eyes. Through the "dusky" air Dante descries hosts of souls. Scarce could he believe death had so many undone. The "dim" champaign trembles, bathed in vermilion light. Dante is overcome by sleep. He wakens upon the verge of the dolorous abyss, whence come sounds of infinite woe. It is dark, profound, nebulous—his vision, seeking the depths, can naught discern.

In the first circle, no wild lamentations, but sighs that "make tremble the eternal air," sighs for the late-known felicity, evermore unattainable. The gloom is broken by a hemisphere of fire. A moated and seven-walled castle arises; around it a meadow freshly green, a spot "luminous and lofty," wherein are the company of spirits, deprived through want of knowledge of the celestial inheritance. Thence the poets go forth from the quiet to the "air that trembles" and the "places where nothing shines."

The succession of images hitherto has depended almost entirely upon the choice or arrangement of single words. Vermilion light, trembling air, nebulous depths, the tearful land, the hemisphere of fire overcoming darkness; "the grave, slow" eyes of the unsuffering but unsatisfied spirits in Limbo, lead to the dolorous hostelry of the second circle, with its roaring as of tempestuous seas and battling winds. Dante makes frequent use of sound to express indifferently horror, the chastened suffering of Purgatory, or the infinite glory above.

In Hell, roaring of waves or of winds, dire laments, doleful sighs, the reverberation of falling waters, the horrible crashing of a whirlpool, gnashing of teeth, snarling of curs, hissing of reptiles, bellowing of bulls, blasphemous shrieks, ferocious jabbering, and a confusion of sounds as of kettledrums, trumpets, bells, so that "never yet was bagpipe so uncouth."

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In Purgatory, chanting of repentant souls, strains as of a mighty organ, melodious singing, gracious and glad salutations, dulcet notes, voices of angels, orisons or the narration of holy deeds done, the joyful cry which proclaims. the release of a spirit.

In the Terrestrial Paradise, the sweetness of little birds singing, "with full ravishment, the hours of prime," delicious melodies and the music of the eternal spheres. In Heaven,

"Voices diverse make up sweet melodies;
The seats diverse
Render sweet harmony among the spheres."

The wondrous songs, sounds of praise, and the singing of hosannas, so that

"Never since to hear again was I without desire."

The poet, indeed, declares that these heavenly sounds can be comprehended only there, "where joy is made eternal."

In the "black air" of the second circle, Dante meets souls as starlings in large bands, or cranes in long lines. An infernal hurricane smites and hurtles them. In the "purple" air of the lower circle the pathetic accents of Francesca are heard; tragedy of tragedies sounded from the depths of eternal woe. Incongruously beautiful in its infinite sorrow, tenderness, appreciation of the pity expressed for the crime which it chronicles, or the abyss in which that crime is punished. For it is the deepest horror of hell that thence all nobleness, beauty, pathos even, are swallowed up in the inconceivable calamity, whence no second death may deliver.

In the third circle, with its "tenebrous air," its water sombre-hued, the sad rivulet of Styx with "malign gray shores," those who sullen were in the sweet sun-gladdened air are sullen evermore in "sable mire."

Dante expresses by the darkness of the air an intensity of horror. He multiplies adjectives to enforce this idea. Perchance the rare brilliancy of the Italian skies suggested a powerful contrast. In the approach to Purgatory he dwells, conversely, on "the cloudless aspect of the pure air"; in the Terrestrial Paradise the air is luminous; in the first heaven

"Luminous, dense, consolidate and bright
As adamant on which the sun is striking."

Dante almost invariably employs the symbolism of color, no doubt suggested to his mind somewhat by the liturgy of

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the church. His gray, his black, his purple, his brown usually express malignity, terror, despair, sorrow, or suffering. His red or vermilion indifferently represent the lurid lights of the Inferno, or "the white and vermilion cheeks of beautiful Aurora," as, emerging from hell, he stands upon the sea-shore, perceiving a light "of unknowable whiteness," the Angel of God.

Green, emphatically the color of hope, overspreads the landscape, when the poet has escaped from "the night profound that ever black makes the infernal valley." He comes upon green meadows, and beholds two angels with wings the color of the "new-born leaflets." The poet, on his first escape from the dismal half-lights of the eternal prison, fairly revels in richness of coloring. He sees in the air "the sweet color of the oriental sapphire," and herbage and flowers "surpassing gold and fine silver, scarlet and pearl-white, the Indian wood resplendent and serene, and fresh emerald, the moment it is broken."

The stages of the purgatorial purification are hinted at in the color of the "angel's garment, now sober-hued, the color of ashes, now lucent and red," now white, or of dazzling radiance, as also in the steps of divers-tinted marble, variously of white, of deeper hue than Perse or of porphyry flaming red.

In the Terrestrial Paradise the beautiful lady is walking upon vermilion and yellow flowerets, the skies are tinged with rose, and the Tree of Life is "less of rose than violet." Those taking part in that wondrous pageant of the Church Militant, which is in itself a series of vivid and wonderful word-pictures, wear garlands of rose or other flowers vermilion, are incoronate with fleur-de-luce or verdant leaf, are vested in purple, or so red that in the fire had scarce been noted, or as if out of emerald the flesh and blood were fashioned, or of snow new fallen. One is of gold, so far as he was bird, and white the others with vermilion mingled. Beatrice wears a snow-white veil with olive cinct, a green mantle and vesture the color of the living flame.

Even in the eternal spheres there is "the yellow of the Rose Eternal," the snow-white Rose of the heavenly host, the angelic spirits, with faces of living flame, wings of gold, and all the rest so white no snow unto that limit doth attain. Even "the Highest Light" is described as of threefold color, and "by the second seemed the first reflected, as Iris by Iris."

As the poets pursue their way downwards through Bolgia after Bolgia the horror is intensified; the images, growing ever

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more abundant, are usually loathsome as terrific. It is with a sense of relief that familiar and pleasing, if somewhat homely, similitudes are encountered. In the dense and darksome atmosphere where souls are tormented under a rain of fire there is a figure of a swimmer coming toward the poets:

> "Even as he returns who goeth down,
> Sometimes to clear an anchor which has grappled
> Reef, or aught else that in the sea is hidden."

A comparison is made between the fearful "fissure of Malebolge" and the "Arsenal of the Venetians," and the giants, like towers, are seen through a vanishing fog, which suffers the sight to refigure whate'er the mist conceals.

In the Purgatory souls appear,

> "As do the blind, in want of livelihood,
> Stand at the door of churches asking alms";

or,

> "As the little stork that lifts its wings
> With a desire to fly, and does not venture."

In the twenty-eighth canto are three such familiar illustrations in swift succession: "the swift and venturesome goats grown passive while ruminating"; the herdsman leaning on his staff, watching them, hushed in the shadow while the sun is hot, and the shepherd watching by night to protect his quiet flock from wild beasts.

These homely similitudes continue side by side with the sublime imagery of the Paradise. The poet hears the murmur of a river descending from rock to rock, or the sound upon the cithern's neck, or vent of rustic pipe. The splendid shades of the seventh heaven gather like rooks, who

> "Together at the break of day
> Bestir themselves to warm their feathers cold."

The truth as presented to her poet-lover by Beatrice is as a taper's flame in a looking-glass.

Natural scenery, or some image or association of ideas therewith connected, distract the mind from the inspired mysticism of the Paradise, or the solemnity of Purgatory, as they raise it from "the black air" of the lower gulf to "the life beautiful, the life serene," for so this earthly existence is pathetically called by the lost spirits; as though, forgetting its woes, they remember only its possibilities of happiness, its human

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sympathies, and the beauties which meet the eye and cheer the heart.

Thus, meeting a company of ruined souls, headed by his former preceptor, Brunetto Latini, they observe the two poets "as at evening we are wont to eye each other under a new moon," and in the repulsive atmosphere of a lower Bolgia there is the reminder of a mountain lake:

> "Above in beauteous Italy lies a lake
> At the Alps' foot that shuts in Germany."

The hell of thieves, whence the unrepentant souls hurl defiance at the Creator, opens with the peaceful picture "of hoar frost, copying on the ground the outward semblance of her sister white," and the husbandman looking out upon the landscape.

The border-land of Purgatory is one continued succession of beautiful images, sapphire-colored skies, the consecrated stars ne'er seen but by the primal peoples, the dawn breaking over that never-navigated sea, the trembling of the waves, *il tremolar dell' onde*, and the angel with countenance like the tremulous morning star. The sun flaming red is broken only by the shadow of the living poet, until it has reached meridian, and "the night covered with her foot Morocco." The hour of twilight falls upon the poets, full of sweet desire in those who sail the seas, their hearts melted by the thought of distant friends, and when the pilgrim, hearing the far-off sounds of a bell deploring the dying day, is moved to new love. The tender humanness of this description seems to accord well with the entrance into that great solemn world of Purgatory, the mountain of sin destroyed by repentance.

The following brief quotations may serve to give an idea of the use of natural scenery by the great Tuscan:

> "The moon belated almost unto midnight
> Now made the stars appear to us more rare,
> Formed like a bucket that is all ablaze:

> "As when in night's serene of the full moon
> Smiles Trivia among the nymphs eternal
> Who paint the firmament through all its gulfs.

> "And as the harbinger of early dawn
> The air of May doth move and breathe out fragrance,
> Impregnate all with herbage and with flowers,

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"Ere in all its paths immeasurable
The horizons of one aspect had become
And night her boundless dispensation held."

The Terrestrial Paradise is aptly epitomized as a land "where evermore was spring," and its stream, so clear that even the most limpid of earth seem dull by comparison, moves on with a brown, brown current under the shade perpetual that lets not in rays of the sun or moon.

The use of streams by the poet would furnish food for a separate and interesting study, as also his employments of mountains, birds, or flowers.

In the Paradise light is that figure which the poet most frequently employs. The highest Light, the Light Supreme, the Light Eternal, express the Majesty of God. Light in fashion of a river, pacific oriflammes, brightest in the centre, flaming intensely in the guise of comets, myriad lamps and torches, are some of the epithets applied to the redeemed souls.

It is true that he describes them as roses, lilies, as luculent pearls, topazes, or rubies, more rarely as birds, or as forming letters, sentences, and wheels. This latter illustration is employed as an emblem of great torment in the Inferno. Once there is the simile of a stairway, colored in gold, on which the sunshine gleams.

In his frequent use of the stars to define his thought it is, perhaps, a trivial coincidence, yet not unworthy of note, that the Tuscan concludes each portion of the Comedy with a reference to those heavenly bodies. Flying from Beelzebub, prince of devils, and from the shades of the infernal pit, he emphasizes his escape in one terse sentence:

"Thence we came forth to re-behold the stars."

Having passed through the mountain of purification, and bathed in the Lethean stream, the once troubled soul of the Florentine is

"Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

In the closing scene of the Paradise Dante exhausts, as it were, the splendor of his genius in striving to portray the Uncreated Glory—

"The Love which moves the sun and other stars."

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LONGFELLOW.

BY CHARLESON SHANE.

I.

HEN once, with brush that followed where the feet
Of smiling Muses trod, thy skilful hand
Traced all the beauties of a flow'ring land,
And sketched the shaded grove where songsters sweet
With full, melodious note, *thy* music greet,
There Honor beckoned with her magic wand:
And called to thee, from even foreign strand,
The grateful voice of Fame; and laurels meet
Thy brow encircled. Now, alas! for thee
Nor violets bloom, nor tunes the joyful note
Yon flitting robin sings, when sounds to me
The spring-tide song that fills his swelling throat.
Nor can we e'er the master-spirit see
Who breathed the melodies that round us float.

II.

Yet still thy verses guide and follow I
Through all the sunny vales of France and Spain,
Past hills forgotten warriors tread again,
To cities slumb'ring 'neath the gorgeous sky
In foreign indolence. There, passing by,
O'er dusty roads that, parching, weep for rain,
I see the slow mules lag in heavy train.
And northward, then, where short-lived summers die,
Scarce noted 'mid the reign of wintry snow,
The Viking sweeps the tempest-swelling sea,
And, 'neath his furious career bowing low,
Both Dane and Norseman bend submissive knee.
Ah, yes! these fast-revolving pictures show
The Muse's golden crown was given thee.

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A GREAT CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST: VISCOUNT DE MELUN.

BY REV. F. X. McGOWAN, O.S.A.

ON December 17, 1893, the writer was present at the Golden Jubilee of the Work of the Apprentices and Young Workmen, which was celebrated in the great basilica on Montmartre, Paris. In that immense church, which embodies in stone a national vow, thousands had gathered to rejoice over the success of M. de Melun's efforts. In the hymn which was sung by all, young and old, the cry to God was to save France—*Sauvez la France!* One could scarcely believe, as he looked at that vast assemblage of young men, that Paris was an infidel city, but he would be rather led to believe that a genuine, healthy, Christian spirit was abroad in it. As we listened to the eulogy of this heroic soul we found ourselves repeating: "I heard a voice from heaven saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, . . . that they may rest from their labors, *for their works follow them.*"

Viscount Armand de Melun was born at Brumetz, in the department of Aisne, September 24, 1807, of an ancient noble French family. He was blessed with good Catholic parents, who gave him an excellent Christian education. After having made brilliant studies in Paris he betook himself to the study of law, and was on the point of becoming a magistrate when the Revolution of July, 1830, happily interfered with his design.

It was only by the desire of his parents that he prepared to enter a public career, and when the circumstances of the times prevented this, it caused him no heartache to give up his project. Gifted with the talent of eloquent speech and a forceful pen, he could have easily made a name for himself in the political world or the world of letters. It was no love of leisure, or any taste for frivolous or dangerous distractions, that led him to eschew the activities of public life. His preference was for a life of entire political independence. He loved work, and he left in the salons of Paris, and in many social circles, the impress of his strong intellectual ability, and the charm of his honest Christian character.

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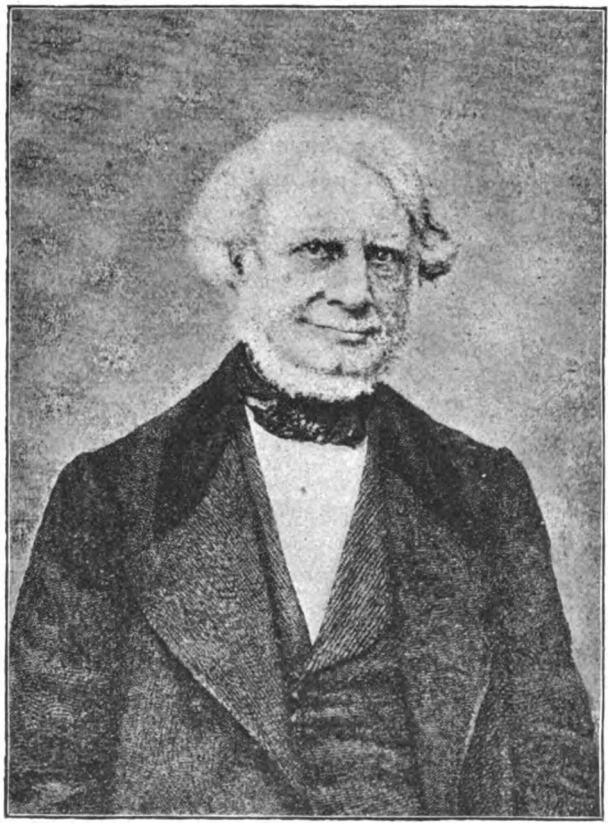
NOBLE GUIDES TO A CHOICE OF LIFE.

M. de Melun was naturally active; he acquired piety. As in the case of most star-like characters whom God raises up for the good of his people, he was given a special providence to indicate to him his vocation in life and to strengthen him in the pursuit of it. At the very outset of his career he came



THE VISCOUNT DE MELUN.

under the influence of two women who did much to mark out his future paths: Madame Swetchine and Sister Rosalie. The former—whose correspondence, published by M. de Falloux, reveals to us a superior mind—transported M. de Melun into those luminous regions to which truly Christian souls are lifted, and she pointed out to him the special kingdom in which he could do efficient work. The latter, the simple daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, taught him the practical side of charity.

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Madame Swetchine, who had conceived a strong affection for this young nobleman, in whom she saw such earnest piety and such consuming zeal and holy ambition to do good, wrote to him as follows:

"Between religious faith and the charity of good works—which, under the impulse of faith, reveals an entire goodness of heart—between these two powers of a holy trinity also there is an element to which we must give a place, an element which is neither faith reasoned out nor exterior charity, but the fireside of two others, their source, their motive, and their reward: this is piety, which makes God sensible to the heart and which concentrates in itself his immense love. Read, then, my dear friend, read St. Vincent de Paul—read him so that you may appropriate his action and conform yourself in everything to his example. But read also some other works of the great masters of spiritual life, which will lead you to penetrate into the adorable mysteries of God's conduct towards souls. Living with the poor, the sick, you will find this practical instruction very beneficial."

Sustained by the spirit of piety, the Viscount de Melun applied his natural activity to good works, and it was Sister Rosalie who directed and guided him from the start in the practice of charity.

Sister Rosalie Rendu was the superior of the House of Charity in the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois in Paris, and was famous for her charity towards the poor. She was a veritable providence to them in the Faubourg St. Marceau, where the number of the poor was simply incalculable. In her *Mémoires*, published by Count Le Camas, M. de Melun has left us these charming remembrances of the charitable apprenticeship he served under her: "At each one of my new incursions into the Faubourg St. Marceau, Sister Rosalie took care to choose for me, with her ordinary tact, the poor whom she confided to me. They all had particular claims on my solicitude, and something interesting to relate to me. I never left the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois without a greater affection for the sister-superior and her *protégés*. I soon became accustomed to these excursions, and the conversations which preceded and followed them, in which I learned so well to discern true misery with its disguise, to take part in the exaggerations of some and in the reserve of others, and to distribute to each whatever was the best as help, as advice, or even as talk. I have nothing to add concerning this admirable woman, since I have said all

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that I know how to say of her in the history of her life. To date from that moment to her death, a week never passed in which I did not come often, not only to visit her poor and to go, under her direction, through all the narrow winding streets of her kingdom, but also to take counsel with her in all the works which I was about to undertake, in all the difficult situations the solution of which, through her, I knew how to find."

In studying, also, in the Quarter St. Medard, under the direction of this humble sister, the sufferings and the wants of the poor, M. de Melun began to understand the extent of misery which befalls so large a portion of the population, especially in large cities, and particularly so in Paris. But the immensity of evil, instead of discouraging him, served only to inflame his holy ardor, and he devoted his life to relieving his brethren in Jesus Christ.

II.

There is much religion, and therefore much charity, which is lost sight of in the general view that people take of irreligious France. If there is an impious Paris we should not forget that there is also a religious Paris. Paris is world-renowned for the number and the excellence of its charitable institutions. People who are all the time wondering if the Parisians will ever get to heaven ought to take a few salutary lessons from them in meritorious charitable work. Beneath the gayety of the Parisians, which is too often and too wrongly considered by sedate English and American travellers as utter levity and frivolity, there beats a refined and benevolent heart. There is a natural basis for charity in the Parisian character. It represents the highest, the most complete, and the most civilized people of the world. While irreligion may prevail, even to an alarming extent, yet Christianity has brought to perfection an uncommonly plastic and ductile benevolence, the like of which can be found nowhere else in Christendom. Even men and women who have lost the faith are motived for temporal reasons by the charity which was long ago supernaturalized by the action and the influence of the Catholic Church.

BANEFUL FRUITS OF THE REVOLUTION.

All of the specific charities of Paris are in close touch with the church, and are sustained mainly by her faithful children. The Work of the Faubourgs, the Maternal Society, the Cribs,

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the Halls of Asylum, the Common Schools, the Patronages, the Friends of Childhood, the Work of the Prisons, the Society of St. Francis Regis, the Work of the Sick Poor, the Work of the Soldiers, and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which embrace the social and charitable labor of Catholic Paris, have

SISTER ROSALIE TAUGHT HIM THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF CHARITY.

had their origin from purely religious motives and perform their duties under clerical and religious supervision. The amount of real, genuine happiness which is conferred through the agency of these different works is so enormous that we are tempted to believe if the Catholic religion had full sway over the French

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mind and heart the civilization of Christianity would reach its ultimatum. At present, however, difficulties and opposition which are formidable prevent its attaining to that desirable height. That unfortunate French Revolution, which was national delirium, has borne wicked fruits that have lasted even to our times, a hundred years and more since it spilled innocent blood on the pavements of Paris and vitiated the souls of thousands.

The first field of labor into which M. de Melun entered was the work of the Friends of Childhood—a society founded in 1827 by a number of young gentlemen of fortune. He took a lively interest in succoring and caring for poor children who were without parents, or who, having parents, were neglected by them. These unfortunates were placed under proper care and guarded from evil influences, which might otherwise surround them.

THE CRUCIAL PERIOD OF LIFE.

While engaged in this work the young viscount perceived the futility of his labor if it were not extended further to that period when the child departs from the class-room to enter the life of apprenticeship, a period fraught with danger, in which all that the child had been hitherto taught might be reduced to nothing by the influences of bad example, bad reading, and neglect of religious duties.

Pondering this thought, M. de Melun had recourse again to Sister Rosalie, and they formulated a scheme which, under God's blessing, not only satisfied the exigency which existed, but far surpassed their most sanguine hopes. M. de Melun gave a short sketch of his labors and the labors of his colleagues, in 1875, at a general assembly of the Work of Apprentices and Young Workmen, of which he was the founder.

In 1845, at the request of some well-intentioned men, Brother Philip, the superior-general of the Christian Brothers, summoned to the mother-house all the directors of the Christian Schools in Paris. At this meeting the matter of doing something for the benefit of children who, after leaving school, enter into the life of apprentices, and who, surrounded by inevitable temptations, are often placed in the danger of losing their faith, was discussed. The religious atmosphere of the school-room is noticeably absent in the workshop, and in a short while the boy is likely to lose all religious tradition, religious habits, all trace of the education which he received in the school and in the church. It was proposed to the Christian Brothers to

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undertake a work which would reach these young apprentices, and to inaugurate Sunday reunions in which some of the good influences that had been exercised over their early years might be continued and perpetuated.

The proposition was received favorably, and while all approved of the idea, not a few were dismayed at the difficulty of attracting and holding these young people at an age when they were so desirous of pleasure and so charmed with their own freedom. Again, some of the brothers were at a loss to supply for the distractions, more or less licit, which were offered to these young souls in the outside world.

"The work is an excellent one," said Brother Philip; "it is necessary and ought to be done." He counselled them to go to work and lay the foundation of it, and to return in three months and report the results of their labors.

At the appointed time the brothers convened at the mother-house and presented their reports to the superior-general. They had appealed to their former pupils, and the appeal had been listened to. The work had been established in three *arrondissements* and was about to be founded in several others. Father de Ravignan had preached a charity sermon in behalf of it at Notre Dame; Father Pétélot, at that time curé of St. Roch, had taken up subscriptions for it; the Archbishop of Paris had accepted the honorary presidency of it, and everything augured its complete success. Soon the work extended to every quarter of Paris, and having been organized on a sure basis, its development was nigh stupendous. When M. de Melun spoke in 1875, with a heart grateful to God and to the Christian Brothers, of the success of this work, which was so near and so dear to him, he had the pleasure of reporting the establishment of 20 societies, numbering 2,527 young members. In December, 1893, the work counted 53 societies, numbering 5,559 members. This rich fruitage of his labors and his prayers evidently showed that the finger of the Lord had touched his work.

AID FOR YOUNG WORKING-GIRLS.

M. de Melun felt that the Work of the Apprentices would be incomplete if he did not take into consideration the deplorable condition of young girls, who, after leaving school, were thrown into as trying, and even worse, temptations than those which surrounded boys. The amelioration of public manners and the salvation of society had an equal claim on his zeal in this respect. Therefore, February 3, 1851, a work, anal-

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ogous to the Work of the Apprentices, was organized under the care of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and in his last days the Viscount de Melun stated with much consolation the happy results of this excellent institution:

"The moral grandeur, unperceived, this heroism of every day—more meritorious than the exceptional acts on which humanity wastes its encomiums—you will find in these young working-girls, whom you, sisters, have taken under your protection, and if you ask whence have they acquired that strength of resistance and that superiority of soul, there is but one voice that will answer: in the Sunday reunions, in the instructions and the advice which they received in them; in the help and the relief which the Patronage gave them." We cannot forget that the Baroness of Ladoucette, as the general president of this work, assisted both M. de Melun and the worthy sisters in its marvellous development. It has been established in almost every parish of Paris and the suburbs, and at the close of 1893 numbered more than 20,000 associates.

One might think that the organization and the successful development of these two great works for the betterment and the salvation of the two most important divisions of society were labor enough for the life-time of a single individual. But no, the charity of M. de Melun was ceaseless. In the practical unfolding of his charities he met with a class of men and women who were once in good circumstances, but who had undeservedly fallen into poverty or low condition of life. There was an exquisite delicacy needed in dealing with this work, and the benevolent viscount had a heart tender enough for it. He established the Work of Mercy. It was a timely work, for it came into existence just at that epoch when great social errors had arisen and had been the cause of terrible catastrophes both to society and to families. Much of the communism that had a faint echo even here in America began about this time, and to stem the tide of misery which it was producing M. de Melun organized the Society of Charitable Economy and began the Annals of Charity.

While the viscount preserved a complete political independence, attaching himself to no party, he did not hesitate to utilize the resources which the government offered him in carrying out the work of his patronages.

SYMPATHY OF M. DE LAMARTINE.

When the Revolution of February 24, 1848, came before France, with appearances favorable to popular interests, there was

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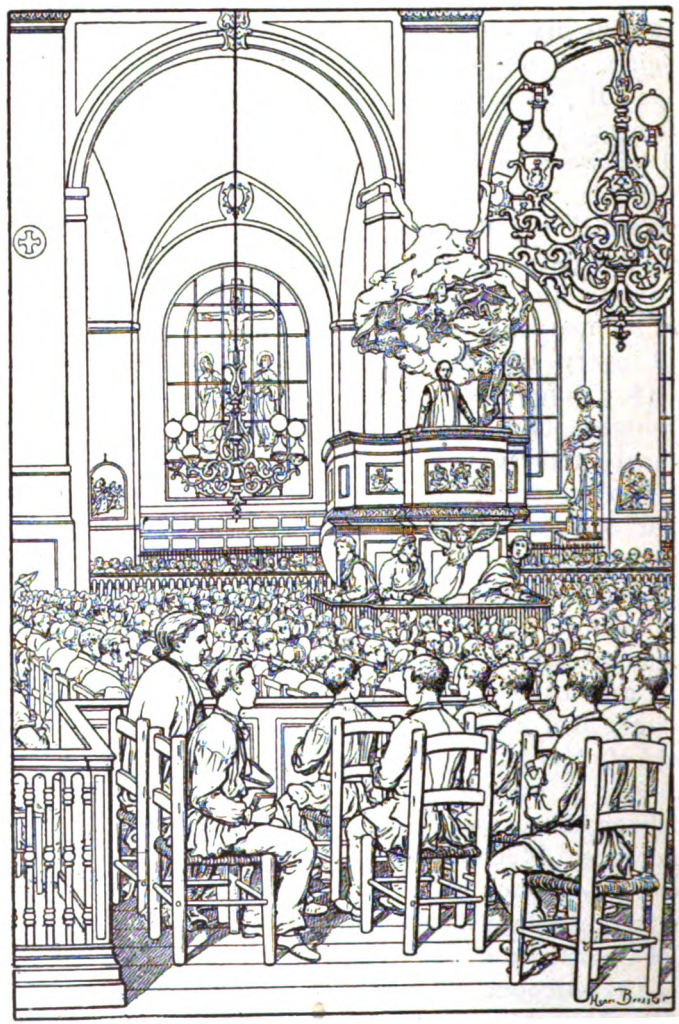
no one who welcomed it more warmly than Viscount de Melun. Because it seemed in touch with the good of the people, it awakened in his heart the most stirring hopes, and, it must be confessed, generous illusions. He did not fear to invite the good will of certain members of the Provisional government



HE WAS THE FOUNDER OF THE WORK OF APPRENTICES AND YOUNG WORKMEN.

to his works, and he especially sought the beneficial services of M. de Lamartine, who had often testified a warm sympathy for his undertakings. March 31, 1848, in union with Mme. de Lamartine, he founded the Fraternal Association. This work of social charity, ingeniously adapted to the wants and the

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ideas of the moment, had at first great success, but the Revolution of May 15 crippled its operations. M. de Melun was not cast in the mould of men whom difficulties discourage; he pursued his work faithfully, and after the revolutionary days of June had scattered everywhere despair and misery in the populous quarters of Paris, the brave viscount, assisted by his *confrères* of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and by members of his own works, went about doling out to poor families, the victims of the civil war, the relief of municipal generosity and the pacifying comforts of Catholic charity. Again we find him, as of old, the messenger of Providence, in the Faubourg St. Marceau, where in former years he had buckled on his first arms as a simple soldier of charity under the orders of Sister Rosalie.

Thus did this good, holy man live, not for himself but for his fellow-men, scattering everywhere the gifts of God, and bringing the peace of Jesus Christ into the by-ways and the alley-ways of life, into quarters where the love of the Saviour was sorely needed. His whole career might be said to have been the embodiment of the words of Horace Mann: "The soul of the truly benevolent man does not seem to reside much in its own body. Its life, to a great extent, is a mere reflex of the lives of others. It migrates into their bodies, and, identifying its existence with their existence, finds its own happiness in increasing and prolonging their pleasures, in extinguishing or solacing their pains" (*Lects. on Education, Lect. IV.*)

III.

We would hardly believe our sketch of the life of Armand de Melun in any degree satisfactory if we did not refer to the important services which he rendered to religion in his brief career as a legislator, and in his long life as a counsellor in public affairs relative to charity and public assistance.

Before presenting himself to the universal suffrage of France Louis Napoleon wished to have an interview with De Melun, whom he rightly deemed the principal representative of charitable works in Paris. Had the viscount been accessible to ambition, he might have held the highest positions in the state; but he preferred to retain his political independence. He entered the Legislative Assembly in 1849, and contributed powerfully to the passage of bills affecting the freedom of education and public charities. With the aid of his brother, who represented the department of the North, he succeeded in drafting

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and passing laws concerning the hospitals and the hospices, marriages of the indigent, judiciary assistance, public baths and lavatories, unhealthy dwellings, apprenticeships, and the monts-de-pieté. It took some strong contention to pass these bills, but constant work and eloquent advocacy of them prevailed. M. de Melun never assumed the air of a partisan in his parliamentary work; he was first and always *the* Christian who had recourse to pacific measures, rather than to noisy agitation, for the success of what he had at heart. So preoccupied was he with all social questions that came before the Assembly that the members were quite assured he studied every project in advance. When asked to give his views on public measures he stated them with simplicity and clearness, and was listened to with respectful attention.

This modest man, who feared nothing so much as parade and held in horror even the least appearance of charlatanism, was one of the best servants of popular interests that ever sat in the hall of the Legislative Assembly.

The *coup-d'état* of December 2, 1854, put an end to the parliamentary career of Viscount de Melun, but he was called upon later to give the weight of his learning and counsel in the organization of the Societies of Mutual Help. Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, urged him to co-operate in this good work, and in obedience to the wish of that prelate he took a deep interest in it, being the soul and the agent of the committee to whose charge it was entrusted. After the Patronage of the Apprentices and the Young Workmen, this Work of Mutual Help gave him the greatest honor; for through it he rendered lasting and useful services to the laboring classes.

SINISTER DESIGN OF THE EMPIRE.

Again was his deep faith and tender charity called into requisition. The imperial government, like a huge octopus, was drawing in everything that could bring it profit or emolument. In 1858 the *Moniteur* announced the government's intention of alienating the immovable patrimonies of the hospitals and the hospices; in plain terms, stealing the landed property whereby these excellent institutions were supported and converting its value into *rentes*, all to be at the disposal of the state. The benevolent soul of the viscount was alarmed; he saw in this financial speculation a death-blow given to the interests of the poor. He succeeded in obtaining an audience with the emperor, and pleaded so frankly, and, as he said

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himself, "with such vivacity of language" that the matter was dropped. He argued that what the government would take away was immovable and valuable by the permanency of ages, and what it would give in return would be movable and uncertain, variable and perishable with time. He showed how the country would look on the whole affair as a disreputable piece of speculation which would throw discredit on the government—robbing the poor to enrich the state—and it would effectually hinder any future bequests to public charities, since people would see in the proposed decree an inclination on the part of the government to prevent the execution of their legacies.

A PROPHETIC VIEW OF THE PAPACY.

A congress was about to meet in 1859, in which the Roman Question would be discussed. The fallacious pretext for summoning this congress was the pacification of Italy. M. de Melun was one of the first to utter the cry of alarm, which he did in a remarkable *brochure*, entitled "The Roman Question before the Congress." He pointed out how the Catholic Church would be arraigned before this gathering, in the person of her Head, as not being fit to govern men, as having abused her authority, and as having squandered the Peter's pence. The Revolution would demand the spoils of the Holy See as the reward of its denunciation and assault. The flimsiest reasons would be advanced to give authority to an attack on the Papal dominions; city after city would be taken, and, finally, the Papacy would be imprisoned in its own City of Rome.

M. de Melun wrote these words, truly prophetic, one year before Castelfidardo and ten years before the Piedmontese irruption into the Eternal City!

From 1860 till his death, June 24, 1877, M. de Melun confined his work principally to his charitable societies. He was, besides, one of the most devoted and most intelligent counsellors of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; a member of the Association of St. Francis de Sales, a society organized for the defence of the faith, and an associate of the Work of the Country-places, which he helped to found with his friend, M. de Lambel, and whose objects were to furnish poor parishes with the necessary resources of worship, the induction of teaching and nursing sisters into rural districts, the establishment of small pharmacies for the poor, and, in fact, all the works of piety and charity of which country-places stood in need. He also assisted Baron Cauchy in the Work of the Schools of

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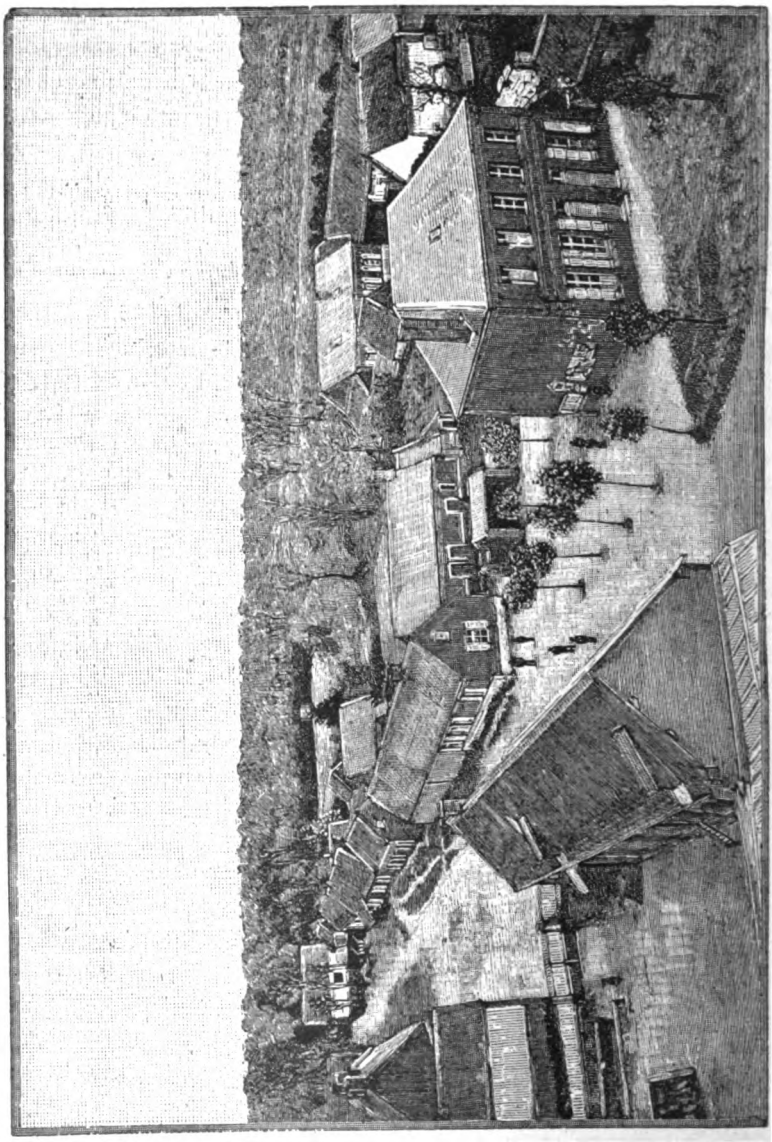
the Orient, and he may be said to have closed his life caring for the orphans of the Commune. A year after his death the Archbishop of Paris, in a pastoral letter addressed to his clergy



THE VILLAGE OF ROUVELINGHEM, AS REBUILT BY VISCOUNT DE MELUN.

in behalf of these orphans, paid a magnificent tribute to the memory of Viscount de Melun. "He was the man of all works of beneficence. None better than he possessed the intelligence of Christian charity."

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Never a robust man, the charitable viscount began to find disease making sad ravages on his constitution; but he had little fear to meet God after so many golden years spent in his service. His death was as blessed as was his life, full of tenderness towards his own and the objects of his labors, full of confidence in the mercy of God.

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE FOR OUR GOLDEN YOUTH.

It is given to few countries to raise up such lovely, whole-souled, faithful characters as was M. de Melun. They are always the solitary lights which gleam out of the darkness, but they are also beacon-lights which direct and straighten the steps of men. This hero of charity might have passed, like hundreds of his contemporaries, a life of ease and luxury; might have spent his fortune in travel or in collecting about himself the valuable aids and resources of a cultured mind. He preferred, however, to be directed by the Spirit of God who dwelt within him and who informed his own soul. *Sentire cum Ecclesia* was his maxim, not only in the dogma, traditions, and opinions, but also in the sympathies, the devotedness, and the charities of the church. The Holy Ghost dwelt in him not with barren result, and from his personal sanctification came immense activities that helped to civilize and refine his fellow-men, and to make apparent that the God of all consolation was working in the heart of Paris.

In the onward tendencies of our times, when wealth is surely and manifestly increasing, we find every day men who lead lives of leisure; who have nothing, it would seem, to live for but pleasure and delight. The number of our gentlemen of fortune is increasing. What if some of them would take up the work of safeguarding the lives and the religion of our young workmen in our large cities? There is no more neglected class than the young who are thrown into workshops and factories without the guiding hand of religion. Our parochial societies, our literary societies, do not reach a tithe of them. The vast majority grow up catching religious impressions as they may, while there are inducements enough in the saloon, in the dance-halls, and in wicked localities to veer them away from all practice of faith.

Here is a veritable apostolate for our young men of fortune, one that will earn for them the gratitude of the church and humanity, as well as the blessing of Almighty God.

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THE QUESTION OF FOOD FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.

IN the science of social life the modern student learns, as in St. Paul's vision, that "nothing is common or unclean." It is his privilege to discover this for himself as he penetrates the mysteries which underlie all the facts of life; and this sense of the relation between the simplest and the most complex truths of existence is building up the new study of sociology—a science which has the universe for its province, and which deigns to take into consideration those feelings and principles which political economy formerly ignored. We do not wish to underrate the work which political economy has accomplished, but we believe that it has suffered from its own self-limitations. In ignoring the higher motives of mankind it has narrowed its own range of vision.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776; Professor Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, in 1890. It may be said, therefore, that a little over a hundred years has seen the rise and fall of the school of political economy which regarded enlightened self-interest as a sufficient reason to account for all the actions of man in his relation to society. We take Professor Marshall's work as indicating the close of this period (though the new impulse came somewhat earlier); not, of course, that it is, as was Adam Smith's, an epoch-making book, but because it embodies, to a certain extent, the ideas of the present generation. As Mr. Kidd says in his *Social Evolution*, Professor Marshall's work is "an attempt to place the science of economics on a firmer foundation by bringing it into more vitalizing contact with history, politics, ethics, and even religion."

CHRISTIAN ALTRUISM.

It is this consciousness of the dependence of science on ethics and religion—of the existence of the spiritual element in humanity—which inspires the new school, and which is making non-Catholics realize that man cannot be regarded, in the words of Mr. Ruskin, as a "mere covetous machine." The church, of course, has never accepted this theory. She has always recognized the altruistic principle in human nature, though she calls it the spirit of Christian charity. As regards its ap-

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plication to society, she has gone on her way "unhasting, unresting," serenely striving to calm the troubled spirit of Individualism, on the one hand, and of Socialism on the other.

Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on Labor, says: "At this moment the condition of the working population is the question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the state than that it should be rightly and reasonably decided." It is, no doubt, an evidence of this truth that the thoughts of both Catholics and non-Catholics are eagerly turned to the solution of the practical problems which confront the working-man in his home, as to his hours of labor, his recreations, and, above all, as to how he shall be fed.

This last is a question which has been more carefully considered in other countries than in our own. In Germany the first systematic investigations into the chemistry and physiology of food were begun by Baron Liebig about 1840. He endeavored to analyze and define its different elements of nutrition, and though he attributed greater importance to the nitrogenous ingredients than would be accepted by the scientific men of today, his system has stood the test in other respects of more than fifty years. In 1864 Professor Henneberg introduced the so-called Weende method and definitions, and they have gradually been adopted by chemists everywhere. In France researches into the quality of milk were begun about 1830, and in 1836 Boussingault reported analyses of various kinds of food, with especial reference to the quantities of nitrogen contained in them. For many years the chief stress was laid on the elements of carbon and nitrogen. In the valuable works of Payen, published as recently as in 1864, little else than water, nitrogen, and carbon are taken into account.

THE RELATION OF PURE FOOD TO TEMPERANCE.

In England interest in the subject developed late, but it has been pursued with characteristic thoroughness by Professor Richardson and others. The prevention of drunkenness, the national vice, by means of proper nutrition has been particularly studied in England. Mr. Lecky says, in his work on *Democracy and Liberty:* "Miserable homes, and perhaps to an equal extent wretched cooking, are responsible for very much drunkenness; and the great improvement in working-men's dwellings which has taken place in the present generation is one of the best forces on the side of temperance. Much may also be done to diffuse through the British working classes

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something of that skill and economy in cooking, and especially in the use of vegetables, in which they are generally so lamentably deficient. If the wives of the poor in Great Britain and Ireland could cook as they can cook in France and Holland, a much smaller proportion of the husbands would seek a refuge in the public house. Of all the forces of popular education this very homely one is perhaps that which is most needed in England, though of late years considerable efforts have been made to promote it. A large amount of drunkenness in the community is due to the want of a sufficient amount of nourishing and well-cooked food."

In the United States researches into the character of our food-supply naturally came late. The first analyses made by modern methods were undertaken at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, in 1869; but comparatively little was done until the establishment of experiment stations several years afterwards. The first extended investigations into the nutritive value of food for man in this country were begun in 1878, at the instance and partly at the expense of the Smithsonian Institute, through the influence of the late Professor Spencer F. Baird. These analyses included fish, shell-fish, meats, milk, butter, cheese, flour, bread, etc., and were continued until 1891. Meanwhile, Honorable Carroll D. Wright, then chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor and Statistics, had undertaken investigations in which Professor Atwater collaborated, and on which the present work of the latter is founded. A number of analyses of canned foods have been made within the past few years by the United States Department of Agriculture with reference to adulteration. In 1893 the collection of food material at the World's Fair at Chicago offered remarkable opportunities for experiment and research; and this fact was appreciated by the Agricultural Department, which undertook investigations which are not yet completed. The department has also instituted certain experiment stations, and it is with the work accomplished by these that we propose especially to deal.

They are conducted under Dr. Atwater, professor of chemistry in Wesleyan University and director of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, who is the special agent of the Agricultural Department. He has been actively engaged in food investigations since those first undertaken, as already stated, at Yale College in 1869, and it is largely owing to him that nearly twenty-six hundred analyses of American food products, exclusive of milk and butter, are now available to the public.

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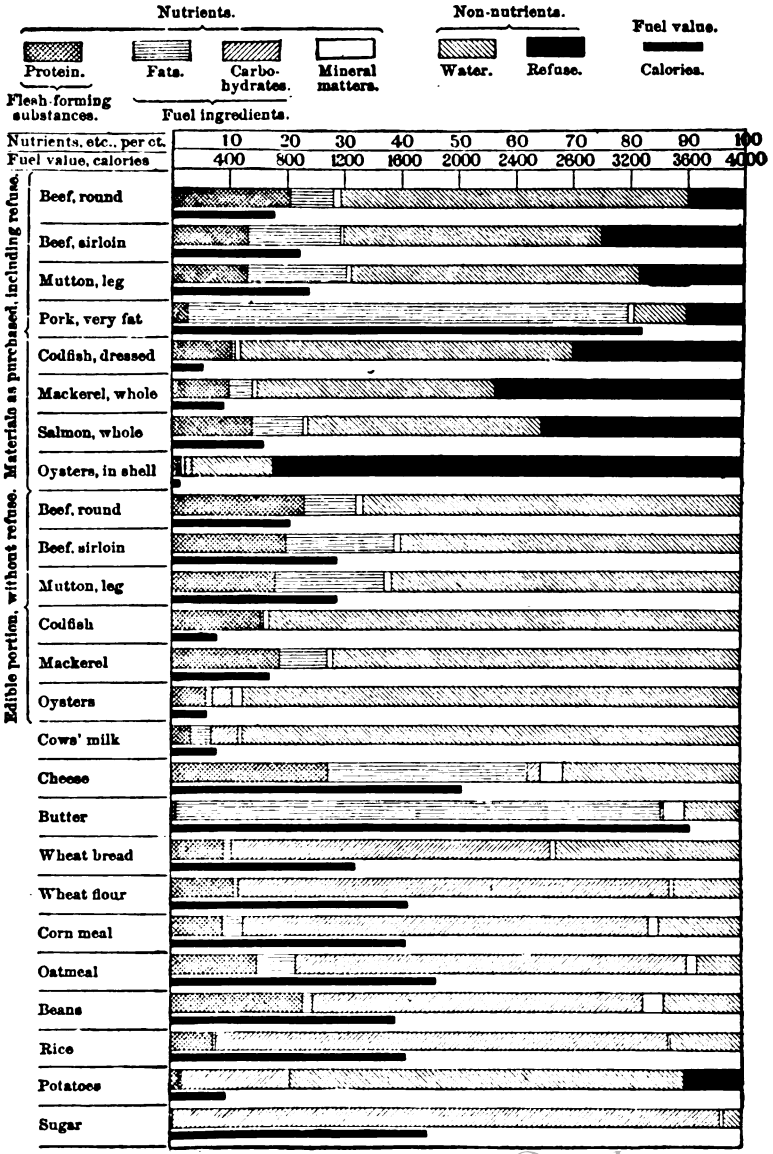
SCIENTIFIC HANDLING OF THE SUBJECT.

The charts, four in number, used to illustrate the results of his experiments have been compiled under Professor Atwater's directions and require slight explanation. The food values in them are expressed, according to the Weende method, in heat units or calories; *i. e.*, in that "amount of heat which is required

CHART I.—COMPOSITION OF FOOD MATERIALS.

Nutritive ingredients, refuse, and fuel value.



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to raise one pound of water 4° Fahrenheit"; and these calories represent the actual amount of nourishment contained in different articles of food. The first chart, entitled the "Composition of Food Materials," indicates the nutritive ingredients, refuse, and food value of the most popular articles of diet. The second, entitled the "Pecuniary Economy of Food," gives the amount of actual nutriment which can be obtained for twenty-five cents. The third, called "Dietaries and Dietary Standards," gives the nutrients and food energy in diet in different countries and occupations; and the fourth, under the title of the "Nutritive Ingredients of Food and their Uses in the Body," contains familiar examples of compounds commonly grouped with each of the four principal classes of nutrients.

Like Molière's M. Jourdain, who talked prose without knowing it, all expert caterers and prudent housewives unconsciously approximate their purchases to the ideal proportion of proteins, fats, and carbohydrates in the food which they buy. But there are many, in every class of the community, who would be benefited by training in these particulars, and only a small number, even among experts in the selection of food, have learned to combine the maximum of nourishment with the minimum of expense; and this is a matter of vital importance to the working-man. Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, says in his report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of 1884, "the labor question, concretely stated, means the struggle for a higher standard of living"; and he gives the following table:

PERCENTAGE OF FAMILY INCOME EXPENDED FOR SUBSISTENCE.

	Annual income.	*Expended for food.*
		Per cent.
GERMANY.		
Working-men,	$225 to $300	62
Intermediate class,	450 to 600	55
In easy circumstances,	750 to 1,100	50
GREAT BRITAIN.		
Working-men,	500	51
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Working-men,	350 to 400	64
"	450 to 600	63
"	600 to 750	60
"	750 to 1,200	56
"	Above 1,200	51

The large majority of families in this country are said to have not over $500 a year to live upon. More than half of this goes, and must go, for food. The cost of preparing food for the table, rent, clothing, and all other expenses must be provided from the remainder.

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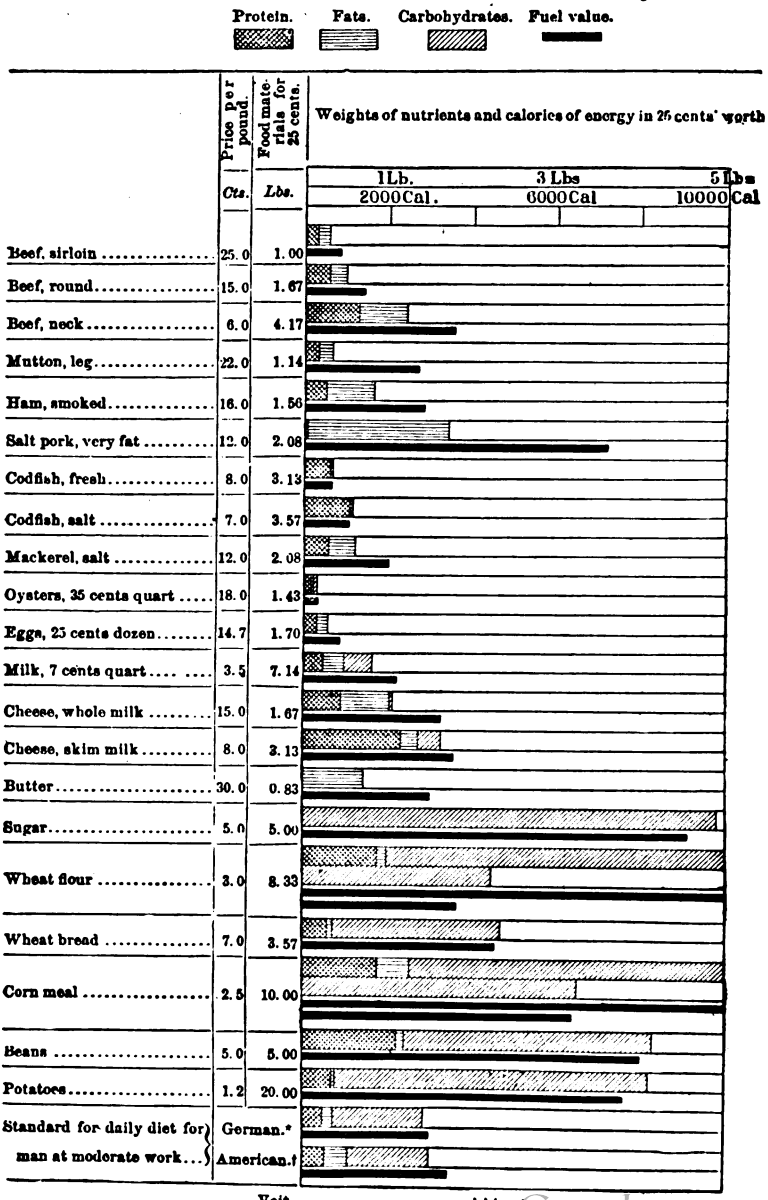
Professor Atwater's investigations are valuable because of their practical character as well as on account of their scientific interest. He follows the wife of the working-man (with an

CHART 2.—PECUNIARY ECONOMY OF FOOD.

Amounts of actually nutritive ingredients obtained in different food materials for 25 cents.

[Amounts of nutrients in pounds. Fuel value in calories.]



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income of $500 per annum) to market, watches her spend the amount which she can afford for the food of her husband, her children, and herself—even peeps into the basket to see the result. "The members of the family need," he says, "as essential for the day's diet, certain amounts of protein to make blood and muscle, bone and brain, and corresponding quantities of fat, starch, sugar, and the like to be consumed in their bodies, and thus to serve as fuel to keep them warm and to give them strength for work. . . . Due regard for health, strength, and purse requires that food shall contain enough protein to build tissue, and enough fat and carbohydrates for fuel, and that it shall not be needlessly expensive. The protein can be had in the lean of meat and fish, in eggs, in the casein (curd) of milk, in the gluten of flour, and in substances more or less like gluten in various forms of meat, potatoes, beans, peas, and the like. Fats are supplied in the fat of meat and fish, in lard, in the fat of milk, or in butter made from it; it is also furnished, though in small amounts, in the oil of wheat, corn, potatoes, and other vegetable foods. Carbohydrates occur in great abundance in vegetable materials, as in the starch of grains and potatoes, and in sugar."

IMPORTANCE OF SOUND COOKERY.

Professor Atwater asserts that the most wasteful people in their food-economy are the poor. He thinks, contrary to the judgment of most housekeepers, that it is often the worst economy to buy high-priced food. "For this error," he says, "prejudice, the palate, and poor cooking are mainly responsible. . . . There is a prevalent but unfounded idea that costly foods, such as the tenderest meats, the finest fish, the highest-priced butter, the choicest flour, and the most delicate vegetables possess some peculiar virtue which is lacking in the less expensive materials. The maxim that 'the best is the cheapest' does not apply to food." We are not sure that he proves his case, though he strengthens it by dwelling on the importance of good cooking. (We propose to refer to the effect of cooking, and its influence on food values, later on in another article.) "The plain, substantial standard food materials," continues Professor Atwater, "like the cheaper meats and fish, milk, flour, corn-meal, oat-meal, beans, and potatoes, are as digestible and nutritious, and as well fitted for the nourishment of people in good health, as any of the costliest materials the market affords." He cites the traditional diet of the Scotchman, oat-meal and red herring. Both of these contain

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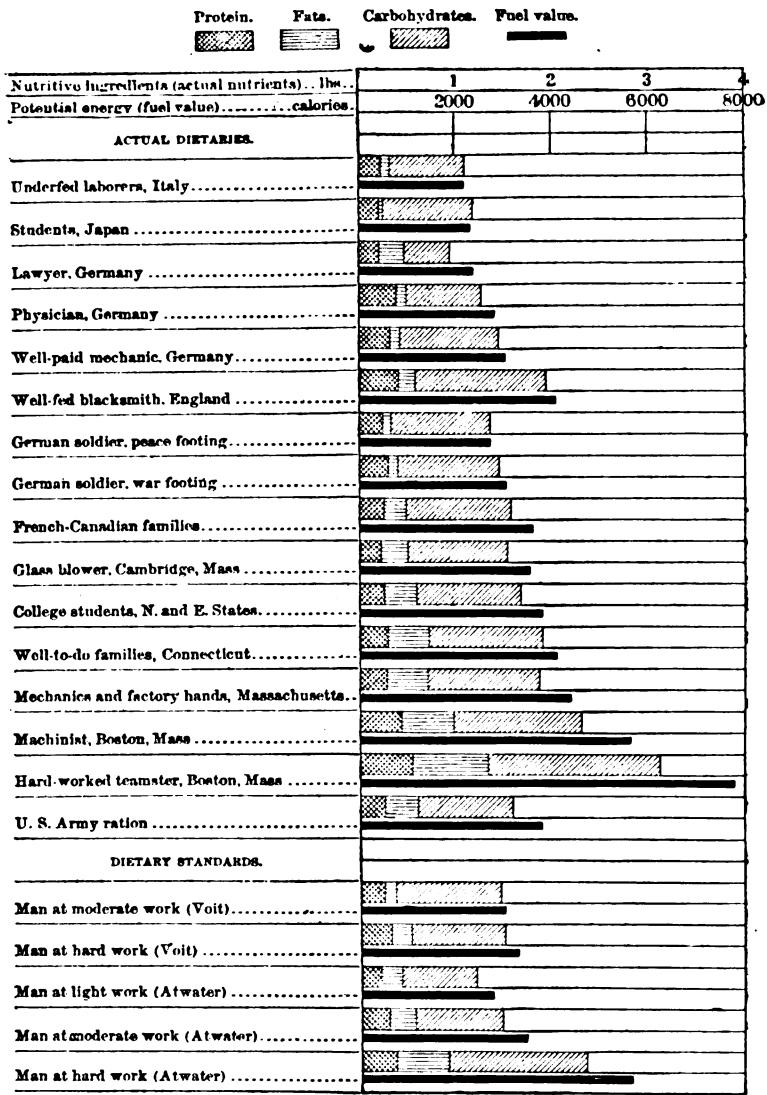
large quantities of protein, and when supplemented with bread and potatoes furnish a well-balanced diet. In the same way the New England dishes of codfish and potatoes, pork and beans, and bread and butter and milk, contribute all that is needed to make a race vigorous and sturdy in mind and body. Potatoes contain a large amount of hydrocarbonate in their starch, but lack protein, which codfish supplies. Beans

CHART 3.—DIETARIES AND DIETARY STANDARDS.

Quantities of nutrients and energy in food for man per day.

[Amounts of nutrients in pounds. Fuel value in calories.]



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also fill this want and are rich in hydrocarbonates as well; but all these articles of food are deficient in fat, which is furnished by the pork, butter, and milk.

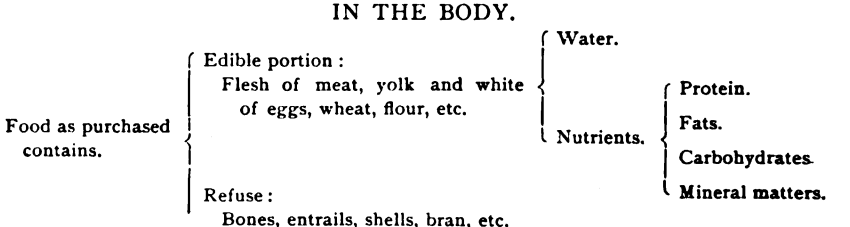
Neutral salts and mineral compounds form a small percentage in every analysis. Their importance is not yet determined, as they may be an important factor in the still obscure processes of digestion.

The question of the amount of food required is differently estimated by different authorities. It will be seen from Chart 3 that the quantity consumed by American working-men is largely in excess of that used by those of any other occupation or nationality; and that the English working-man comes next in the scale, and still in excess of the standard established by Voit—*i. e.*, 3,050 calories per day. As to the amount of food required for health and efficiency, we give the opinion, first, of Sir Henry Thompson, the noted English physician and authority on this subject.

"I have come to the conclusion," he says, "that more than half the disease which embitters the middle and latter part of life is due to avoidable errors in diet, . . . and that more mischief, in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life, accrues to civilized man . . . in England and throughout central Europe from erroneous habits of eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know that evil to be."

Honorable Carroll D. Wright gives a series of American dietaries, and comments especially on the excess of animal food, fat, and sweetmeats contained therein. "If the further study of this matter shall confirm these results," he writes, "it would become a serious question whether a reform in the dietary habits of a large portion of our people, including the classes who work for small wages, is not greatly needed, and whether this reform would not consist, in many instances, in the use of less food as a whole, and in many more cases in the use of relatively less meat and larger proportions of vegetable foods."

CHART 4.—NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS OF FOOD AND THEIR USES IN THE BODY.



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USES OF NUTRIENTS.

Protein, ... White (albumen) of eggs, curd (casein) of milk, lean meat, gluten of wheat, etc.	Forms tissue (muscle, tendon, fat).	All serve as *fuel* and yield *energy* in form of heat and muscular strength.
Fats, ... Fat of meat, butter, olive oil, oils of corn and wheat, etc.	Form fatty tissue.	
Carbohydrates, ... Sugar, starch, etc.	Transformed into fat.	
Mineral matters (ash), . . Phosphates of lime, potash, soda, etc.	Aid in forming bone, assist in digestion, etc.	

The fuel value of food.—Heat and muscular power are forms of force or energy. The energy is developed as the food is consumed in the body. The unit commonly used in this measurement is the calorie, the amount of heat which would raise the temperature of a pound of water 4° F.

The following general estimate has been made for the average amount of potential energy in 1 pound of each of the classes of nutrients:

	Calories.
In 1 pound of protein, ...	1,860
In 1 pound of fats, ...	4,220
In 1 pound of carbohydrates, ...	1,860

In other words, when we compare the nutrients in respect to their fuel values, their capacities for yielding heat and mechanical power, a pound of protein of lean meat or albumen of egg is just about equivalent to a pound of sugar or starch, and a little over 2 pounds of either would be required to equal a pound of the fat of meat or butter or the body fat.

Professor Atwater arrives at a different conclusion. He compares the American dietary with the European, and gives the result as follows: "The scale of living, or 'standard of life,' is much higher here in the United States than it is in Europe. People in Massachusetts and Connecticut are better housed, better clothed, and better fed than those in Bavaria or Prussia. They do more work and they get better wages."

These conclusions are based on data to which we can only briefly refer. Professor Atwater has collated the foreign dietaries of Voit, Playfair, and others with a large number made with great care and ingenuity under his own direction, and arrives at the result as given in Chart 3. It is almost impossible for the reader who is not an expert to appreciate the amount of work which this has involved. The professor is now engaged in experiments on the metabolism (chemical and physical changes) of matter and energy, which are most interesting, but which it seems undesirable to describe until he has arrived at definite results.

Cooking as a science, and in its relation to chemistry and physiology, cannot be treated according to Professor Atwater's

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method in this article, as the subject is too important to be considered without ample space. We conclude, therefore, by referring briefly to the work of Dr. Edward Atkinson in this branch of dietetics and economics.

IMPORTANCE OF SCIENTIFIC COOKING APPARATUS.

The efforts of Dr. Atkinson to influence the public in favor of food experiment stations, and his application of scientific principles to the construction and use of cooking apparatus, should be noted, and their value explained. It is beyond the province of this article to dwell at length on the theories which he advocates with regard to cooking; but he has constructed and patented—and gives to the public without royalty—an ingenious contrivance whereby, he says, "the essential processes of baking, roasting, simmering, stewing, boiling, and *sautéing* can be reduced to rules. Nothing need be burned, dried up, or wasted. All natural flavors can be developed and retained. All offensive odors can be prevented. Finally, by taking more time in the process, almost the whole time of the cook can be saved." Dr. Atkinson's claims have been still more fully presented in his essay on the *Science of Nutrition*, published by Damrell & Upham, Boston.

Dr. Atkinson's system is a combination of the Norwegian cooking-box and the New England clam-bake, with the oven designed by Count Rumford more than a hundred years ago. Dr. Atkinson himself mentions these as the origin of his invention, but he does not do justice to the ingenuity with which he has combined their advantages. Unfortunately, his "Aladdin Oven" has not yet been sufficiently simplified to come within the means of the average working-man.

With a certain pathos, Dr. Atkinson admits that there are "two great obstructions to be overcome before the revolution in the domestic kitchen will be accomplished—to wit, the inertia of woman and the incredulity of mankind"; but he concludes, hopefully, that "in a few years the door of the domestic kitchen may be opened to science through the work of the food laboratories and the experimental cooking stations now contemplated."

We echo the wish, and look forward to the time when by means of training-schools in domestic science, of labor-saving devices, and of such investigations as we have undertaken to summarize in this article, the blessings of our unequalled food-supply may be utilized and appreciated by our American people.

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SOME CANADIAN WOMEN WRITERS.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., Ph.D.

A REMARKABLE feature of the Canadian literature of to-day is the strength of its women writers. Especially is this notable within the domain of poetry. Some of the sweetest and truest notes heard in the academic groves of Canadian song come from our full-throated sopranos. Nor does the general literature of our country lack enrichment from the female pen. History, biography, fiction, science, and art—all these testify to the gift and grace of Canadian women writers, and the widening possibilities of literary culture in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people.

England has grown, perhaps, but one first-rate female novelist, and it need, therefore, be no great disappointment or wonder that none of her colonies have as yet furnished the name of any woman eminent in fiction. The truth is the literary expression of Canada to-day is poetic, and the literary genius of her sons and daughters for the present is growing verseward. Canada has produced more genuine poetry during the past decade of years than any other country of the same population in the world. What other eight young writers whose work in poetry will rank in quality and technique with that of Roberts, Lampman, Scott, Campbell, Miss Machar, Miss Wetherald, Miss Johnson, and Mrs. Harrison? It is enough to say that these gifted singers have won an audience on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Bourbon lilies had scarcely been snatched from the brow of New France when the hand and heart of woman were at work in Canadian literature. Twenty years before Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen had written *Castle Rackrent* and *Pride and Prejudice*, Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec during the vice-regal *régime* of Sir Guy Carleton, published in London, England, the first Canadian novel. This book, which was dedicated to the governor of Canada, was first issued from the press in 1784.

The beginnings of Canadian literature were, indeed, modest but sincere. While the country was in a formative condition

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and the horizon of a comfortable civilization yet afar off, neither the men nor women of Canada had much time to build sonnets, plan novels, or chronicle the stirring deeds of each patriot pioneer. The epic man found, in laying the forest giants low, the drama in the passionate welfare of his family, and the lyric in the smiles and tears of her who rocked and watched far into the night the tender and fragile flower that blossomed from their union and love.

But even the twilight days of civilization and settlement in our great Northland were not without the cheering promise of a literature indigenous and strong, in which can be distinctly traced the courage and heroism of man borne up by the boundless hope and love of woman. Together these twain fronted the primeval forest and tamed it to their purpose and wants. Girdled with the mighty wilderness in all its multiplying grandeur, the soul, though bowed by the hardships of the day, was stirred by the simple but sublime music of the forest, and drank in something of the glory and beauty of nature around. Poetic spirits set in the very heart of the forest sang of the varying and shifting aspects of nature—now of the silver brooklet whispering at the door, now of the crimson-clad maple of autumn-tide, now of the mystical and magical charms of that sweet season "the Summer of all Saints."

Two names there are of women writers who deserve special and honorable mention in connection with the early literature of Canada. These are Susanna Moodie, one of the gifted Strickland Sisters, and Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon. Mrs. Moodie's four sisters—Elizabeth, Agnes, Jane, and Mrs. Traill —the latter yet living at the age of ninety, the *doyenne* of Canadian literature—have all made worthy contributions to the literature of the day; the *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland, being regarded as one of the ablest and most exhaustive works of the kind ever published. Mrs. Moodie lived chiefly near the town of Peterboro', Ontario, and may be justly regarded as the poet and chronicler of pioneer days in Ontario. Her best-known works are her volume of poems and *Roughing it in the Bush*. In her verse beats the strong pulse of nature aglow with the wild and fragrant gifts of glen and glade. Mrs. Moodie published also a number of novels, chief among them being *Flora Lindsay*, *Mark Hurdlestone*, *The Gold Worshipper*, *Geoffrey Moncton*, and *Dorothy Chance*.

Mrs. Leprohon was, like Mrs. Moodie, poet and novelist.

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She did perhaps more than any other Canadian writer to foster and promote the growth of a national literature. In her novels she aimed at depicting society in Canada prior to and

S. A. CURZON. AGNES MAULE MACHAR.
GRACE DEAN MACLEOD ROGERS.
FRANCES HARRISON. MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

immediately after the conquest. One of her novels, *Antoinette de Mirecourt*, is regarded by many as one of the best Canadian

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novels yet written. Simplicity and grace mark her productions in verse. Mrs. Leprohon lived in Montreal, and did her best work in the "fifties."

A woman writer of great merit was Isabella Valancey Crawford. Her death, which occurred some ten years ago, was a distinct loss to Canadian literature. Miss Crawford's poetic gift was eminently lyrical, full of music, color, and originality. She published but one volume, *Old Spook's Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems*, which is royal throughout with the purple touch of genius. No Canadian woman has yet appeared quite equal to Miss Crawford in poetic endowment.

Down by the sea, where the versatile and gifted pen of Joseph Howe and the quaint humor of "Sam Slick" stirred and charmed as with a wizard's wand the people's hearts, the voice of woman was also heard in the very dawn of Canadian life and letters. Miss Clotilda Jennings and the two sisters, Mary E. and Sarah Herbert, glorified their country in poems worthy of the literary promise which their young and ardent hearts were struggling to fulfil.

Another whose name will be long cherished in the literary annals of Nova Scotia is Mary Jane Katzmann Lawson, who died in Halifax, March, 1890. On her mother's side Mrs. Lawson was a kinswoman of Prescott, the historian. She was a voluminous contributor to the periodicals of the day and was herself editor for two years of the Halifax *Monthly Magazine*. Her poems, written too hurriedly, are uneven and in some instances lack wholly the fashioning power of true inspiration. When her lips were touched, however, with the genuine honey of Hymettus she sang well, as in such poems as "Some Day," "Song of the Morning," and "Song of the Night." In the opinion of many the work of Mrs. Lawson as an historian is superior to her work as a poet. Considering, however, the industry of her pen and the general quality of its output, Mrs. Lawson deserves a place among the foremost women writers of her native province.

There passed away last year near Niagara Falls, Ontario, a gifted woman who did not a little in the days of her strength for the fostering of Canadian letters. Miss Louisa Murray, author of a poem of genuine merit, "Merlin's Cave," and two novels, *The Cited Curate* and *The Settlers of Long Arrow*, will not soon be forgotten as one of the pioneer women writers of Canada.

The venerable and kindly form of Catharine Parr Traill happily remains with us yet as a link between the past and present in Canadian literature. Nor has her intellect become

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dimmed or childish. Although ninety years nestle in the benediction of her silvery hair her gifts of head and heart remain still vigorous, as is evidenced in the two works, *Pearls and Pebbles* and *Cot and Cradle Stories*, which have come from her pen within the past two years. For more than sixty years this clever and scholarly woman, worthy indeed of the genius of the

Anna T. Sadlier. Maud Ogilvy.
Kate Madeleine Barry.
Faith Fenton. Janet Carnochan.

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Strickland family, has been making contributions to Canadian literature from the wealth of her richly stored and cultivated mind. Now a tale, now a study of the wild flowers and shrubs in the Canadian forest, occupies her busy pen. Mrs. Traill is indeed great in the versatility of her gifts, the measure of her achievements, the crowning length of her years, and the sweetness of her life and character.

Like Desdemona in the play of "Othello," Mrs. J. Sadlier, the veteran novelist, now a resident of Canada, owes a double allegiance—to the city of Montreal and to the city of New York. The author of *The Blakes and Flanagans* and many other charming Irish stories has been, however, living for some years past in this country, and, while a resident of the Canadian metropolis, has helped to enrich the literature of Canada with the product of her richly dowered pen. Last year Notre Dame University, Indiana, conferred on Mrs. Sadlier the *Laetare Medal* as a recognition of her gifts and services as a Catholic writer.

Two of the strongest women writers in Ontario are Agnes Maule Machar and Sara Anne Curzon. Miss Machar possesses a strong subjective faculty, joined to a keen sense of the artistic. The gift of her pen is both critical and creative, and her womanly and sympathetic mind is found in the van of every movement among Canadian women that has for its purpose a deeper and broader enlightenment based upon principles of wisdom, charity, and love. Miss Machar is both a versatile and productive writer, novel, poem, and critique flowing from her pen in bright succession, and with a grace and ease that betokens the life-long student and artist. An undertone of intense Canadian patriotism is found running through all her work. Under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis" she has contributed to nearly all the leading Canadian and American magazines. Her two best novels are entitled *For King and Country* and *Lost and Won.*

Mrs. Curzon has a virility of style and a security of touch that indicate at the same time a clear and robust mind. Her best and longest poem, "Laura Secord"—dramatic in spirit and form—has about it a masculinity and energy found in the work of no other Canadian woman. Mrs. Curzon is a woman of strong character and principles, and her writings share in the strength of her judgments. Perhaps she may be best described as one who has the intellect of a man wedded to the heart of a woman.

Quite a unique writer among Canadian women is Frances

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Harrison, better known in literary circles by her pen-name of "Seranus." Mrs. Harrison has a dainty and distinct style all her own, and her gift of song is both original and true. She

LILY ALICE LEFEVRE. ELIZABETH G. ROBERTS.
HELEN M. MERRILL.
EMMA WELLS DICKSON. CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

has made a close study of themes which have their root in the French life of Canada, and her "half French heart"

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eminently qualifies her for the delicacy of her task. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other woman writer of to-day can handle so successfully that form of poetry known as the villanelle. Her book of poems, *Pine Rose and Fleur de Lis*, has met with much favor at the hands of critics, while her prose sketches and magazine critiques prove her to be a woman of exquisite taste and judgment in all things literary.

There are two women writers in Nova Scotia who deserve more than a mere conventional notice. By the gift and grace of their pens Marshall Saunders and Grace Dean MacLeod Rogers have won a large audience far beyond their native land. Miss Saunders is best known as the author of *Beautiful Joe*, a story which won the five-hundred-dollar prize offered by the American Humane Society. So popular has been this humane tale that when published by a Philadelphia firm it reached the enormous sale of fifty thousand in eighteen months. *Beautiful Joe* has already been translated into Swedish, German, and Japanese. The work is full of genius, heart, and insight. Other works by Miss Saunders are a novelette entitled *My Spanish Sailor* and a novel *Come to Halifax*.

Mrs. Rogers, while widely different from Miss Saunders in her gifts as a writer, has been equally as successful in her chosen field. She has made the legends and folk-lore of the old Acadian *régime* her special study. With a patience and gift of earnest research worthy of a true historian, Mrs. Rogers has visited every nook and corner of old Acadia where could be found stories linked to the life and labors of these interesting but ill-fated people. Side by side with Longfellow's sweet, sad story of Evangeline will now be read *Stories of the Land of Evangeline*, by this clever Nova Scotia woman. Mrs. Rogers has an easy, graceful style which lends to the product of her pen an additional charm. She is unquestionably one of the most gifted among the women writers of Canada.

Connected with the Toronto press are two women writers who have achieved a distinct success. Katharine Blake Watkins, better known by her pen-name of "Kit," is indeed a woman of rare adornments and a writer of remarkable power and individuality. It may be truly said of her *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. As a critic she has sympathy, insight, judgment, and taste. It is doubtful if any other woman in America wields so secure and versatile a pen as "Kit" of the Toronto *Mail-Empire*.

"Faith Fenton," now editing very brilliantly a woman's journal in Toronto, and for a number of years connected with

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the Toronto *Empire*, is also a writer of much strength and promise. Her work is marked by a sympathy and depth of sincerity that bespeak a noble, womanly mind and nature. She is equally felicitous as a writer of prose and verse. Every movement that has for its purpose the wise advancement of woman finds a ready espousal in "Faith Fenton."

As a writer of strong and vigorous articles in support of the demands of women for a wider enfranchisement Mary Russell Chesley, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, stands at the head of the Canadian women of to-day. Mrs. Chesley is of Quaker descent, and possesses all a true Quaker's unbending resolve and high sense of freedom and equality. This clever controversialist in defence of her views has broken a lance with some of the leading minds of the United States and Canada, and in every instance has done credit to her sex and the cause she has espoused.

In Moncton, New Brunswick, lives Grace Campbell, another maritime woman writer of note and merit. Miss Campbell holds views quite opposed to those of Mrs. Chesley on the woman question. They are best set forth by the author herself where she says: "The best way for woman to win her rights is to be as true and charming a woman as possible, rather than an imitation man." As a writer Miss Campbell's gifts are versatile, and she has touched with equal success poem, story, and review. She possesses a gift rare among women—the gift of humor.

There is an advantage in being descended from literary greatness provided the shadow of this greatness come not too near. Anna T. Sadlier is the daughter of a gifted mother whose literary work has already been referred to. Miss Sadlier has done particularly good work in her translations from French and Italian, as well as in her biographical sketches and short stories. As a writer she is both strong and artistic.

A writer who possesses singular richness of style is Kate Seymour McLean, of Kingston, Ontario. Mrs. McLean has not done much literary work during the past few years, but whenever the product of her pen graces our periodicals it bears the stamp of a richly cultivated mind.

Our larger Canadian cities have been not only the centres of trade, but also the centres of literary thought and culture. Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto hold much that is best in the literary life of Canada.

Kate Madeleine Barry, the novelist and essayist, resides in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. This clever young writer

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has essayed two novels, *Honor Edgeworth* and *The Doctor's Daughter*, both intended to depict certain phases of social life and character at the Canadian capital. Miss Barry has a bright

GRACE CAMPBELL.
EVE BRODLIQUE.
ETHELWYN WETHERALD.
MARGARET POLSON MURRAY.
JEAN BLEWETT.
EMILY MCMANUS.

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and cultivated mind, philosophical in its grasp and insight, and exceedingly discriminating in its critical bearings.

Margaret Polson Murray, Maud Ogilvy, and Blanche Macdonell are three Montreal women who have done good work with their pens.

Mrs. Murray is the wife of Professor Clarke Murray of McGill University, and is one of the leading musical and literary factors in the metropolis of Canada. She was for some time editor of the *Young Canadian*, a magazine which during its short-lived days was true to Canadian aspiration and thought. Mrs. Murray busies herself in such manifold ways that it is difficult to record her activities. Her best literary work has been done as Montreal, Ottawa, and Washington correspondent of the Toronto *Week*. She has a versatile mind, great industry, and the very worthiest of ideals.

Miss Ogilvy is a very promising young writer whose work during the past five or six years has attracted much attention among Canadian readers. She is best known as a novelist, being particularly successful in depicting life among the French habitants of Quebec. Two well written biographies—one of Honorable J. J. C. Abbott, late premier of Canada, and the other of Sir Donald Smith—are also the work of her pen. Miss Ogilvy is a thorough Canadian in every letter and line of her life-work.

Miss Macdonell is of English and French extraction. On her mother's side she holds kinship with Abbé Ferland, late professor in Laval University, Quebec, and author of the well-known historical work *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*. Like Miss Ogilvy, Miss Macdonell has essayed novel-writing and with success, making the old French *régime* in Canada the chief field of her exploration and study. Two of her most successful novels are *The World's Great Altar Stairs* and *For Faith and King*. Miss Macdonell has written for many of the leading American periodicals and has gained an entrance into several journals in England. Her work is full-blooded and instinct with Canadian life and thought.

A patriotic and busy pen in Canadian letters is that of Janet Carnochan, of Niagara, Ontario. Miss Carnochan has made a thorough study of the Niagara frontier, and many of her themes in prose and verse have their root in its historic soil. She has been for years a valued contributor to Canadian magazines, and has become so associated in the public mind with the life and history of the old town of Niagara that the

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Canadian people have grown to recognize her as the poet and historian of this quaint and eventful spot.

Among the younger Canadian women writers few have done stronger and better work than Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon. Miss Fitzgibbon is a granddaughter of Mrs. Moodie, and so is as a writer to the manner born. Her best work is *A Veteran of 1812*. This book contains the stirring story of the life of Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgibbon—grandfather of the author—a gallant British officer who so nobly upheld the military honor of Canada and England in the Niagara peninsula during the War of 1812. Every incident is charmingly told, and Miss Fitzgibbon has in a marked degree the gift of a clear and graphic narrator.

A writer who has accomplished a good deal in Canadian letters is Amy M. Berlinguet, of Three Rivers, Quebec. Mrs. Berlinguet is a sister to Joseph Pope, secretary of the late Sir John A. Macdonald and author of the life of that eminent Canadian statesman. Mrs. Berlinguet's strength lies in her descriptive powers and the clearness and readiness with which she can sketch a pen-picture. She has written for some of the best magazines of the day.

In Truro, Nova Scotia, has lately risen a novelist whose work has met with much favor. Emma Wells Dickson, whose pen-name is "Stanford Eveleth," has many of the gifts of a true novelist. Her work *Miss Dexie*, which is a romance of the provinces, is a bright tale told in a pleasant and captivating manner.

In the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, lives Lily Alice Lefevre, whose beautiful poem, "The Spirit of the Carnival," won the hundred-dollar prize offered by the Montreal *Witness*. Few of our Canadian women poets have a truer note of inspiration than Mrs. Lefevre. She writes little, but all her work bears the mark of real merit. Her volume of poems, *The Lion's Gate*, recently published, is full of good things from cover to cover. Under the pen-name of "Fleurange" Mrs. Lefevre has contributed to many of the Canadian and American magazines.

Another writer on the Pacific coast is Mrs. Alfred J. Watt, best known in literary circles by her maiden name of Madge Robertson. Mrs. Watt has a facile pen in story-writing and has done some good work for several society and comic papers. She was for some time connected with the press of New York and Toronto. Her best work is done in a light and racy vein.

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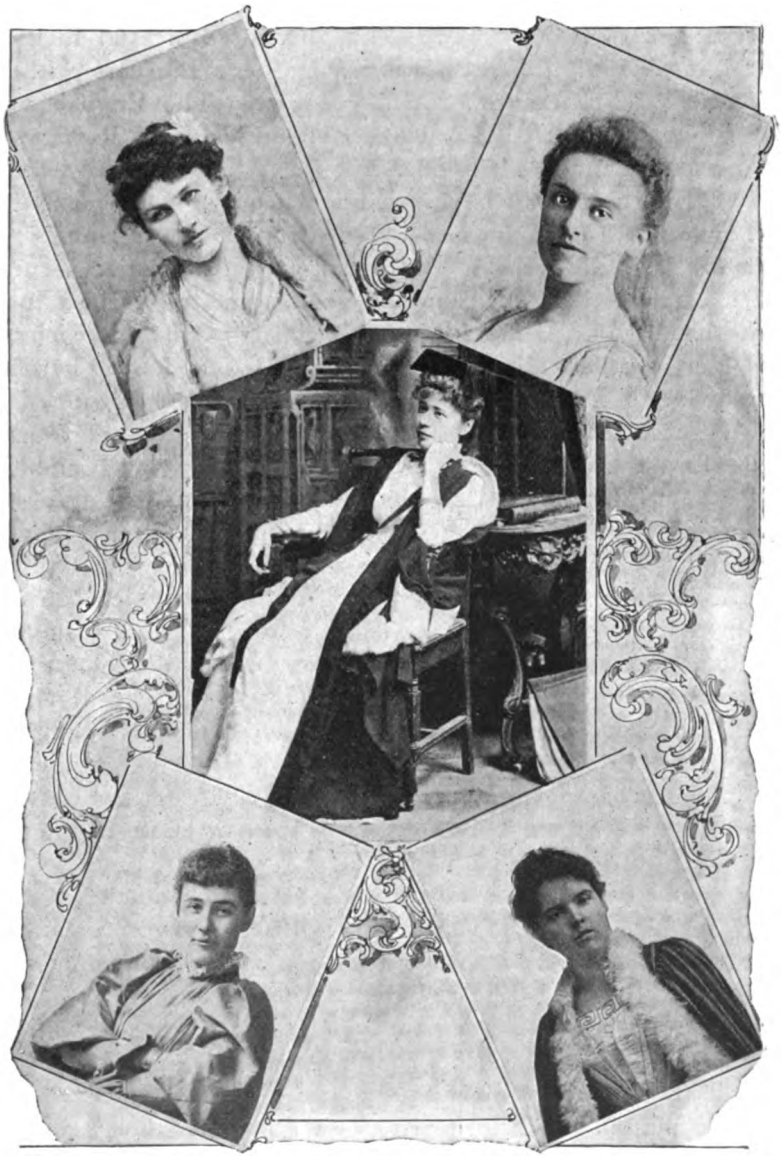
Far out on the prairie from the town of Regina, the capital of the Canadian North-west Territories, has recently come



MRS. EVERARD COTES, (née Sara Jeannette Duncan.) SOPHIE M. A. HENSLEY.

HELEN GREGORY-FLESHER, M.A., MUS.B.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON. MADGE ROBERTSON.

a voice fresh and strong. Kate Hayes knows well how to embody in a poem something of the rough life and atmosphere

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found in the prairie settlements of the West. Her poem "Rough Ben" is certainly unique of its kind. Miss Hayes has also in collaboration composed a number of excellent songs.

It is not often that the poetic gift is duplicated in its bestowal in a family. This, however, has been the case with the Robertses of Fredericton, New Brunswick. The English world is well acquainted with the work of Charles G. D. Roberts, the foremost of Canadian singers; but it is not generally known that all his brothers and his sister, Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, share with him in the divine endowment of song. The work of Miss Roberts is both strong and artistic. True to that special attribute of feminine genius, she writes best in the subjective mood. Under the guidance and kindly criticism of her elder brother Miss Roberts has had set before her high literary ideals, and has acquired a style which has gained for her an entrance into some of the leading magazines of the day.

Perhaps the best-known woman writer to-day in Canada is E. Pauline Johnson. Miss Johnson possesses a dual gift—that of poet and reciter. She has a true genius for verse and, apart from the novelty attached to her origin in being the daughter of a Mohawk chief, possesses the most original voice heard to-day in the groves of Canadian song. She has great insight, an artistic touch, and truth of impression. Her voice is far more than aboriginal—it is a voice which interprets not alone the hopes, joys, and sorrows of her race, but also the beauty and glory of nature around. Miss Johnson is on her mother's side a kinswoman of W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Her volume of poems, *The White Wampum*, is indeed a valuable contribution to Canadian poetry.

A young writer whose work has attracted much attention lately is M. Amelia Fitche, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her novel, *Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls*, has been very favorably noticed in many of the magazine reviews of the day.

Constance Fairbanks is another Halifax woman who has done some creditable literary work. Miss Fairbanks was for some years assistant editor of the Halifax *Critic*. Her verse is strongly imaginative. In prose Miss Fairbanks has a well-balanced style, simple and smooth.

Helen M. Merrill, of Picton, Ontario, is an impressionist. She can transcribe to paper, in prose or verse, a mood of mind or nature with a fidelity truly remarkable. Her work in poetry is singularly vital and wholesome, and has in it in abundance the promise and element of growth. She is equally

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happy in prose or verse, and is so conscientious in her work that little coming from her pen has about it anything weak or inartistic. Miss Merrill is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, well known in the colonial literature of America.

A name which bears merit in Canadian literature is that of Helen Fairbairn, of Montreal. Miss Fairbairn has not a large literary output, but the quality of her work is in every instance good. She is happiest and best in her prose sketches.

For some years past Canadian journals and magazines have contained sonnets from the pen of Ethelwyn Wetherald. These poems had a strength and finish about them which at once attracted the attention of critics and scholars. Miss Wetherald has lately collected her verse in book form, the volume bearing the title of *The House of the Trees*, and it is safe to say that a collection of poems of such merit has never before been published by any Canadian woman. In subject matter and technique Miss Wetherald is equally felicitous. She is always poetic, always artistic.

Jean Blewett resides in the little town of Blenheim, Ontario, but her genius ranges abroad. Mrs. Blewett has the truest and most sympathetic touch of any Canadian woman writer of to-day. I never read the product of her pen but I feel that she has all the endowments requisite for a first-rate novelist. Her verse, which has not yet appeared in book form, is exquisite—possessing a subtle glow and depth of tenderness all its own. Mrs. Blewett's first book, *Out of the Depths*, was published at the age of nineteen, and its merit was such as to gain for her a place among the brightest of our Canadian writers.

Emily McManus, of Kingston, Ontario, is a name not unknown to Canadian readers. Her work in prose and verse is marked by naturalness and strength. Though busily engaged in her profession as a teacher, Miss McManus finds time to write some charming bits of verse for Canadian journals and magazines.

There are three Canadian women now residing out of Canada who properly belong to the land of the Maple Leaf by reason of their birth, education, and literary beginnings. These are: Mrs. Everard Cotes, of Calcutta, India, better known by her maiden name of Sara Jeannette Duncan; Helen Gregory-Flesher, of San Francisco, and Sophie Almon Hensley, of New York.

Mrs. Cotes is one of the cleverest women Canada has yet produced. She flashed across the literary sky of her native land with a splendor almost dazzling in its brightness and strength. Her first work, entitled *A Social Departure*, gained

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for her immediate fame, and this was soon followed by a second book, *An American Girl in London*. Mrs. Cotes has a happy element of humor which counts for much in writing. Since her residence in the Orient the author of *A Social Departure* has devoted herself chiefly to the writing of stories descriptive of Anglo-Indian life. One of these, *The Story of Sonny Sahib*, is a charming little tale. It will be a long time indeed before the bright name of Sara Jeannette Duncan is forgotten in the literary circles of Canada.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

Mrs. Flesher is perhaps one of the brightest all-around women writers that Canada has yet produced. She has had a most scholarly career. Her university courses in music and arts have placed her upon a vantage ground which she has strengthened by her own unceasing labor and industry. Mrs. Flesher is a clever critic, a clever story-writer, a clever sketcher, and a clever musician. At present she is doing work for a number of leading American magazines and editing the *Search Light*, a San Francisco monthly publication devoted to the advancement of woman.

CATHARINE PARR TRAILL.

AMY M. BERLINGUET.

Mrs. Hensley, who resides in New York, is both poet and novelist, and is regarded by competent critics as one of Canada's best sonneteers. Sincerity and truth mark all her work.

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When quite young Mrs. Hensley, who was then residing in the collegiate town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, submitted her productions to the criticism and approbation of her friend, Charles G. D. Roberts, and this in some measure explains the high ideal of her work. Mrs. Hensley holds kinship with Cotton Mather, the colonial writer and author. At present she is giving her time chiefly to story-writing, and is meeting with much success.

In Chicago there lives and toils a bright little woman who, though living under an alien sky, is proud to consider Canada her home. Eve Brodlique is justly regarded as one of the cleverest women writers in the West. Since her connection with the Chicago press, some five or six years ago, she has achieved a reputation which adds lustre to the work accomplished by woman in journalism. Her latest literary production is a one-act play entitled "A Training School for Lovers," which has met with much success on the stage.

The heart and brain of Canadian women have indeed been fruitful in literary achievement, but no brief article such as this can hope to do justice to its quality or its worth. The feminine gift is a distinct gift in letters—it is the gift of grace, insight, and a noble subjectivity. Take the feminine element out of literature—remove the sopranos from our groves, and how dull and flat would be the grand, sweet song of life!

There are many Canadian women writers worthy of a place in this paper whom space excludes. Yet their good work will not remain unchronicled—unheeded. Their sonnets and their songs, and their highest creations, nursed out by the gift of heart and brain, will have an abiding place in Canadian life and letters, consecrating it with all the strength and sweetness of a woman's devotion and love. The twentieth century has well-nigh opened its portals, and the wisdom of prophetic minds has enthroned it as the century of woman. Already is it recognized on all sides that the consummation—the ultimate perfection—of the race must be wrought out through the moral excellence of woman. Seeing, then, that the gift of song has its root in spiritual endowment, what poetic possibilities may we not expect from the future? May we not with confidence look to woman to embody this divinity of excellence, and crown with her voice the choral service of every land?

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CHECKMATED EACH OTHER.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

IF experience, of that substantial sort not soon forgotten, has not impressed this truism, that "only through difficulties can we reach the stars," I very much fear nothing else ever will. 'Tis true I have not yet reached the nearest of those glittering gems, but flatter myself, if courage and perseverance only hold out, that each day will bring me nearer to them.

My parents—God bless them!—were the best in the world but for one great mistake—that of too readily yielding to my foolish whims and fancies. Being the eldest of our little trio—there was Tina and baby-boy Fritz besides myself—no doubt had much to do with this error, but dearly did I pay for it.

After the first few days of my school-life, in its most attractive form, that of a kindergarten, it became so wearisome that I decided education was not intended for me, and frankly told my parents something to that effect. Following wise tradition in such cases, threats and promises were forcibly tried to win me to more sensible views; but having come out victor in similar contests, in this too I carried the day. Being initiated into the simplest elements of knowledge, then said I, "Thus far, but no farther." There my education came to a standstill.

Now and then "A new leaf was turned over"; but alas! for father's plots and mother's plans, they soon proved abortive. Dislike to school-life so grew with my growth that the mere idea of being shut up for six hours daily at a desk and in silence was too much for me. Indeed, I often looked at the other children, plodding on day after day at their lessons like so many clocks wound up in the morning to run down at night, and just as often wondered if I hadn't sprung from a different race of beings—perhaps with the blood of an Indian or an Arab in my veins—so terrible did school-life appear.

Carl, the pony, and I were the best of friends, and many a race did we have over the plains just outside the great Western city where we lived. As for the rest, little cared I whether

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the Atlantic bordered the eastern or northern coast of America, or perchance washed across the equator, if it liked; whether John Smith or Washington discovered America. My shallow brain wouldn't be bothered with such trifles.

But music!—of that I never tired; not, however, in the humdrum way of counting one, two, three, four, or pounding out the scales and chasing the little black figures on the ladder as they climbed up and down the staff. No, no; there was no music in that for me. But just let me listen to some grand melody while strolling through the park, catch the inspiration it was sure to give, then go home and make my Steinway repeat it for me—thus passing hours and hours forming variations and transcriptions of the theme, wild or weird, sad or gay, as the spirit moved—then was my happiness complete.

Alas! for the poor music-teacher; and his life, what a martyrdom! A quick, impulsive German, thrilling with music from the zenith to the nadir of his being, surely he would have been well-nigh ready for canonization not to have lost all patience while listening to my frolics with the piano. He was, however, intensely mortal, and proved it more than once.

"It ees von schame, Mees Henrica. Wid sooch talends makes you more famous as Liszt; might be annuder Rubenstein, or even a Mozart, eef you only vonce stoody de harmony und de brincibles of moosic. Ach! it bees so grand den already."

I heard, but heeded not.

"Haven't the patience, professor, and don't care either for all that grinding and hard work. My music suits me; people like it; then what need of anything more?"

"Ach! meine fraulein, you makes von pig meestake." Then shaking his shaggy head, would give vent to his emotions in some marvellous gymnastics on the piano, thrilling every nerve in my body with wonder and delight.

A few years of this freedom; then I crossed the threshold leading into my teens. Papa, fairly desperate over my wilful ignorance, placed me as weekly boarder at a young ladies' academy. Yet my own sweet will here asserted its rights when possible. Lessons were skimmed over or utterly ignored; monthly bulletins proved a disgrace to myself, family, and the institution that gave them birth. My teachers, long-suffering martyrs, used every device known in the manual of school discipline to bring about the desired reform; but vain the attempt.

Thus matters went on at the academy for two years, when

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a turn came in the long lane. Tired of the long litany of complaints, mamma looked sad and anxious, papa stern and desperate. Though little was said, I plainly saw heavy clouds gathering overhead. What could they portend? I dared not even guess.

Devotedly as I loved my father, I must confess that in some respects he is a queer sort of a man—*peculiar*, some call him. Let a tangible idea once strike his brain as feasible, no matter how absurd the outlook, it must become a fact; be at once converted into an act, though the heavens fall. Accustomed as we were to these sudden freaks, they seldom caused us much surprise; and to do my father justice, though at first his strange ventures promised anything but success, yet their general outcome paid tribute to that keen intuition which sees the end from the beginning—as, "*hac fabula docet.*"

At this period of my frivolous life I was strolling around the house one Thursday afternoon about the middle of February, having quarantined myself for a week with a slight cold. My father guessed, and more than once broadly hinted, that it was a mere excuse for freedom from school duties. Imagine then my surprise, when leaving the lunch-table, to hear him say very pleasantly:

"See here, Rica, how would you like to take a trip with me?"

"A trip, papa! Where, pray tell?"

"Out towards Bismarck, Dak. You know your Aunt Jennie lives near there."

Almost beside myself with joy, I danced and clapped my hands, exclaiming, "Oh! you're the dearest, best papa in the world; I could almost eat you up"—at the same time covering him with kisses.

"Well, just wait awhile before you make a meal of me."

"But how soon, papa—next week?"

"Next week, child! No, to-day; this very afternoon."

"But how can I? My things are not fixed; have to get ready, pack; then I'll need some new dresses, you know; and—"

"Nonsense! The only thing I know, Rica, is that my plans are all made, and go we must on the 5 o'clock flyer or not at all."

That "not at all" settled it; couldn't miss such a chance for forty dresses.

"Then I'll be ready; you'll help me, mamma, won't you?" And I flew round like a top, gathering together my little toilet and wardrobe articles, while with mamma's help the trunk was soon filled.

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"Isn't it funny that papa should take such a sudden notion? Though just like him; hope he won't change, for if—"

"Don't think so, dear; you know his queer freaks; hope everything will turn out well for both of you"; and there was a tone of sadness as she said this, while I saw the tears coming as she bent over the trunk, smoothing and fixing the things with almost the very touch of tenderness she would have given her wayward daughter—I even felt it way down in my heart. What could it all mean? Before this she had always seemed so glad and cheery when on one of my trips with papa. I began to feel queer too, but tried to choke it down while giving a drop of comfort to the one I loved best.

"I'm not going to stay for ever, mamma; will write every day, if you say so. Guess I'll be glad enough to come home in less than a month; nobody is half as nice as my own dear mamma. Other folks make a big fuss over you at first; but all their hugs and kisses can't begin to come up to one of yours, and don't last either; so I can't help feeling after awhile as if they were tired of me; but you never are, I know, if—"

"God forbid, my darling!" was the stifled answer, as she folded me in a loving embrace. "I'd be too glad to have you take a trip now and then, if you'd only settle down to study; just see all the other girls so far in advance of you."

"I know all that, mamma; and indeed I promise for sure and certain to begin in earnest when I come home, for I really am ashamed to be so far behind the other girls."

"Indeed I hope so, dear"—at the same time helping on with my wraps. "Now, remember to be a lady on the cars and wherever you—"

Just then Fritz caught sight of the carriage coming up the drive, and shouted: "Here's John weddy for you, Rica; bing me tandy and a big dum, and lots more tings."

"Yes, darling, I'll try to—"

"All aboard!" called out papa, rushing in for his grip and overcoat. Kisses and hurried good-bys to the loved ones, and we were soon rolling out of the gateway without even seeing my sister Tina, who had not come in from school. We had barely time to secure checks, tickets, and to board the train—then whirl at lightning speed away from home and its dearest treasures.

Having fairly caught breath and settled myself, I was more perplexed than ever. Really, I had never seen papa so uneasy; couldn't sit still a minute; was continually rushing in and out

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of the coach, looking so troubled and anxious; he bought paper after paper, seeming hardly to know what he was about, for with a hurried glance would throw them aside or pass the sheet to another passenger. In fact became so troubled at this strange conduct that I feared he might soon go crazy.

I must find out what all this means, and so get relief for better or worse, was the thought urging me to ask, "What in the world is the matter, papa?"

"Nothing much, I guess; why do you ask?"

"Just because I can't help it, you act so queer: don't answer half my questions, won't listen to anything I say; you must be thinking about something else."

"Very likely, Rica; have a good deal on my mind just now. Here, take this book—*Ben Hur*—it's grand; and *The Old-Fashioned Girl*, with *Zoe's Daughter*—one of Mrs. Dorsey's best—fine, all of them.

"Thanks, papa"; and I tried to read with one eye while watching him with the other, ready for any outbreak that might occur, for there was still the same odd smile and quizzical look, making sure there was something in the wind. Had train-robbers appeared, or an earthquake shock thrown us all into a heap, wouldn't have been greatly astonished, ready as I felt for anything strange or terrible. The whispered *tête-à-têtes* of papa and the conductor, with side glances at me, only kept me more on the rack.

As for the books, I could follow Zoe, and Polly with Tom, better than Ben Hur and the Three Kings, though all the characters seemed strangely jumbled together.

"How soon shall we be in Bismarck?" I ventured to ask about noon of the day after leaving home.

"Can't say exactly, Rica; guess the trip won't run more than one hundred and fifty miles farther."

"I'll be very glad then, for it's so tiresome jogging on this way—no one to talk with, and all the time wondering what's up"; adding to myself, "if I could but find the thread to this puzzle; but the more I try the less I know, so will see what a nap can do to bring a little comfort," and settled myself accordingly. I know not how long it lasted, but was roused by papa saying:

"Come, Rica, pick up your traps; we get off here."

Half bewildered, I jumped up and followed my leader from the car to the ladies' room.

"Where are we now, papa? Is this Bismarck?"

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"Not quite, dear; it's—"

Between the noise of whistles and bells I couldn't make out the rest until he added: "Wait here while I call a hack; we'll have time to take a short drive through town."

While waiting the station-agent looked in, and, seeing only a solitary female off in a corner, asked if I was booked for any place in town.

"No, indeed," was my rather pettish answer; "I'm travelling with my father from Colorado to Dakota."

"To Dakota, hey? Don't say; that's queer; 'fraid you're off the line, but s'pose your father knows what he's about."

"Of course he does; travels nearly all the time; there he comes now."

"Carriage ready, daughter; better bring all your budgets; not always safe to leave them."

"All right, papa; I'm ready—for almost anything," I added under my breath—and with more than one misgiving took my seat in the open landau. Verily I was taking my first serious lesson in the primer of life, but, like many such lessons, not without its advantages.

The afternoon, bright, crispy, and fresh, was a welcome change from the hot, stifling air of the cars.

Rolling at a brisk pace through the residence and business portions of the new-fledged city, I would have been in the best of spirits had papa been himself once more; but the same anxious, restless look and manner gave me no peace, and, for lack of anything interesting to say, I returned to the old topic.

"When does the train leave, papa?"

"At 8:30 this evening."

"There'll be time, then, for a long drive?"

"Yes, Rica, and some to spare, I think."

"Shall we see Bismarck in the morning?"

"Hardly think so."

"It's farther than I thought."

"Yes, a good distance yet. Pretty fine town this; they're rustlers here, and no mistake; not been built twenty years they tell me; shows the grass don't grow under their feet."

Just then a word from my father to the driver, which I could not catch, caused us to turn from the more thickly settled part of the town out on a broad road, when, giving our horses free rein, we made full speed.

"O papa! this is glorious, but don't believe you like it as

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well as I do. See; what's that large building way out here all by itself, looking so lonesome?"

"That building? Let me see—"

Growing nervous at his hesitation, I quickly added, "Yes, papa, that building?"

"Why, Rica, it's—it's just where I'm going to leave you at school—hem—hem—"

"What did you say—at school? Where's Aunt Jennie's house? Isn't this Dakota?"

With a forced laugh he confessed that we were hundreds of miles from Bismarck.

"What do you mean? have you been fooling me? O papa! papa! for shame; how could you?" And springing up I looked out the carriage window, but could see only broad plains, with here and there a few scattered houses. Almost breathless with astonishment, anger, and even rage, my hot temper broke loose, and for the time held full sway, as I blurted out rude and unkind words, of which my father took little heed except to say:

"Don't forget yourself, my daughter; it's all arranged, and for your good, too. You will remain at this convent academy until—"

"Convent! convent! did you say? Worse and worse; to be shut up like a caged animal. I am not—"

"Be careful, Henrica. I have tried everything else to induce you to do what your mother and I so much desire, therefore decided on this as the best course to take. After all, you'll not find convent life so terrible when you've had a taste of it. I know well what I am doing, loving you too dearly to be harsh and cruel as you now think I am; but here we are at the entrance door."

Ushered into the academy parlor, I had by no means rallied from my storm of passion, therefore barely noticed the kindly greeting of the mother-superior and directress, Sister Teresa, or listened to the arrangements for my admission—merely sitting by the window and preserving an obstinate silence. Then came the leave-taking; but between pride and anger I would not shed a tear, though my heart almost snapped in twain.

"Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?

. . . . . .

Too old to let my watery grief appear;
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear?"

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Holmes could not have better expressed my utter desolation just then. Kind and fatherly words were not wanting, with the needed advice.

"I know it's pretty hard, Rica; but—"

"O papa! if you hadn't tricked me in this way; 'tis too bad—too bad—" and the flood of tears that I could no longer keep back choked my reproaches.

"Yes, dear; can't blame you much for being so broken up over it, but some day you'll go down on your knees and thank me for what now seems so unkind."

A few more words—the parting was over—papa gone—and I alone among strangers. Oh! the terrible desolation of that moment. Verily, I felt like one washed off by a mighty wave from some grand old steamer, and left to the mercy of treacherous winds and currents.

But my truthful narrative, for such indeed it is, must not fail in fidelity even to the end.

Kindly arms encircled me, friendly voices of the good sisters and pupils welcomed the stranger, giving her a place in their hearts. By special arrangement of my father I was received as a parlor boarder, and placed under the direction of the sister directress, who would give me private instruction until able to take my place with some credit among pupils of my own age.

Being deeply touched by this thoughtful kindness of my father, I became somewhat reconciled to my fate; in truth, the knowledge of so great deficiency in scholarship had been the chief cause of that determined opposition to the school proposal.

As the evening study-bell rang, soon after a chat with some of the pupils, Sister Teresa kindly led me up to one of the alcoves in the dormitory, saying: "Your room is not quite ready, dear, so this must answer for to-night."

A cozy little place it was, nicely curtained off in white, so as to be completely separate from my neighbors. The combination bureau and toilet-stand, conveniently furnished, with an inviting sort of camp-bed, completed the domain.

"You must be so tired after your long journey that a day or two of rest will come first before we think of books and studies, so you can be free to amuse yourself as you like best. I well know restraint will came rather hard after so long enjoying your freedom, but both our sisters and girls will do all

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they can to make your life home-like and pleasant—that is the spirit of our academy. Now, good-night; sleep as long as you wish in the morning." And so I did until—I wouldn't like to say what hour. It being Saturday, and free time from lessons, I mingled freely with the girls, finding much the same variety as elsewhere, with this difference, that all seemed dead-in-earnest in whatever they did; it was as if one spirit and purpose animated and ruled each one. Why I could not tell then, but later on the secret was revealed, and I even caught a glimpse of it when, strolling through the grounds the next day, I met Sister Teresa and had a quiet little chat.

"I was just looking for you, Miss Henrica; we must now think of lessons and school in earnest." Then followed a few pointed questions, by which I now clearly see that, with shrewd intuition, sister was gauging her wayward pupil both in character and attainments, as she dropped a word of comfort.

"Why, my dear, your case isn't half as bad as you think; have had many a great deal worse; with good-will and earnest effort you'll come out—"

"What, sister, do you think there's a ghost of a chance for me?"

"Certainly; why not, dear?"

"Oh! 'cause, haven't the real stuff to make a scholar; I'm behind all the other girls; know it'll be desperate hard work just to keep my head above water."

"Not at all, my child; don't look at it that—"

"But, sister," I again interrupted, choking back a sob, "it's only smart girls, and those way ahead of half-way scholars, that the teachers look after."

"Possibly elsewhere, but not here, for it is specially those with your very hindrances that receive our best care and attention; the others will be sufficient for themselves. Indeed, some of our most creditable pupils have come from the least promising ones; and, mark my word, you'll be another."

"I'm afraid—"

"Tut! tut! let me tell you our plan here. Every scholar, whether rich or poor, bright or stupid, must stand on her own feet—her merits, you know; she is made to see that from the first."

"But what if she hasn't any feet, as you say, to stand on, sister?"

"Never fear; we take the risk of all that. Many a poor little timid chicken doesn't know she has them; or better, hasn't

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found out how to use them, so we have to show her, letting her creep a little at first—".

"Just as I shall, I suppose; well, well, what next?"

"What next? Why that you'll walk, then run; when the only trouble will be to keep you from going too fast."

"I'll take my chances there; no fear for Henrica Benton where studies come in"; and I laughed at the very thought.

"We shall see," was the quiet response, at the same time seeming to read me through and through, as she looked earnestly through those large brown eyes, so expressive of the varying emotions within; later on they proved the bearers of many silent little messages which I learned to know more readily than if spoken. A few more turns in the cool, fresh air, then the retiring-bell called us within, and I was conducted to the room assigned for my use.

Some people there are who pass us with the mere greeting of ordinary civility—as "ships in the night"; again, we meet those crossing our threshold who abide with us but for a time, returning only at intervals; while others leap at once into our hearts and lives, going no more out for ever.

Thus Sister Teresa had that evening, through a few earnest words, walked into my life as no one had yet done. It was all so simple and matter-of-fact. Almost without knowing it I had laid open my aimless, fruitless life, with so little thought beyond the passing moment, knowing little and caring less of what powers or possibilities might be wrought from the nature God had given me.

Not so the method of this marvellous woman with her grand conception of life in its varied and infinite relations; with brain, heart, and soul so fully, harmoniously developed that each became in its measure the counterpart of the others. What power for good must ever be wrought from such a source!

We well know that all human intercourse is but a series of mutual reflections; as they become stamped, then stereotyped each upon each, making us mosaics more or less beautiful of those with whom we come in contact, the character, the whole man is inevitably formed. Thus we are what we are simply by the impact of those surrounding us. Even a momentary influence can do the work of a life-time—or undo it as well. What, then, if this power for good runs its beneficent course day by day for years, as with Sister Teresa, into whose hands I had

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so providentially fallen? I could not have escaped it if I would, and would not if I could.

I saw that life in all its unselfish devotion, purity, and sanctity; yet seen not to be imitated merely, but woven, absorbed into my own as far as my limited capacity could receive it. Do not mistake; the goodness of this religious was not of that way-up-in-the-clouds sort unattainable only by the full-fledged saint. Though consecrated soul, body, and entire being to God, she was withal a thoroughly human being; so intensely human that she threw herself heart and mind into the little world of humanity with which her own for years had been so closely linked. I cannot recall anything wonderful that she ever did; remarkable only in this—doing everything in just the way she wished us to do it: her example the potent lever moving at will those under her charge. Requiring prompt, exact obedience and fidelity to truth even to the least degree; failing not herself, though it were only by a look or gesture; hence always faithful to her promises, whether of reward or punishment, which, like gold, ever commanded their face value to the last mill. Well did we know this—to our joy, and sorrow as well, abiding the consequences. With all this was united that gentle, gracious courtesy which marked her intercourse, whether as teacher, friend, or sister; to each one, from first to last, the same considerate politeness was assured, making her the most loyal of friends, in every way a womanly woman, type and model of a religious through and through.

I see now, through the drifting decades of years, as I could not then with my crude, unformed nature, how this influence of Sister Teresa wrought its grand mission into ever-widening channels; that same magnetic power radiated forth from our microcosm upon that broader world of life, of which the convent academy was but the type. All those myriad influences were but so many trails marking the path in which our directress led the way for hundreds who would "rise up and call her blessed."

But let us return to the little room where I had just said a good-night to one who had already awakened my better nature into action, feeble though the first impulses. A memorable time it proved, hinging my fate for time and eternity. Simple and plain almost to severity was the cozy "den," as I termed it: nothing wanting for convenience, but all else ignored, save an exquisite picture of the Holy Family reproduced from

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Murillo, and a delicately carved crucifix. Of these, however, I then took little note; my troubled soul was too full of other things. Tired though I was, sleep would not come; busy thoughts were there, hot and feverish at first, as I saw myself the dupe of what seemed only a wicked plot.

Sense and my better nature soon knocked gently at the door, peeped in, and at length found entrance. Then said I:

"Henrica Benton, your papa has indeed cornered you, and a very close corner it is too. Here you are at the mercy of those who know pretty well what they are about, or you wouldn't have been left with them; there's no escape, and no excuse that you can plead will avail; surely, not feeble health for a stout, rosy-cheeked girl who turns the scales at one hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois, or thereabouts, who never had more than a passing ache or pain, knowing by experience nothing of doctors, pills, or powders."

These and similar thoughts came before me as tangible facts, not to be set aside, but bravely met and bravely shouldered. I had, then, only to settle down to solid work and make, as they say, "a first-class job" out of what threatened to be a terribly bad one.

"Aha! I have it," shouting under my breath with delight; "I'll get even with papa. To be sure he's tricked me; but why can't I turn the tables and checkmate him completely and for ever? That'll mean to work like the very mischief, and come out leader of my class—when I know enough to go into one. Behind all the others as I am, must pitch in all the harder. One good thing, I'm a chip of the old block, and have a good share of papa's spunk. I'll make it tell now or never. Glad for once I'm a Benton. Best of all, the home folks sha'n't know anything about this new move on the chessboard until I've made it a sure thing, and come out A No. 1; then won't they open their eyes and shake their heads, big and little. Deary me! wish 'twas morning, so I could begin; can't sleep. Say, I'll turn on the gas a little and run over the lessons Sister Teresa gave me; yes, the books are here. That other Sister Somebody—can't think of her name—told me, after asking a few questions, that I'd take the preparatory course at first—s'pose like little girls 'bout ten years old; just think of it, and I'm most sixteen! Whew, scissors and tongs! it's terrible I know, couldn't be much worse. But she said, too, I might take a rapid review of these first lessons; then try an examination, giving me a good send-off if I passed. That's the

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very thing, and, Henrica Benton, *you shall pass—now there!* I'm in for it, hot and heavy; the 'extras' will fit in somewhere later on. Bless me, won't I be a busybody—and—and—but—I—"

Poor, tired Henrica! off in the land of dreams with those she loved best, knowing little else till roused by the clang of a big bell and a rap at the door.

"Time to rise, Miss Benton."

There I was, books scattered over bed and floor, gas burning, and daylight streaming through my little white-curtained window. Calling back my scattered senses, lo! the plans that by night looked so brilliant and enticing, now staring me in the face like terrible ogres, seemed to defy all the courage I could muster—the more so when contrasted with my late free-and-easy life. But the Benton spirit fairly roused was not to be caught by the tempting whisper: "Not so fast, Henrica; Rome wasn't built in a day."

With one bound I cleared the bed, made a hasty toilette, put the room in some kind of order, meanwhile coaxing myself as best I could. "'Twon't do to think much about these troubles; hard work is the only thing left you; mustn't give up for all Jerusalem and Jericho together." Then, answering the call to breakfast, joined a small regiment of girls trooping through the corridors.

Well, I've been here just three months to the second; though in one way it seems a good solid year, and not a very easy one either. Think of it; to rise every morning at six o'clock, then hurry and drive like the mischief to get in study, lessons, practice—for I keep up that much of my dear music—recreation, and don't know what more. One thing sure: there's no fooling about this business of education; if you don't get it here, you never will elsewhere; it's downright, steady work the whole year through.

But, bless me! couldn't believe my ears this morning, as I passed out of class, when the mistress of studies said, in that nice little tone of hers:

"Miss Henrica, it gives me much pleasure to say that your record for application to study and general progress is quite satisfactory; your examinations of last week were also very creditable, entitling you to a promotion of two grades. If this continues, our mother superior will gladly inform your worthy parents; you will, however, remain under Sister Teresa's

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instruction for the remainder of the year"—at the same time handing me a letter from those same "worthy parents."

All this was appreciated the more from the fact that such compliments came but rarely and in limited measure; indeed I was nearly wild with joy at these three pieces of good fortune —deportment approved, examinations a success, and, best of all, a letter from home! However I did not forget to thank the sister and make my best double-courtesy—one of the accomplishments acquired since coming here—then rush up to my room and dance a regular jig, just to let my spirits out, for they were fairly boiling over. Then I fell to reading the letter, which almost took my breath away, especially this part from papa:

". . . Now must tell you of our plans, that may surprise you no less than when I left my Rica at the convent. Here's the programme: Your mother and I off to Europe for a year or more; health and business the object. Tina to join you at the academy, remaining while we are abroad. Fritz to stay with Aunt Mena and Uncle Fred, who will occupy our house, so there'll be a nest for my dear chicks during vacations. May possible drop down on you before we leave, to say good-by. All glad you are doing so well; send best love. Be my own brave girl. Look out for another trip to Europe; only waiting till your education-bill is filled out and endorsed by your teachers—then good times for all the Bentons. . . ."

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry over this letter, for I was both glad and sorry; on the whole concluded to do neither, but wait patiently the arrival of Tina.

Within a week my parents came and went, leaving my sister to share the fate awaiting us, which proved all that could be desired, and far more than we had dared to hope. Having made such a success of the first venture, and being fairly in the harness, I had not the face to give up the ship; verily, almost without knowing it, had "burned my ships behind me."

However, it was still the influence of Sister Teresa, doing its blessed work always and everywhere. My heart grew warm and glad with our daily intercourse. How could it be otherwise? since her deep religious life became the soul and inspiration of whatever she said or did—the keynote in which each day was set, making her "the moulder, teacher, and refiner of others," the highest type of true womanhood. The secret nobility of every soul in contact with her own would readily accord this tribute.

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It was then an' ever-new surprise to me that this religion, so false and superstitious—for I was not then of the faith, or of any in fact—could so brighten and beautify one's life; here indeed was a revelation! But I must be sure—watch, wait, and weigh; and so I did, leading me to the goal of life's purpose and its haven of ineffable peace and rest.

The more I knew of Sister Teresa's rare gifts and graces the more did I wonder why they should have been buried within a convent. Was it not hiding her talent in a napkin? No, no; far from it. Richly had she been dowered by God, but, as with every creature thus favored, only that the gift might be returned with a hundred-fold increase, when the dawn of a higher life should first break upon her waiting, longing sight. Neither can time, place, or circumstances in any degree belittle such a consecration while bearing the stamp: *For God and Humanity!*

This sister led me to feel that, through self-conquest having once acted nobly, I was bound henceforth never to act otherwise; still more, that the secret of her magic power over all hearts was in having gained so noble a victory over her own. Nor in this regard does Sister Teresa stand alone, but rather as one of many, the representative of thousands more throughout the world animated by the same noble aims and endeavors.

Often during those months and years of tiresome drudgery the thought alone of giving her displeasure, or of failing, cost what it might, to become another Sister Teresa, though but an abridged edition, checked some wild frolic in the bud, leading to better resolves, and at last to the point at which I had aimed—rank second to none in conduct and scholarship. Best of all, that same blessed influence has, through God's gracious mercy, been closely linked with my life in the larger school of the world.

At last, having completed the course marked out for me at the convent, the first greeting from papa on returning home was the welcome: "Well, Rica, I tricked you terribly that day we started for Aunt Jennie's in Bismarck, but you have checkmated me out and out. Then the only move I can make by way of retaliation on our home chess-board is, a three years' trip through Europe with all the family. Plans are made, everything is ready; we leave next week; so be on hand."

"O papa! how good you are—"

"Never mind, Rica; *you deserve that, and more too!*"

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AT DEATH.

BY GEORGE HARRISON CONRARD.

FAINT fluttering spirit, struggling to be free,
I hear its wings against the prison bars
Beat audibly. Lo! the thin curtain lowers,
And by the rays let in the soul can see
The bounds of Time merge in Eternity,
And patient watch keeps through the long night hours.
O weary pinions! longing for the stars,
In yonder ether soon your home shall be.
Plume thou thy wings, sweet spirit! Frail the chain
That binds thee prisoned. Ah, the hand were vain
That strove to hold thee in so poor abode
When freedom waits thee in Elysium's light.
Sweet Christ! the chain bursts! the swift wings take flight!
Go, gentle spirit, forth to meet thy God!

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ARE ANGLICAN ORDERS VALID?

BY REV. CHARLES J. POWERS.

THE theological difficulties against the acceptance of Anglican orders as valid turn upon the intention, the matter and form of the sacrament, and incidentally upon the subject of the rite. These difficulties may be considered as particular or general in so far, namely, as they affect Archbishop Parker, the source of orders in the English Church, or the Anglican hierarchical system, viewed as a whole.

We will first direct our attention to the difficulties arising from Parker's consecration. It is evident that in his case everything essential to conveying holy orders should have been done. The validity of his consecration ought to be beyond doubt. But even granting that Barlow may have been a bishop, and accepting the fact of the ceremony at Lambeth chapel, is it established that what was done on that occasion was sufficient to make a bishop? This question was brought up juridically very early in the controversy, through the Bonner case.

In 1563 the deprived bishop of London was a prisoner in the Marshalsea, and as he was a clergyman he was summoned to take the oath of supremacy. In his defence against the proceedings taken to punish him for his refusal to take the oath he gave, among other reasons, this: that the person who offered the oath was not a bishop, and hence had no legal right to administer it. This "person" was Bishop Horne, who had been consecrated by Parker and confirmed in the See of Winchester.

Bishop Bonner entered his plea by the advice of Plowden, the celebrated lawyer. After a long discussion in Sergeants' Inn, the judges were unanimous in agreeing that Bonner had a right to an inquiry before a jury as to the matter of fact, the burden of proof being thrown upon Horne to show that he was a bishop in the eye of the law at the time when he offered the oath.

On the admission of this plea being sustained the prosecution was dropped, a thing not at all likely to have happened had there been a hope of success. Unfortunately, we do not know the grounds of the bishop's plea. The issue would, no doubt, have been made on legal technicalities, but incidentally the

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theological difficulties would also probably have been presented during the discussion. The unwillingness of the government to proceed to trial argues for the weakness of their case, and the fact remains that a question of fact was raised and was not met.

Putting aside, therefore, for the moment the consideration of the value of the form given in King Edward's ordinal, let us examine what was done by Barlow and his assistants in consecrating Parker. The illegality of the whole proceeding seems plainly manifest, and is, indeed, so certainly so that an effort to establish the contrary can only end in absolutely hopeless failure. On the Anglican theory of jurisdiction Parker's consecration is indefensible, because it was not given by bishops who were "provincial," as the law required. Moreover, the ordinal of King Edward was not at that time a legal form, for Queen Mary had provided for the repeal of the act of Edward imposing its use upon the clergy. Hence Lord Burleigh wrote upon the paper containing the directions for the consecration, and in which mention is made of the ordinal, "this book is not established by Parliament." But besides these irregularities which show the legal aspect of the case, but are of secondary importance from the present stand-point, there are grave reasons for fearing defect of intention both in consecrator and consecrated, as well as in the matter and form of the sacrament.

The account of the ceremony informs us that the consecrators of Parker, placing their hands on his head, admonished him in this manner: "Remember that thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee by imposition of hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and of soberness." Even the full form of King Edward's ritual was not used because, as savoring too much of Popery, "it seems not to have harmonized perfectly with the notions which Barlow and his coadjutors had acquired from their foreign masters." But could this monition make a bishop? "It bore," writes Dr. Lingard, "no immediate connection with the episcopal character. It designated none of the peculiar duties incumbent on a bishop. It was as fit a form of ordination for a parish clerk as of the spiritual ruler of a diocese."

But did these men really intend to make a bishop in the true sense of the word? Had they the will to give the sacrament of order?

It is necessary and sufficient on the part of the adult subject of holy order, who must, of course, be baptized for the validity of the rite, that he have the will to receive the sacrament,

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and on the part of the minister that he have the purpose to bestow it. What was the purpose of the ceremony at Lambeth chapel? To form an estimate we must get at the mind of those who took part in it. What did these men believe concerning holy order?

Faith and probity do not in themselves affect the validity of the sacrament of holy order, and hence the lack of either or both does not vitiate consecration. Were it contrariwise the discussion of Anglican orders were long since at an end. For, as far as concerns the probity of the English reformers, Lee and Littledale, themselves English churchmen, have said more than enough to cover them with eternal confusion, and we shall presently see what was the character of their doctrine. But knowledge of the belief and character of those who figured in the overthrow of Catholicity in England will help us towards a conclusion as to the nature of the purpose of the rite held on that eventful December Sunday morning.

The early reformers—and indeed the whole English school of theologians immediately following the Reformation—refused to recognize in priest or bishop the power of offering sacrifice and of forgiving sin. They rejected entirely the Catholic belief concerning the priesthood as a corruption of primitive faith. The sacerdotal ministry was not, in their view, a divine institution. Had those who ordained and who were ordained during this period the intention respectively of doing what the church does, and receiving what the church gives, supposing that all the other necessary elements were present for the imparting and reception of the sacraments, there would be now less room for doubt. But could they have intended to impart and receive powers which they not only did not believe they possessed, but, moreover, declared they did not intend to give or to receive?

Burnet, in his *Records*, informs us that "in the question of orders Barlow agreed exactly with Cranmer," and he might have said with even greater truth that the pupil went further than his master in his acceptance of Geneva theology. Cranmer, we know, was notoriously Calvinistic in doctrine. He regarded bishop and priest as holding an office entirely unsacrificial. According to his theory, appointment by the civil power was sufficient in the minister of religion. To his own question "whether in the New Testament be required any consecration of bishop and priest, or only appointing to this office is sufficient?" he answered that "he that is appointed to be a bishop or a priest needeth no consecration by the Scripture." There

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was no true priesthood because there was no sacrifice, for he denied the real presence of Christ under the sacred species.

In conformity with these views he devised King Edward's prayer-book. The history of the commission that brought forth that book is well known. Cranmer was the leading spirit, and his effort was to accommodate the form of worship of the English Church to the doctrine of the new teachers without giving too much offence to the adherents of the ancient faith. What he did not dare do openly he hoped to do stealthily, namely, to thoroughly Protestantize the Anglican Church. We may well believe that had he put into effect all that he wished, the prayer-book would have been more satisfactory to himself and to his disciples. For we know that, radical as it was in its departure from the Catholic ritual, it was not sufficiently so for Barlow and his coadjutors, who omitted part of what was prescribed therein on the occasion of Parker's consecration.

And the doctrine of Cranmer and Barlow was understood and accepted and taught by the Anglican fathers and divines. Of this there is abundant evidence.

Bishop Jewel, in the Zurich letters, says: "As to your expressing hopes that our bishops will be consecrated without any superstitious and offensive ceremonies, . . . you are not mistaken, for the sink would indeed have been emptied to no purpose if we had suffered the dregs to settle at the bottom."

Archbishop Whitgift, in one of his theological dissertations commenting on the words of the ordinal for the consecration of bishops, writes: "The bishop by speaking these words doth not take upon him to give the Holy Ghost, no more than he doth to remit sins when he promises remission of sins." And elsewhere he says: "It appeareth not wherever our Saviour did ordain the ministry of the gospel to be a sacrament."

Richard Hooker, a contemporary of Whitgift and a doctor of the highest authority among the Anglicans, in his celebrated work *Ecclesiastical Polity* thus addresses himself to the Puritans: "You complain that we consecrate bishops and priests, and that so we appear to have affinity with the old anti-Christian religion. Be consoled; our bishops are but superintendents and our priests elders. Altars and sacrifices, as you know, they have none; and after all, what is consecration, or whatever you like to call it, but admission to a state of life? You complain, again, that in ordaining them we say, 'Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven'; and these words seem to countenance one of the worst errors of Popery.

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But remember that they are the words of Christ himself, and therefore cannot be in themselves ungodly and superstitious. He thus addressed his Apostles, and yet they had no power to forgive sins such as the Papists claim. True it is that for centuries they have been superstitiously applied; but the abuse does not take away the use, and now, by not shrinking from them in spite of their apparent harmony with the old errors, we rescue them from anti-Christ and vindicate their primitive and Protestant signification."

To add further evidence from the writers of the period is unnecessary. What has been given is sufficiently indicative of the tone of thought and of the belief which prevailed.

The very Articles of religion—albeit, like the woman of the Gospel, they have suffered many things at the hands of physicians—are to this day sick of a Calvinistic malady contracted in the school of Cranmer.

Such was the faith of Cranmer and Barlow and Parker. Such the faith of Anglican fathers and theologians. The creed, the ritual, the theology of the English Church illustrate one another, and are witnesses against the claim for Anglican orders. Knowing the belief and practice of Cranmer and his associates and followers, we cannot escape the conviction that there was a lack of intention in the consecration of Parker, the source of Anglican orders, and that we have reason to fear the same defect in the consecrations that succeeded his for a long time. Thus doubt presents itself on every side. Take what view we will, we cannot find that certainty which a matter of such weight as the validity of the orders of a whole church demands, and upon which so much depends for the salvation and sanctification of souls.

Nor can the more general and speculative question, whether the English Church could have had a true hierarchical system of apostolic origin, given through the rites of ordination and consecration in the prayer-book, be answered favorably, even had he who was the source of Anglican orders continued in himself the apostolic succession.

Here, again, doubt confronts us and will not down, as we shall see in the discussion of the part of the subject upon which we are about to enter.

Because Christ was God, he could impart to visible and material things the power of producing invisible and spiritual effects. And it is of divine and Catholic faith that he was pleased to exercise his power in instituting the sacraments, which are external signs of interior grace.

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With regard to each of the seven sacraments we can distinguish the material thing which has been elevated by the divine power to a work beyond its nature, or what is called the matter and also the form, or the words by which the matter is applied.

It is certain, according to the theologians, that Christ specifically determined the matter and the form of baptism and Holy Eucharist. And with regard to the other sacraments, the more probable opinion affirms that the matter was specifically determined by him, as well as the substance of the form. The opinion, however, that Christ instituted in general the matter and form of each of the sacraments, except baptism and Holy Eucharist, and left with his church the power of specifically determining these, and even of changing them for a just cause, has been held to be not without some probability.

The reason for this latter view was based upon the diversity of the Greek and Latin churches concerning holy orders. As a consequence of this diversity the theologians, in discussing the elements for the sacrament of the priesthood, have found difficulty in concluding what is absolutely essential for valid ordination. The result has been that they affirm what constitutes the matter and the form of the sacrament without which there certainly can be no sacrament, and also what belongs to its integrity and without which more or less practical doubt is present as to validity.

No one, Greek or Anglican, who believes that Order is a sacrament can reasonably doubt that the rite used in the Roman Church for centuries contains all that is requisite for validity. To deny this would be to deny the sacrificing and forgiving power in priests of the Roman Church. And even those who hold that the visible church is more extensive than the Roman communion must at least recognize in bishops of that communion the inherent powers of perpetuating the hierarchy.

The Roman Pontifical contains those rites which are performed by bishops; among the rest that of ordination of priests.

The principal acts in this rite are the following:

(1) Before the gospel of the Mass the ordaining bishop and all the priests present, of whom there should be at least three, lay both hands on the head of each of the candidates successively without uttering any words.

(2) The bishop and the priests hold their hands extended

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while the bishop prays as follows: "Dearest brethren, let us ask God the Father Almighty to multiply his heavenly gifts upon these his servants whom he has elected to the office of the priesthood, that by his assistance they may obtain what he has deigned they should undertake. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

(3) He clothes each of the candidates with the sacrificial vestments and anoints the hands of each.

(4) He gives each a chalice with wine and water, and a paten with bread, saying: "Receive power to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate Masses both for the living and the dead. In the name of the Lord. Amen."

(5) The candidates say the Canon of the Mass with the bishop, and consecrate the species with him.

(6) After the Communion the bishop again lays his hands on each and says: "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins thou shalt forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins thou shalt retain, they are retained."

This rite has been used for centuries in the Roman Church. The question arises as to the part of the ceremony which confers the character of the priesthood.

On this point three principal opinions have been advanced by theologians: The first places the essential act in the second imposition of hands, namely, when the bishop extends his hands over the head of the subject of the sacrament and says the prayer, "Dearest brethren, let us ask God," etc. According to the second opinion, the handing the instruments for the sacrifice and the accompanying form is the necessary and sufficient act for ordination. The third requires both the imposition of hands and the tradition of the instruments.

It is certain that the ordination has taken place before the time of the consecration in the Mass, for no one who was not a priest would be permitted to use the sacred words with the bishop. In the rubrics of the Pontifical, moreover, after the handing of the instruments onward to the end, the word "ordinati" is used instead of "ordinandi" as before, from which it is evident that the laying on of hands the last time, and the form giving the power to forgive sins, express what has already been done.

It might, therefore, appear that the tradition of the instruments was the essential matter, or at least a part of it. And such a conclusion would at first sight be confirmed by the instruction of Pope Eugenius IV. to the Armenians. But this

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ceremony has not always been everywhere requisite. It was introduced in the ninth century, and even to-day is confined to the West. Yet the Roman Church recognizes the validity of the Greek rite of ordination, in which there is no tradition of instruments.

The great scholastics who maintained the necessity in the Western Church for the tradition of the instruments, either alone or following the imposition of hands and prayer by the bishop, met the difficulty arising from the Eastern practice by the theory mentioned above as to the determining power of the church concerning the matter and form of the sacraments. But the tendency of the more modern theologians has been to regard the imposition of hands alone as the essential matter.

The omission, however, either of the imposition of hands and the prayer, or the handing the vessels and materials used in the sacrifice, would render ordination doubtful, if not null, and require a new ceremony to insure validity. What constitutes, therefore, the essential matter and form of the priesthood cannot be asserted so positively as to leave no reason for question. And hence practically the safer side must always be taken in case of defects in what pertains to the probable validity.

To the supreme authority in the church belongs the right and the duty of setting at rest any doubt that may arise in a particular case. But decisions emanating from the Holy See in settling special difficulties are not always of universal application. For instance, the decree of the Holy Office affirming the validity of the Abyssinian ordination to the priesthood by the imposition of hands and the form "Receive the Holy Ghost" referred, as the Congregation has declared, exclusively to the case in point, and hence cannot properly be applied to any other issue similar in some but not all respects.

For it is very evident that an external similarity of matter and form in an heretical sect with those used by the true church would not in itself prove the presence of the sacrament of order. For even if the very words of the Catholic ritual were applied to the proper matter, the sacrament would be null if the form were employed in a depraved sense. Hence it follows that Anglican orders are invalid if there is a defect of form arising from a depraved use of the sacramental words. "He who corrupts the sacramental words in altering them, if he does this purposely, does not appear to intend that which the church does, and thus the sacrament does not appear to be perfected," says St. Thomas.

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It is our conviction that we cannot escape from the conclusion that in the beginning of Anglicanism, and for a long time afterwards, the words of the English ordinal were applied in a corrupted sense, and the evidence as to the doctrine of the reformers given above goes to prove this assertion.

Whatever may be the faith and practice of the Ritualist party in the English Church of to-day, whatever the views of the Tractarians, whatever the theology of Archbishop Laud and his school, we must not forget the long decades that passed when no such doctrines had a place in the public teaching of the Church of England, but, on the contrary, the very opposite of this teaching prevailed. What High-churchman is there who has not keenly felt the difficulty of reconciling his own belief with the Articles—the creed of Anglicanism—and with the history of the communion in which he has found himself? How many have been forced step by step to the unwilling confession, that the Establishment is after all a Protestant sect, not a branch of the true church?

We cannot but sympathize with the efforts to bring the English Church into conformity with the Apostolical, but the facts will not warrant our admitting that its tenets as a religious body give evidence of a belief in a sacerdotal ministry of divine institution. And so we cannot accept the orders of Anglicans as valid were there no greater obstacle in the way than the use of the form in a depraved sense. But beyond this there is the further difficulty that the ancient matter and form have been vitiated by the commission who devised King Edward's ordinal.

The essential matter to validity in conferring the sacrament of the priesthood consists, probably, in the officiating bishop with the assisting priests laying their hands upon the head of the candidate for priest's orders and holding them extended, and the form has been given above. A comparison of the form in King Edward's ordinal with what has just been given from the Roman Pontifical will show what is lacking. The bishop and assisting clergymen lay their hands on the head of each candidate, and the bishop says: "Receive the Holy Ghost. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God and of his holy sacraments. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." To this form convocation in 1661, more than one hundred years after the issue of the ordinal, added these words after the invocation of the Holy Ghost, "for the office

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and work of a priest in the church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of hands."

Even accepting the opinion which requires the least for validity, does not the Anglican rite in comparison show its insufficiency? A sacrament is a sign of grace. Its matter and form ought to be indicative of what is bestowed. What appears in the Anglican form that at all indicates the sacrificial power, the chief office of a priest? And as for the forgiving power, we have seen that these words of form were used in a depraved sense and not as a sign of a grace imparting an office.

In like manner the matter and form of the episcopacy were corrupted by the compilers of the English ordinal.

The matter for the consecration of a bishop in the Catholic Church consists of several things, namely, the placing of the book of the gospels upon the shoulders and neck of the bishop elect, the anointing his head, the imposition of the hands of the consecrator and his assistants, and the bestowal of the pastoral staff and ring. The form is found in the words "Receive the Holy Ghost," and in the prayers and the preface by which the purpose of giving of the Holy Spirit is indicated, namely, for the office and peculiar duties of a bishop.

The Anglican rite in King Edward's ritual consists in the consecrator and assistant bishops laying hands on the head of the elect and saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost. . . . And remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given thee by this imposition of our hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and soberness." The consecrator also puts into the hands of the elect a copy of the Bible with the exhortation: "Give heed unto reading, exhortation, and doctrine, etc." To the form after the invocation of the Holy Spirit were added by convocation, as in the rite for the priesthood, the words "for the office and work of a bishop in the church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Again we find vagueness, indefiniteness, a failure in the sign to indicate the power of the grace bestowed. For a long time —namely, from 1549 until 1661—even the general purpose of the invocation was not manifested in either the form for the priesthood or for the episcopacy. The effort to remedy that defect by the insertion ordered by convocation has confessedly come rather late—too late indeed to be of any real service in undoing what Cranmer's commission did so well, namely, the vitiating of the ancient forms.

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That that was their purpose, there can be no doubt. That the ulterior motive in giving even the garbled matter and form presented in the ordinal was to prepare the way for even more radical changes, is also clear.

The protests against the innovations were loud and many on the part of the bishops who still adhered to the ancient faith, but were silenced by prosecution and imprisonment. The reformers walked with their eyes open, and the road they took led towards Geneva, the haven of their desires.

Now, when centuries have passed, during which the church that was "the dowry of Mary" has been despoiled of Catholicity, robbed of the true faith and of true orders, we find many of the noblest and most sincere of Englishmen repudiating these ruthless thieves, denouncing their iniquity, and seeking to restore to England what these robbers pillaged. The work of the Cranmers, the Barlows, and the Parkers is viewed with malediction. The faith they sought to drive for ever beyond the seas once more has found a home in England. "A wonderful movement of divine grace," writes Cardinal Vaughan, "has been going on among the English people for many years. This movement is not unmixed with much that is erroneous, illogical, and audacious. But it has been out of the movement that the greatest conversions to the Catholic Church have taken place; for instance, Cardinals Manning and Newman, and thousands of others. At the present moment the movement has spread very widely, so that multitudes of the most educated and zealous Anglican clergy and laity are teaching the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine, so that there remains nothing but the keystone, the office and place of St. Peter, to complete the arch."

Would that we could say to this multitude of earnest men and women: You have the true faith; you have the true priesthood. But truth will not permit us until the keystone has been fitted into the arch, and Rome has restored what Geneva destroyed — the apostolic succession in the English Church. But not in vain may we hope that the English nation, resembling the ancient Roman in so many respects, will, like its prototype, find its greatest glory and most enduring fame in having embraced with renewed ardor the faith that St. Augustine brought from Rome at the command of St. Gregory, the successor of St. Peter, for whom Christ prayed that his faith should not fail.

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THE SALIC FRANKS AND THEIR WAR-LORD, CLOVIS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

IN celebrating the conversion of the Frankish monarch, Clovis, to Christianity the French Catholics celebrate an event which laid the foundation of a new order in Europe. The Franks were barbarians, and even after they had embraced Christianity they continued to be barbarians in their behavior where their interests or their passions were concerned. Yet under this outer husk of savagery they cherished the germs of some virtues which helped to plant the faith firmly in France, while establishing the truth of some startling paradoxes in human nature. In the Merovingian age, side by side with the most atrocious crimes, we find deeds of the most exalted devotion, unbounded enthusiasm for the promotion of religion and the spiritual life, and the most shocking defiance of the principles of Christianity, in the same epoch and in the same families. Hence the most sagacious and experienced of historical analysts have found it impossible to formulate a rational theory of the Merovingian character, save that of the uncontrollable force of impulse and alternating emotions in a people only a couple of generations removed from the state of nature in the nomadic life amid the German forests.

BREAK-DOWN OF THE WESTERN COLONIAL SYSTEM.

A mind's-eye picture of the state of Europe at the period when these conquering savages came on the theatre would be too comprehensive for the clearest ken. It was not chaos; it was rather the breaking-up of order, with the hideous accompaniments of fire, slaughter, and rapine, on a colossal scale. Several distinct hordes of barbarians had poured into Gaul, at various periods from the death of Vespasian down to the fall of the Western Empire with the death of Odoacer, A. D. 476. Of these the Franks proved the most formidable. They were one of two powerful races of Teutonic barbarians who held between them the right bank of the Rhine. When the Roman legions were withdrawn from Gaul the Franks easily made

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themselves masters of the great cities; for, long deprived of arms by the Roman governors, the miserable Gallic people had neither the weapons, the discipline, nor the courage to defend themselves. They accepted the tall warriors from the Rhine as their protectors in place of the Roman cohorts; nor did the change involve any great moral loss. Sensuality the most appalling had been the characteristic of the Roman system in private life; corruption the most shameless that of the public administration. Steeped though they were in pagan savagery, the strangers from the Rhine preserved some traces of the better idea in man. Their code of family honor was strict; they caused the sanctity of the marriage tie to be respected by the severity of the penalties exacted for any violation of the unwritten social law. In this respect at least the Franks and Alamanni were vastly superior to the Roman rulers of Western Europe.

The foundation of the Frankish kingdom took place peaceably, therefore, and, it may be said, naturally. What the Franks had acquired they proved themselves well able to defend. To successive invasions of Alans, Avars, and Visigoths they presented a formidable breastwork on the river-front of France.

A FIELD OF SLAUGHTER.

In the year 451 the terrible Attila, whom the Gauls styled "the flail of God," led his devastating Huns into the fertile plains of Champagne. The last of the Roman generals in the province, the skilful Aëtius, joined his forces with the Franks, and barred the way of Attila on the Catalaunian plains (now Chalons). Under their king, Merovius, the Franks attacked the rear-guard of the Huns on the first day of the battle, and killed fifteen thousand, to their own account. In the second day's fighting the united forces of Franks and Romans left 165,000 Huns dead on the field, according to the Gothic historian, Jornandes. The glory of that great day secured the Merovingian power in France. It had saved all Gaul from certain ruin, for it was the boast of Attila that not a stone upon a stone was left in a single city he had taken, and his monuments were pyramids of human skulls.

But the overthrow of the Huns did not preserve Gaul from internal foes only a shade less destructive. When Clovis was elevated as warrior-king on the bucklers of his Franks, three decades after that event, anarchy was sweeping the whole country as a deluge. It was, as an old historian remarks, a con-

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stant coming and going of armies, and between them the people were ground to powder. There were eight distinct ruling powers in Gaul—the Franks, the Visigoths, the Burgundians, the Alamanni, the Saxons, the Bretons of Armorica, the Belgæ, and the remnant of the Roman power, under a general named Syagrius. Of these the Franks were the most powerful, both by reason of their military prestige and the elements of orderly life which they had already developed in their public administration. Their religion, for the most part, was that of the Scandinavian mythology; the joys of the Valhalla awaited the warrior who fell with his face to the foe; but a glimmering of Christianity had penetrated their fierce cult and already begun to soften their berserker fury. It has been set down to their credit that even in their pagan state, when Christian cities fell into their hands, they destroyed not a single church. Their frequent intercourse with Rome made them familiar with the tenets and practice of Christianity. One of their great chiefs, the Comes Arbogastus, sovereign of Treves in A. D. 470, is said to have been a Christian, and two daughters of Childeric, the father of Clovis—the princesses Lautechild and Audefleda—had embraced the Arian theory of Christianity. But the mode in which the spiritual side of the monarch's character was touched by the wand of grace is *sui generis*.

CLOVIS MAKES A CONDITIONAL VOW.

The king was in need of an ally. He was in sore straits of battle with the Alamanni, one day, at Tolbiac, near the Vosges. The hammer of Thor had ceased to strike on his side, the prospect of drinking the honey and wine of victorious warriors from the skulls of his enemies was vanishing. At this terrible moment, when his crown was trembling in the balance, Clovis bethought him of his wife, Clotilde, and her Christian faith. She was the daughter of Chilperic, king of the Burgundians, who was, like the rest of his family, tainted with the Arian heresy. Clotilde, happily, escaped the contagion, by some unexplained means—probably by the domestic upheaval caused by the murder of her father by his savage brother, Gundebald—a tragedy which may have laid the foundation of the story on which Shakspere built up his enigmatical play of "Hamlet." Clotilde's sanctity was so great as to merit the distinction of canonization in after years, and she had been baptized in the Catholic faith. Her life was a practical exemplification of the holiness of that faith—full of charity and noble deeds.

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THE VOW OF CLOVIS. (*From Blanc's celebrated Painting.*)

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Clovis saw that she implicitly believed in the power of the Triune God, to whom she prayed so frequently and fervently, and, moved by an irresistible desire, he threw himself on his knees and besought the same help in his need. Then, inspired by a new hope, he rallied his broken squadrons, flung himself again into the thick of the fight, and by his daring infused fresh courage into his army. The Alamanni were routed, and Clovis, who had vowed to become a Christian if he survived the conflict, hastened to redeem his pledge. He placed himself in the hands of Vedastus of Toul and St. Remigius of Rheims, and on Christmas Day, A. D. 496, he received Christian baptism. Three thousand of his knights and nobles, and a great multitude of Frankish ladies, followed this illustrious example on the spot. Hence the veneration with which the French people, down to this day, regard the great festival of Christianity. Noël is with them the sweetest time of all the year, fraught with the most precious associations, marking the birth of France to a new life, and her rescue from the night of barbarism and provincial degradation.

FAULTS AND VIRTUES OF THE NEW CONVERTS.

It has been said that the conversion of these stalwart barbarians was only a make-believe affair—that despite their veneer of Christianity they continued to be savages in mind and deed. Too much color, unhappily, is afforded for this view in the conduct of many of the men and women of the Merovingian line. The general life of Clovis himself, after his conversion, was shocking. He displayed a ferocity, combined with a treachery, in dealing with neighboring chiefs that has no parallel save in Indian warfare, and his sensuality, like that of the other Merovingians, was such as to suggest the simile of the centaur in describing such slaves of brutish passion. The feminine element of this strong race was sometimes as savage and degraded as the masculine. It would be impossible to find a more shameless life than that of Queen Fredegund, or a more savage and licentious one in later life than that of Queen Brunehault. It was the daughters-in-law of the latter princess who, when they at last succeeded in getting her into their power, flung her to their soldiers as common prey for three whole days, and then tied her naked to the tail of a wild horse to be dragged to death. The records of the race are filled with stories of nuns who broke their vows and filled the church with shocking scandals, of princes whose hands were stained

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with the blood of brothers and kinsmen, and whose incurable habit of polygamy was vainly denounced by the saintly and heroic Columbanus and other servants of God. Yet side by side with these atrocious characteristics we find deeds of noble devotion to God and immense service to the spread of Christianity, and saints like Clotilde and Fredegonde, whose purity and piety caused them to struggle for virginal sanctity as strenuously as any of those early martyrs who chose death rather than life with dishonor and denial of Christ. There is no more glorious figure in all the ranks of beautiful sainthood than that of Fredegonde—the first queen who laid her crown at the gate of the cloister—and she was a Frank of the Merovingian time. That period witnessed the rise of many splendid cathedrals and monasteries in France, and the almost complete absorption of the kingdom into the fold of Christ. Hence, despite its glaring diversities of conduct and its inexplicable fluctuations in moral progress, it is regarded as the most interesting epoch in post-Latin civilization.

FINE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL TRAITS OF THE FRANK COLONY.

It would be unjust to the Franks to attribute the phenomenal wickedness which at times they exhibited to any inherent abnormal vice. On the contrary, when they came into Gaul they were a people possessed of many virtues of a natural kind. They were brave, honest, and truthful. They abhorred the life of the city and loved that of the field and the forest. War and the chase were their favorite pastimes; their domestic life was pure and happy.

Their political system was excellent. Every man was free and the equal of the king in the eye of the law; and the king was elected by popular vote, which could depose him, if he overstepped his power, as well, and sometimes did. It was the contact of such pristine virtues as these with the horrible corruption and debauchery of the Romano-Gallic society which produced the extraordinary effects upon the Frankish character which historians have had to chronicle. The debasement of manhood induced by the refined licentiousness introduced by the Romans was in keeping with the corruption in public affairs which their system of taxation and public expenditure encouraged and perpetuated. It was inevitable that a simple people, finding themselves surrounded by such conditions, should in time succumb at least partially to the pernicious influences which pervaded the very atmosphere, so to speak, and per-

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meated all conditions and ranks in society. The wonder, rather, is, that the Franks should in the end emerge from such an ordeal so creditably as they did. It is acknowledged that they rendered signal service in the work of civilization by turning the minds of the people away from the towns and encouraging them to look to the cultivation of the fields and the venery of the forest as the means of spending a manly and useful life. They delayed the introduction of the feudal system, then beginning to rear its head in many other lands, for at least a couple of centuries; and though they often presented anything but edifying examples of Christianity, they were munificent givers

THE VICTORIOUS RETURN OF CLOVIS. (*From Blanc's celebrated Painting.*)

to the church. Above all, they stood as a solid rampart against the menacing flood of Arianism, which at one time seemed to threaten the existence of the pure faith in every land in which the gospel had been preached. It is, then, somewhat too sweeping an assertion of Mr. Allies, in his summing up of the Merovingian epoch, in his *Formation of Christianity*, to say that in embracing Christianity the race of Clovis had not given up a single pagan vice nor adopted a single Christian virtue.

THE IRISH MONK AND ROYAL WICKEDNESS.

We cannot withdraw our eyes from this rude period of transition without pausing to survey the wonderful part which the early Irish monks played in it. A glorious figure, amid all the

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ruin, crime, and savagery of the period, is that of the great Celtic saint, Columbanus. He played a *rôle* somewhat akin to that of a lion-tamer amid the wild tribe who, after Clovis's death, fought over his inheritance. With a large retinue of monks from Ireland he had founded a noble seat of piety at Luxeuil, where the Burgundian and Frankish nobles came in troops, bringing their boys with them to have them taught Christian lore. His outspoken denunciations of the licentious Merovingians soon involved him in trouble, but "the great Irish missionary," says Mr. Allies, "in the pre-eminence of his dauntless courage, shrunk from no contest with the centaurs who ruled divided Gaul." He was expelled from his monastery by Queen Brunehault and her ferocious son, Thierry, because he indignantly stigmatized the shameless mother's encouragement of her son's illicit amours for her own selfish ends. But he soon found an asylum with the Lombards, whose king gave him the ground whereon he erected the far-famed monastery of Bobbio. Brunehault not long afterward paid the penalty of her crimes in the revolting manner before described, and Thierry and his progeny met the usual fate of the Merovingian line.

WHAT THE IRISH MISSIONARIES DID FOR CIVILIZATION.

Many other saints of Irish birth took part in the work of civilizing the chaotic Roman provinces—St. Gall, St. Fursey, St. Fiacre, with a host of monks of lesser note. These men came in swarms from the Irish monasteries, impelled by the true Christian spirit—that of the missionary and the martyr. Their work in the new movement was threefold. They levelled the forest and reclaimed the desert, at the cost of the most frightful labor; they brought the light of letters and philosophy to the seats of ignorance and barbarism; and they won millions of souls to God. Montalembert, who devotes many eloquent chapters of his noble work, *The Monks of the West*, to this theme, says of the foundation of Luxeuil:

"The barbarian invasions, and especially that of Attila, had reduced the Roman towns into ashes, and annihilated all agriculture and population. The forest and the wild beasts had taken possession of that solitude which it was reserved for the disciples of Columbanus and Benedict to transform into fields and pastures. Disciples collected abundantly round the Irish colonizer. He could soon count several hundreds of them in the three monasteries which he had built in succession, and which he himself governed. The noble Franks and Burgundians, overawed by the sight of these great creations of work and

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prayer, brought their sons to him, lavished gifts upon him, and often came to ask him to cut their long hair, the sign of nobility and freedom, and admit them into the ranks of his army. Labor and prayer attained here, under the strong arm of Columbanus, to proportions up to that time unheard-of. . . . It is at the cost of this excessive and perpetual labor that the half of our own country and of ungrateful Europe has been restored to cultivation and life."

TOLBIAC THE TURNING POINT.

So to the miracle at Tolbiac—if miracle it was—we may trace the beginnings of our modern civilization, of which the French people, with all their shortcomings, are still the foremost representatives. The conversion of Clovis made possible the coming of Columbanus and the triumph of the Celtic mind over the strong materialism of the Teuton. From the first few feeble links forged in the valleys of the Jura and the Vosges the chain of love and sanctity has grown until it now encircles all the great globe, and binds it in loving fetters indissolubly to the throne of God.

The same fruitful stream which irrigated the soil of France and Italy has poured itself out upon these wider shores, and the hands of the same race have spread the seed of God's faith and charity over all the land. So that we, too, have our share in the Clovis celebration, in our claim upon the blood of Columbanus, Gall, and Fursæus; and we rejoice with France in the grace which was vouchsafed the land when Clovis bent the knee before the real Lord of Hosts and burnt his idols of the Valhalla.

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MRS. OLIPHANT'S standing in the literary world entitles her to attention when she gives us her views on the Jeanne d'Arc episode.* She is a lady who has not been found scoffing at sacred things, and does not come before us with such a claim as a circus clown might have to play the part of Hamlet. Her pen has been always bright and clean, and she views literature as a noble vehicle, not as a garbage-cart. Yet, as a Scotchwoman and a Protestant, she cannot approach such a subject in the spirit in which its marvellous elements require to be considered. To the hard Calvinism of the Scottish mind any belief in the supernatural in religion, save in the absolutely abstract, is mere superstition. Mrs. Oliphant shows her inability to fully understand her theme, and her strange want of information on facts patent to everybody, when she speaks of Jeanne's proposed canonization. This she regarded, when she wrote the book, as doubtful; and adds the surprising surmise: "Perhaps these honors are out of date in our time." Even the average well-read Protestant ought to know that many canonizations have taken place in recent years. Nor is it correct to define, as she does, canonization as simply the highest honor that can be paid to a holy and spotless name. It is rather the declaration of a fact, ascertained after the most rigid and searching inquiry—the perfect sanctity of a departed human soul, and its consequent worthiness to be honored and venerated as a fitting instrument and agency of the divine will.

To minimize, if possible, the part which the English authorities in France had in the revolting murder of Jeanne appears to be the great end in view in Mrs. Oliphant's book. For this purpose she lays much stress on the failure of the French king and the knights whom Jeanne so often led to battle to attempt her rescue. We need only say in answer to this, that France was still largely in English hands, and the rescue of

* *Jeanne d'Arc: Her Life and Death.* By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Jeanne could not be accomplished without a campaign, before whose termination she would probably have met her fate. It may not have entered into the minds of the French that the English, to whom the Maid was nothing more than a prisoner of war, taken like any ordinary prisoner in battle by one of their allies, would have dreamed of so departing from international military usage as to put her to death. But Mrs. Oliphant ought to know the people whom she strives to whitewash a little somewhat better. She might recall how they treated her own compatriot, Wallace, and the unhappy Queen Mary; how they tortured Archbishops Hurley and Plunket; how in Jamaica, only thirty years ago, their uniformed officers flogged women with piano-wire. There is no brutality of which the human mind is capable that English officials will not perpetrate when weak people oppose their rule. Do they not even pursue them with their vengeance into the next world, as in the case of the mutineers whom they blew from the mouths of their cannon at Delhi, in order that body and soul might never reunite, as necessary for happiness in the Hindoo belief, in the world to come? The representatives of English power in France regarded Jeanne as a rebel against their authority, and if she had never set up any supernatural claim herself, the fact that she had beaten such renowned warriors as Talbot and his captains would have afforded sufficient ground to set up a theory of witchcraft and send her to the stake, for such was their determination.

As a literary performance and a chronicle Mrs. Oliphant's work sustains her reputation. A certain unevenness in tone, however, is perceptible in it, and at times her attempts at explanation of Jeanne's springs of action appear contradictory. She labors throughout under the insurmountable difficulty of her self-imposed task. She is dealing with a subject too high for the inevitable limitations of her mind and training. Hence her work can hardly be entirely satisfactory to author or audience. Some very fine plates are scattered throughout the work. The book is put forth in good, rich style by the publishers.

Much pathos and power in simple construction are shown by Gilbert Guest in a short story called *Meg*.* It is a sketch of Irish fisher-life, written without much knowledge of the real conditions in such a sphere. While some mistakes arise from this disadvantage, the delineation of the hot-headed but noble-hearted young sea-maiden, Meg, is by no means far-fetched or unreal. True piety and noble self-sacrifice are often found

* *Meg: The Story of an Ignorant Little Fisher Girl.* By Gilbert Guest. Omaha, Neb.: Western Chronicle Company.

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blended, as in the case of this little heroine, with an almost ungovernable temper and a waywardness in fancy. Her profanity is, however, rather strongly depicted, and her dialectic powers at times are made to show strangely above her training and opportunities. A little actual knowledge of the real conditions of life on the Irish sea-board, as to the life-boat service, the revenue regulations, and minor matters, would have helped to give the story more present-day *vraisemblance*.

The latest addition to the Summer and Winter School Library, now being produced in such neat, substantial, and yet handy shape by D. J. McBride & Co., of Chicago, is the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy's discussion of the Social and Labor Problems.* It is evident that Father Sheedy has made an exhaustive study of the position of affairs with regard to the two greatest problems of our age, and he endeavors to lay down the principles on which alone a true settlement of the difficulties constantly arising can be arrived at. The pernicious tendencies of the State Socialism advocated by the false prophets of the atheistic school are clearly pointed out in the course of his argument. The reverend author is, however, somewhat too prophetic with regard to the probable consequences of an acceptance of the principle of land nationalization. There is nothing more dangerous than the assurance of certainty as to consequences following economic departures. It is more beneficial to turn to those portions of Father Sheedy's argument in which he shows what the Catholics of Germany and France are doing to find a practical solution for the countless evils which the conflict between capital and labor, and the pressure of human misery, are ever creating. The clergy and laity of the Catholic Church have in those countries taken their coats off to the work, so to speak, and built up a system of splendid local machinery for the settlement of labor problems and the elevation of the hitherto neglected toiler. They leave politics and economical theories to take care of themselves; they recognize that humanity and its needs are the practical side of religion. It is eminently desirable that such splendid example should be widely known, more especially in this country, where the practices of capitalism have pushed matters to a very delicate and risky position for the public weal.

Those who cannot readily comprehend the peculiar life of the Catholic Church regard the many spiritual movements which

* *Social Problems.* By Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. Chicago: D. J. McBride & Co.

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spring up around her as something akin to an over-ornamentation, a superfluity of spiritual embellishments, an obscuring of the early grace and simplicity of the majestic design. This is the impression of thoughtlessness. Every age has its own special needs, and these outward symptoms of the sympathy of the church with those needs only prove how beautifully adaptable is her sustaining principle to every changing phase of the world's developments. The laying out of fresh avenues of grace, as new regions of spiritual labor are being opened up, is a process going on as incessantly as the silent and invisible workings of physical nature in the inner life of the universe. Amongst the most recent outgrowths of this law of activity the Order of Our Lady of the Cenacle claims earnest attention. Its purpose is the preparation of the devout mind to imitate the spiritual and corporeal example of our Blessed Lady in her retreat. She labored while shut up with the holy women in the cenacle, and she accompanied this laboring by instruction in sanctity and by prayer and encouragement in apostolic work. The labor was not merely industrial occupation for hand and brain; it was the labor of preparation for the great combat with the world. The cultivation of this spiritual blossom of the material seed is the object of the Order of Our Lady of the Cenacle. A sketch of the origin and rise of this institution has been prepared by the Rev. Father Felix, S.J. The work* is intended more as an exposition of the object and methods of the order than a chronicle, and we have no doubt it will be accepted gratefully by many of those whose mental and spiritual energies long for such an outlet and need only such a finger-post to point the way. This book bears the approbation of the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Guibert; and the translation has been made by Miss Deak. The local habitat of the order in New York City is at St. Regis' House, West One Hundred and Fortieth Street.

We have received from Mr. John T. Reily, of Martinsburg, West Va., a quartette of volumes† which may be regarded as the nucleus of a good Catholic library in themselves. Two of these volumes are weighty works, in more than a figurative sense, as each contains over a thousand pages printed on extra thick paper and enclosed in strong covers. Three of the vol-

* *Notre Dame du Cenacle:* Our Lady of the Cenacle; or of the Retreat. By the Rev. Father Felix, S.J. New York: Lafayette Press, 141 East Twenty-fifth Street.

†*Recollections in the Life of Cardinal Gibbons, Passing Events in the Life of Cardinal Gibbons, Collections in the Life of Cardinal Gibbons.* Third Book. By John T. Reily. Martinsburg, West Va.: *Herald* Print.

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umes relate to the life and times of Cardinal Gibbons, the fourth is occupied with the history of the Catholic mission in Conewago Valley. These books are a mine of wealth for the seeker after materials for a grand historical edifice. They are a perfect emporium, not remarkable for scientific arrangement, but where the seeker after any certain fact of Catholic interest, within the scope of the title, is pretty sure to find it if he have only the patience to look for it under the general headings of the Index.

Mr. Reily makes no pretence of being a historian. But he can certainly lay claim to being an industrious collector. Huge blocks of history thrown together Pelasgian fashion make up this great fabric of Catholic chronicle. Almost every event that marked the sixty years of church development which his collection embraces finds a record here. It is not alone the masterful pronouncements of the cardinal on all the vital topics of our day that make it valuable; those of Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding, and other illustrious exponents of Catholic thought, find a place there as well. A succinct history of the absorbing Cahensly controversy is also given; the part played by Catholicism at the Columbus Exposition is amply shown. There is a copious biography of foremost American Catholics, clerical and lay; many interesting sketches of Catholic history, from the beginning of American civilization down to the present day, are likewise embraced in these inexhaustible pages. Nor is there such a lack of original matter as the publisher's apology would seem to indicate. We find in the work a valuable dissertation upon Catholic literature and Catholic writers, embracing the whole period of the budding and maturity of that comprehensive body of literature.

A considerable number of plates are scattered through the various works. In many cases these would have been better omitted. The groups of photographs embodied in the volume on Conewago are the most valuable of the lot.

Although many text-books on philosophy have been written, the incessant activity of the human mind necessitates the writing of new ones. Truth is the same in all ages, yet the changing conditions of the world constantly demand its application to new conditions as they arise. The scientific advance of the age brings in its train new problems for the thoughtful, so that the task of applying the tests of philosophic truth in the field of material investigation every day becomes more

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difficult and bewildering. The mind must be carefully prepared for this intellectual exercise, if the struggle with the phenomena of life and nature is to be manfully maintained and not surrendered with a weak cry of helplessness. It is of the utmost importance that our text-books on philosophy should be fit for this purpose of training the mind and tempering the steel for the inevitable conflict. An excellent work for this purpose, for secular students, is one just issued by Rev. Wm. Poland of St. Louis University, under the title, *The Truth of Thought.** It possesses the merits of extreme fitness of statement, absence of redundancy and irrelevancy, and freedom from any kind of theological animus. It confines itself strictly to the four corners of its brief—a disquisition in the field of human reason on the problems of life and the facts of our material existence. The narrowness of the principle upon which the whole vast philosophical structure, embracing the entire material and metaphysical universe, rests is plainly perceptible to the author. It is simply the chasm between the subject and the object, and he finds no difficulty in convicting Kant, Hume, Descartes, Herbert Spencer, and all that school of sceptics of ridiculous self-contradiction in accepting a grand *a priori* with regard to self-perception and denying the power of reason outside self. Such pseudo-philosophers must, as the author happily points out, be convicted of the absurd attempt to reconcile the affirmation of a principle with the denial of that same principle in the same breath. The absence of all dogmatism in this work is another fact which recommends it. Every proposition it puts forward is methodically and soberly argued out, to the ultimate reduction of philosophy to its first principles, the recognition of the power of the ego to think and to accept evidence of the truth or non-truth regarding what is outside itself but within its ken.

An excellent psalter has been issued by the Apostleship of Prayer for the purposes of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The *League Hymnal*, as it is entitled, is a work most admirably adapted for its sacred purpose. The various hymns associated with the devotion are given, together with the most approved musical setting, and the special prayers composed with the same object are set forth at the end. The choral music and formulæ are also appended. All has been compiled and

* *The Truth of Thought; or, Material Logic.* By William Poland, Professor of Rational Philosophy in St. Louis University. New York, Boston, Chicago: Silver, Burdett & Co.

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arranged by the Rev. William H. Walsh, S.J. Splendid paper and admirably legible musical printing render the book externally most serviceable for its purpose.

Prayers for the People, by the Rev. Francis David Byrne, is the title of a little devotional work that cannot fail to be popular. It is neatly printed and solidly bound. The devotions it embraces are the chief ones in Catholic worship. It can be had from the firm of Benziger Brothers.

I.—CORNELIUS À LAPIDE ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.*

St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians are among the most valuable possessions of the church, as doctrinal and disciplinary foundations. Full, explicit, and unambiguous as is the declaration of faith they contain, the condition of things which called them forth, and some passages in their carefully arranged contents, even in early days were considered to require some key or commentary. This was furnished in the ample work of Cornelius à Lapide, whose Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures has satisfied the need so fully that it has been universally conceded to deserve the appellation "great." We are indebted to the Rev. W. F. Cobbe, D.D., for a translation of the chapters on the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

Corinth was a centre of much interest in the Apostle's days. It was a place of wealth because of its rich copper-mines, and it was a place of learning, albeit it was a place of luxury and licentiousness because of its wealth. Some of the most eminent of the old Greek philosophers and statesmen had their residence there, and it presented so advantageous a condition for the spread of the Gospel that St. Paul had decided to go there at a very early period of his apostolic career. Furthermore, he went there by divine direction, imparted in a vision encouraging him to the enterprise. He made many converts, but after his departure considerable controversy arose in the inchoate church. The confusion and difficulty were aggravated by the coming of Apollos, so much that parties of Paulites and Apollonites sprang up, to the great scandal of the church, and to the extent of the beginnings of a schism. To wean the Corinthians from the sins of pride and self-seeking, and bring them to the humility of the Cross, was the great end and aim for which

* *The Great Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide. I. Corinthians.* Translated and edited by W. F. Cobbe, D.D. London: John Hodges.

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these great expositions of doctrine and Christian logic were composed.

The very outset of this First Epistle is a plea for unity and a statement in effect of the universality of the church under the headship of Christ. It is addressed "Unto the Church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints." He earnestly enjoins the Corinthians not to be Christians of Paul or of Apollos, but to be of Christ, and all of one mind and one speech on the things of their faith. On this mandate adverse critics have founded exceptions to the classification of the orders of the Catholic Church as Thomists, Franciscans, and so forth; but the great commentator points out how different this is from the original intention of the censure. On the other hand he shows how apt it is in the case of sectaries who describe themselves as "of Calvin," "of Luther," and other schools of heterodoxy.

The passages relating to the sacrament of matrimony and the laws of morality are extremely full and minute; and in the original much matter appears which the translator has found it imperative to condense. Everything that has been deemed necessary to retain the clearness of the original text has, we may take it, been carefully preserved.

Much space is devoted to analyzing St. Paul's dicta with regard to the Blessed Eucharist. Non-Catholic divines, who often rely much upon the Pauline teaching as justifying their separation from the body of the Catholic Church, can find it no easy task to reconcile the explicit declaration of the great Apostle of the Gentiles with the legacy of fantastic evasions of the cardinal doctrine of Christianity to which they still so obstinately cling.

It is but justice to the publisher and printer to say that this most critical work, demanding for its force and relevancy the nicest adherence to grammatical and typographical accuracy in different languages, has been faultlessly produced, so far as a somewhat imperfect and hasty examination has enabled us to discover.

2.—THE CHURCH IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE.*

In addition to the popular *Life of Christ* published recently by the Abbé H. Lesêtre, of the clergy of Paris, the same author now presents a work on the Apostolic Church. It is

* *Holy Church in the Apostolic Age.* By the Abbé H. Lesêtre. Paris: P. Letheilleux.

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prefaced by a letter from the famous Sulpician Abbé Vigouroux, who is not sparing in his praise. He says that the story of the gospels and the early church can never be better told than in the words inspired by the Holy Spirit himself, and with justice he commends the use made by the Abbé Lesêtre of the sacred text. "Your work has been achieved," he adds, "with rare good fortune. God has imparted to you the gifts of facility and clearness; your exposition is limpid, within the reach of all; your plan is simple and logical; your doctrine sound and irreproachable." This is a just criticism and comes near being an adequate description of the work.

The author has happily adopted a new plane of treatment for a field which the talent of the Abbé Fouard has so magnificently illuminated. The three works of the Abbé Fouard corresponding to the two of the Abbé Lesêtre are more imposing in scholarship, more replete with detail, more elegant with literary embellishment, but it is safe to predict that the Abbé Lesêtre will command at least as large an audience.

His history of the Apostolic Church falls into three divisions. The first follows the plan of the *Life of our Lord*, being nothing more than a remarkably skilful arrangement of the sacred text so as to furnish a consecutive narrative. He has found it necessary to interpose historical data and explanations of the inspired word only here and there. Of these the former are quite as admirable for their brevity as for the wide learning they display; the latter are neat recapitulations which will bring their lessons home to the simplest minds.

In the second part the same method is applied to the epistles of St. Paul and the Catholic epistles, interspersed with more extensive historical control of their contents gathered from uninspired sources. Three chapters of the third part are devoted to the epistles, Apocalypse, and last years of St. John. The Epistle of St. Clement and the letter to Diognetus, together with several shorter documents, receive similar treatment, so that a very clear idea of the literary remains of the first century is afforded. Finally, chapters on Persecution and Heresy, the Conquests of the Church, the Organization of the Church, Dogma and Morals, the Sacraments, and Christian Worship combine to place clearly and succinctly before the average reader a comprehensive review of early Christianity such as the scholar must devote years of research and analysis to obtain from original authorities. These chapters, which are by no means above the general excellence of the book, must

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still remain its most useful feature, since thereby Catholics at large are well equipped with the most approved modern ammunition for defence of the faith. The activity of Protestant scholarship has forced upon the church a realization of the keen avidity with which historical aspects of Catholicity are being discussed by those who ought to be Catholics. No more powerful appeal can be made to them to-day than the appeal to history, and very especially the history of the first three centuries. For ordinary uses the Abbé Lesêtre's compendium is a thesaurus; for further study it is a capital hand-book.

Brevity, indeed, trenches uncomfortably upon reticence at times. One would prefer a more distinct inquiry into the proofs of St. Peter's presence in Rome, or that the sacrament of Holy Orders had been given a more certain footing, as could easily have been done if the author had the exigences of non-Catholic missions in view. Perhaps he had not, but the last chapter, which compares the church of the first century with the church of to-day, is a masterly argument whose effect upon the right audience could not lightly be withstood. Abbé Lesêtre's work is needed in America. Here is a harvest for which it is a sharpened scythe. Let us hope that it will receive speedy translation and worthy publication.

3.—FATHER TALBOT SMITH'S "OUR SEMINARIES."

Father Talbot Smith is one of our best writers, hitherto in the realm of fiction; and we would be glad to see a complete and neat edition of his works. In the present work he has undertaken to handle a very serious and important subject.

It is written in an excellent spirit, and evidently with the best intentions; and it is entitled to the careful consideration of all those who are engaged in the direction of seminaries, or competent to give advice in the matter. It is a very suggestive book, proposing many questions for investigation and discussion. Some of its suggestions are manifestly most wise and practical. No one can doubt, for instance, the great importance of the most careful provision for the diet and exercise of the young men, for the sake of their physical health and vigor.

Again, we must fully endorse all that he says of the disadvantage of multiplying small, one-company posts, to borrow an illustration from Father Smith's favorite term of comparison, the army. Some seem to think that the Council of Trent has

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made it obligatory on each bishop to have a diocesan seminary. We think, however, that this is too narrow an interpretation of the canon. What the council had in view was, not to prescribe diocesan seminaries in opposition to provincial or general seminaries, but ecclesiastical seminaries under episcopal control, in opposition to universities, frequented by all classes of students, as places for clerical education. Common sense dictates that the law requiring bishops to establish seminaries should be interpreted to mean that every bishop should provide for his young candidates an ecclesiastical college where they could receive a proper training. Many metropolitan and other principal churches were of great dimensions. Milan, Naples, Florence, Paris, Cologne, Vienna, Munich, and similar sees would naturally have their own diocesan seminaries. But the smaller and poorer dioceses would only be able to have small and poor seminaries, and would find it much to their advantage to send their students to some centre of learning in the metropolis of the province, or some other principal town, the seat of an important bishopric capable of sustaining a well-appointed seminary. In fact, the decree of the council expressly ordains that bishops who cannot maintain separately their diocesan seminaries shall unite in founding a common seminary.

It is evident that a conclusive argument against multiplying small seminaries is derived from the impossibility of furnishing a sufficient number of competent professors. The Holy See gives the example to be followed by opening colleges in Rome to which students are invited and encouraged to resort from all the nations of the world.

In addition to the older institutions, several new seminaries on a grand scale have been recently founded, at St. Paul, Rochester, and New York, and one in San Francisco is approaching completion. It is to be hoped that the conductors of our seminaries and colleges will make whatever improvement is necessary in the curriculum of studies, and that St. Paul's College at the Washington University will go on prosperously in the great work of higher theological education it has so auspiciously begun.

4.—THE CHURCH AND THE AGE.*

Cardinal Newman wrote of Father Hecker shortly after his

* *The Church and the Age:* An Exposition of the Catholic Church in view of the Needs and Aspirations of the Present Age. By Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, of the Congregation of St. Paul. Tenth thousand. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street.

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death, in a letter to Father Hewit, these words: "I have ever felt that there was a sort of unity in our lives—that we both had begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England. It is not many months since I received a vigorous and striking proof of it in the book he sent me" (*The Church and the Age*).

In this book Father Hecker gives his reasons for believing that there is coming a notable spiritual awakening, that in the religious life of the American people this awakening will be strikingly manifested, and that the Catholic Church will have no small part in it, not only in fostering it, but particularly in reaping the fruit of it. The fullest exposition of these great life-thoughts is found in this volume.

The original essay received many warm commendatory approbations from dignitaries high in authority at Rome, and from the late distinguished Jesuit, Père Ramière. The first edition of the book received a very full and favorable review, endorsing all its principles, from the English Jesuit magazine, *The Month*.

Intelligence and liberty are not a hindrance but a help to religious life; only false religion has reason to fear the spread of enlightenment and the enjoyment of our free civil institutions; while intellectual development and civil liberty have accelerated more than anything else the decay of Protestantism, they are calculated more than any other human environments to advance at the present time the progress of true supernatural life among men.

The main purpose of this volume is to show that the liberty enjoyed in modern society, in so far as it is true, and the intelligence of modern society in so far as it is guileless, are inestimable helps to the spread of Catholicity and the deepening of that interior spirit which is the best result of true religion.

The office of divine external authority in religious affairs, in providing a safeguard to the individual soul and assisting it to a freer and more instinctive co-operation with the Holy Spirit's interior inspirations, is often treated of in this book; and the false liberty of pride and error is plainly pointed out.

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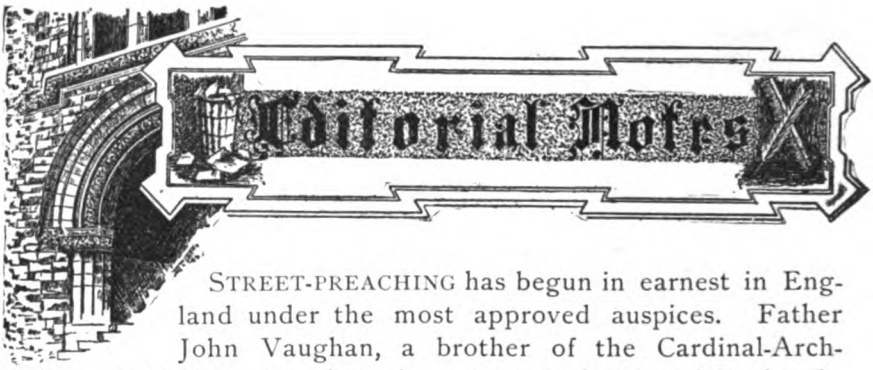

STREET-PREACHING has begun in earnest in England under the most approved auspices. Father John Vaughan, a brother of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, has the matter in hand and is already meeting with a certain measure of success. His method is to secure professional Catholic laymen, who have an attractive presence and are good talkers, and on Sunday afternoon gather a crowd of listeners in some of the open parks and address the crowd on vital topics of religious interest. The report of the work indicates that the addresses have been received with uncommon interest; certain classes have been reached who would not have been reached otherwise; and the truths of religion have been brought home to many estranged from church organizations. This particular work is awaiting some apostle to take it up in this country and make it succeed.

The British House of Lords appears to exist for the purpose of exhibiting the anomaly of the hereditary principle in a constitutional system. It is incessantly asserting its feebleness in blocking or rejecting measures sent up from the House of Commons, and then surrendering without a murmur when sternly told by the Prime Minister to yield or be prepared for the consequences of contumacy. Just now it is affording the British public one of those periodically recurring exhibitions of mock heroism followed by abject retreat. The one measure of importance which the government has been enabled to get through the House of Commons was the Irish Land Bill. It is a measure intended to give a very slight instalment of justice to the long-suffering tenant-farmers; but slight as the relief was it required the utmost pressure from the government to induce the landlord interest represented in the ranks of its supporters to allow it to pass the gauntlet in the lower House without fatal injury. But the House of Lords allowed their selfishness as landlords to get the better of their party loyalty as well as their common sense. They immediately proceeded, when the bill came up, to mangle it in such a way as to make

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it utterly useless for the purpose of the government in bringing it in—the relief from an intolerable situation. As the vast majority of the peers are Tories and Unionists, this revolt astonished even those who always found some excuse for their opposition to liberal measures. But the Lords raised such a storm that in order to save themselves they accepted without further ado the same measure when it came up from the Commons, a few days afterwards, with the original features restored. People have long been asking, What is the use of a House of Lords? To furnish the comedy of political life in England, appears to be the obvious answer.

The Temperance Movement in this country is on the upward and onward trend. Its progress, as measured by the report made to the Annual Convention assembled at St. Louis, is quite notable. It has added unto itself 120 societies, with a membership of 5,761, during the past year. This, along with previous years' records, makes an addition in three years of 312 societies, and 18,382 of a new membership.

The total membership of this powerful organization now is 895 societies, with a membership of 75,390. This is the organized body, but by no means is the influence of the total-abstinence sentiment confined to the organized ranks. Undoubtedly the tide of Catholic temperance sentiment is growing higher and higher. It has made its influence felt in the steady breaking away of rooted habits and the constant effort towards better homes, cleaner living, and higher citizenship.

With the next issue we begin the sixty-fourth volume of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. Our literary plans for the next year embrace several series of articles on the greater religious and social problems of our time. Mr. Henry Austin Adams begins a set of papers, touching in his pleasant, sparkling way on the present religious situation. Social topics, such as the housing of the people, the scientific preparation of food, the relative cost of living in the great cities of the world, and kindred subjects, will be discussed by expert writers. The attitude of the church towards the social movement will form the theme for further articles. The policy of the Holy Father toward the American Nunciature, the Cause of Labor, Christian Unity, and other leading questions, will be carefully presented; and the progress of the Education struggle in Great Britain and Canada will also be attentively followed.

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE MEANING OF THE ENCYCLICAL.

(From the Tablet.)

IF the Holy See were wily and worldly and crooked in its ways, as its enemies at times are wont to assure us, different indeed would have been its speech and action on occasions like the present, as a glance at the position may suffice to show. Knowing that any movement which makes for Reunion must, by the very necessity of the case, turn Romewards, Leo XIII. might easily have contented himself with allowing the ideas of Reunion to work their way, and have trusted to the results or ultimate tendencies, which might be not the less real from proceeding upon a false or illusionary basis. He might have led Reunionists on, dangling as a bait before their eyes the hope of possible compromise, or of one or other of those small ecclesiastical mercies which some men have agreed to magnify into "informal communion." Or, without committing himself to any doctrinal statement, he might have studiously used the language of platonic generalities, dwelling unctuously on points of concord, and adopting the cheap policy of burking the points of disagreement. He might even have sought to generate an atmosphere and have betaken himself to the vocabulary of intercommunion compliments. Or—if it is not irreverent to think so—he might have stooped to the still lower depth of the deliberate use of nebulous speech—of phrases designedly chosen as sufficiently loose and vague to cover both a Catholic and an Anglican meaning, adaptable at will by each class of readers—in a word, to those childish devices by which men are led to play at believing they are one, because the antagonisms of sense are hidden in the sameness of sound. Or, more easily still, by a policy of masterly inactivity the Pope might have given no answer at all, and have waited for the movement to bear its fruit, and in the meantime have left it to irresponsible Catholics on one side, and to irresponsible Anglicans on the other, to make such amiable and harmlessly informal overtures as their discretion or indiscretion might have suggested. There is hardly one of these methods which would not have found advocates, at least amongst minds of a certain stamp. The world which reads the Papal Encyclical to-day will do Leo XIII. the justice to recognize that he has condescended to use none of them. From the chair of Peter he has given to mankind the example of the charity and dignity of apostolic honesty. He was conscious that in the world around him souls were asking the vital question on what terms they might hope for Reunion with Rome. In discharge of his duty of teacher to these souls he has neither waited nor dallied, nor evaded. Nor has he minced his answer. He has spoken, and so plainly, so clearly, so fully, so frankly, that there is not a man in Christendom to-day that is not in full possession of his meaning. Men may agree or disagree with what the Sovereign Pontiff has said—as they did with the words of his Master—but as to what he has said and as to what he has meant by saying it there can be assuredly no shadow of doubt or question.

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THE WORK OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

MAJOR POND contributes to the July *Cosmopolitan* a very interesting little article on "Great Orators," from which we quote the following:

"Mr. Gough was a more popular lecturer for a longer term of years than any favorite of the lyceums. He was a born orator of great dramatic power. Men of culture, but less natural ability, used to be fond of attributing his success to the supposed fact that he was an evangelical comedian, and that the 'unco guid,' whose religious prejudices would not suffer them to go to the theatres, found a substitute in listening to the comic stories and the dramatic delivery of Gough. This theory does not suffice to explain the universal and long-continued popularity of this great orator. He never faced an audience that he did not capture and captivate, and not in the United States only, not in the North only, where his popularity never wavered, but in the South where Yankees were not in favor, and in the Canadian provinces where they were disliked, and in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland as well. He delighted not only all the intelligent audiences he addressed in these six nations—for during most of his career our North and our South were at heart two nations, making, with Canada, three distinct peoples on our continent, and the three distinct nationalities in the British Islands—but he delighted all kinds and conditions of men. He was at his best before an educated audience in an evangelical community; but when he addressed a 'minion' audience in North Street (the Five Points region of Boston) he charmed the gamins and laboring-men who gathered there as much as he fascinated the cultivated audiences in the Music-Hall. It is true that he was richly endowed with dramatic powers, and if he had taken to the stage he would have left a great name in the annals of the select upper circle of the drama. But he preferred to save and instruct men rather than to amuse them, and he devoted his life to the temperance movement and the lyceum. He was a charming man personally, modest, unassuming, kind-hearted, and sincere, always ready to help a struggling cause or a needy man. He was a zealous Christian, but never obtruded his peculiar belief offensively upon others. One had to see him at his home to learn how deeply devoted to the Christian faith he was. Mr. Gough never asked a fee in his life. He left his remunerations to the public who employed him. These rose year after year, beginning with less than a dollar at times, until, when the bureau did his business for him, they reached from two hundred dollars, the lowest fee, to five hundred dollars a night. In the last years of his life his annual income exceeded thirty thousand dollars. He did more to promote the temperance cause than any man who ever lived, not excepting Father Mathew, the great Irish apostle.

"It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, he always had a mild sort of stage-fright which never vanished until he began to speak. To get time to master this fright was his reason for insisting upon being 'introduced' to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in New England, where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. While the chairman was introducing him Mr. Gough was 'bracing up' to overcome his stage-fright. By the way, let me say right here (as the phrase "bracing up" has two meanings), that the slanderous statements often started against Mr. Gough, to the effect that he sometimes took a drink in secret, were wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography Mr. Gough has told the story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first relapse, a total-abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man."

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A GEOLOGIST ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

(From the Literary Digest.)

PROFESSOR PRESTWICH, of England, and Sir J. William Dawson, of Canada, have lately been presenting some new facts and theories concerning the Noachic Deluge; and now comes a German geologist, Dr. Max Blanckenhorn, of the University of Erlangen, with a similar instalment on "The Origin and History of the Dead Sea," in an article of fifty-nine pages, in the *Journal* of the German Palestine Society. In the article he gives the results of explorations undertaken at the expense of that society. *The Independent* condenses what he has to say, toward the close of his discussion, "upon questions of special interest to the lover of the Word." We quote in part:

"The destruction of the oldest seats of civilization and culture in the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea districts, namely, that of the four cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, is one of the fixed facts of earliest tradition, and for the critical geologist the phenomenon presents no difficulty, as far as it can be traced at all. The tragedy was caused by a sudden break of the valley basin in the southern part of the Dead Sea, resulting in the sinking of the soil, a phenomenon which, without any doubt, was an intimate connection with a catastrophe in nature, or an earthquake accompanied by such sinking of the soil along one or more rents in the earth, whereby these cities were destroyed or 'overturned,' so that the Salt Sea now occupies their territory. The view that this sea did not exist at all before this catastrophe, or that the Jordan before this period flowed into the Mediterranean Sea, contradicts throughout all geological and natural science teachings concerning the formation of this whole region. . . .

"That the Pentapolis at one time was situated in the southern part of the Dead Sea, which is now called *Sebcha*, is proved also, among other things, by the probable location at this place of Zoar, the place which escaped destruction in the days of Lot; in accordance, too, with the writers of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, including the Arabian geographers. As yet nothing certain can be determined concerning the location of the four other cities, viz.: Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, of which names only that of Sodom, in *Djebel Usdum*, is found reflected in any place in these precincts. And, even apart from geological and geographical reasons, this seems to be the natural thing, as the Book of Genesis represents these places as having been thoroughly destroyed without leaving trace or remnant behind. The fact that now these districts are a dreary waste, and by the Arabian geographer Mukaddasi called a 'hill,' is no evidence that in earlier times this was not different, and this valley not really a vision of paradise."

SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM.

(A. S. Van de Graff in the Forum for May, 1896.)

IF the negroes were evenly distributed throughout the United States they would constitute only about 12 per cent. of the population and there would be no race problem. The race problem exists because of concentration in certain localities. These are (1) lowlands along the Atlantic coast, where there are 2,700,000 negroes and 1,800,000 whites; (2) the Mississippi bottoms, where there are 501,405 whites and 1,101,134 negroes; and (3) the Texas Black belt, where there are 82,310 whites and 126,297 blacks. Elsewhere the negroes form from 10 to 30 per cent. of the total population. In only one of these black districts are the negroes in-

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creasing at a greater ratio than the whites. The race question will solve itself by the distribution of the negroes. Due to their failure as farmers and the resulting movement towards mining and factory employments, the movement of the negroes is to the North and the white immigration into the South.

SOCIALISM AND STRIKES IN RUSSIA.

(From the National Zeitung.)

IT has long been known in Socialist circles that Socialism has entered the Russian capital. May-Day, formerly noticed very little by the Russsian working-men, has been celebrated by large masses this year. A special May-Day paper of 12 quarto pages has been distributed in thousands of copies. This paper contained, besides numerous exhortations by Russian Socialists, articles by Liebknecht, Kaulsky, and Eleanor Marx-Aveling, the English writer. Nihilism has been unable to take root among the Russian working-men, but socialism has taken its place, and is flourishing. The Russian papers published in London repeatedly announced the arrest of working-men who agitated for shorter hours and higher pay; in Odessa fourteen journeymen bakers and eleven tobacco-workers were arrested for this reason on one day. The labor movement is not restricted to the capital; it is equally noticeable in the other industrial centres, especially in Lodz, where the labor population is largely composed of Germans and Poles. But in St. Petersburg the working-men are purely Russian. The rise of Socialism among them is, therefore, all the more remarkable.

GENESIS OF THE DENOMINATION.

(From The Literary Digest.)

DR. JAMES H. ECOB, in a remarkable article in *The Church Union* (New York), speaks of the prevailing sin of schism among Protestant churches. After remarking that denominationalism was born of the movement towards individualism that was concomitant with the Reformation, he says:

"Its father was a degenerate child of the reason, that doctrine of verbal inspiration. Its mother was that Cassandra of history—individualism gone mad. The denomination is by no means a case of survival of the fittest. It is the fruit of degeneration. Its stigmata are unmistakable—the decrepitude of doctrinalism, the insanity of individualism. Mark that I say the insanity of individualism. Right, sane individualism is a divine ordinance for man. It always has its own glorious orbit within the great constellated life of love. If the Reformers had held to each other, not a man of them would have failed of his true place and weight in the whole balanced order. But each man or group losing faith in the divine law of community, and, of course, growing narrow and selfish, we find them thrown apart, dividing and subdividing at every whim of self-assertion. The shadow of a shade of difference on doctrine, or custom, or rite, or polity, carried up into the court of conscience, at once took form and substance, and was planted as a standard of separation or carried as a banner of attack. This process of insane, unholy self-assertion has gone on till this day our Protestantism is no longer a protest, but an internal disorder. An army with regiments so defined and segregated is a mob. A government with states or provinces so self-centred is an anarchy. A household so dismembered into single autocracies is a family scandal and travesty. A constellation so broken from its centre is chaos."

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CATHOLIC Reading Circles should extend a cordial welcome to the article on Orestes A. Brownson in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, written by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D. Within the limits of ten pages will be found a sympathetic study of a giant intellect earnestly devoted to the extirpation of error and the defence of the truth. Dr. Lathrop claims recognition for Brownson as a philosopher and teacher, a comprehensive student of religious history and government, a potent essayist on many subjects, a man of conscience, and withal as ardent an American patriot as he was a Catholic. From the year 1838, when Brownson started his *Quarterly Review*, he wrote luminous expositions of the great public questions discussed by the ablest thinkers in the United States. His writings were intended not only for Catholics, but for all men. Twenty-one years after his conversion, in September, 1865, Brownson wrote his treatise on the American Republic. Concerning this remarkable work Dr. Lathrop writes:

"Never has the genius of our country and our nationality been so grandly, so luminously interpreted, from so lofty a point of view, as in this masterly book published when he was sixty-two. Mulford's *The Nation* . . . was brought out five years later. One may note the remarkable correspondences and the greater depth and broader sweep of Brownson's exposition. He distinguishes between the spirit of the nation and the mere government. The danger of the American people is in their tendency to depart from original federal republicanism, and to interpret our system in the sense of 'red republican' and social democracy."

Dr. Lathrop calls attention to the fact that Brownson is omitted or figures but slightly in our manuals and histories of literature. Only one extract is given from Brownson in that excellent work, Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, and that one relates to an insignificant phase of the large Websterian cast of his mind. The Columbian Reading Union has often pointed out this defective recognition of Catholic authors. In all the cases brought to our attention notice has been sent direct to the publishers, in the hope that they might be led to do justice by the commercial inducement of making their books acceptable to Catholic readers.

* * *

As a hand-book of ready reference for the refutation of the numerous false charges invented by bigots of the ancient and modern type the volume on *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*, written by the Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P. (Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York, price $1) is invaluable. Reading Circles should have it discussed at their meetings. Each chapter furnishes abundant material for the interchange of opinion, and will be sure to provoke a lively state of mind among the least talkative members. Some specimen passages are here given relating to libraries, the printing-press, and the early editions of the Bible:

The United States Bureau of Education gives the present number of all public or semi-public libraries, of 1,000 volumes or over, as 3,804. Of these about 566 may be classed as truly "public" libraries. But that is an excellent showing, and redounds greatly to the honor of our country, and especially to the honor of the Protestant citizens who have contributed the largest share in the work of library extension.

The popular Protestant belief is that somehow the invention of the printing-

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press, being coeval with the beginnings of Protestantism, is to be credited to its "light," and as well the advantage that was taken of the new art in the multiplication of books. There is about as much propriety in associating the invention of the printing-press with Protestantism as there is in associating together the ideas of Protestantism and liberty. Let us look at a few facts.

When was linen or cotton paper such as we now use invented? The historian Hallam fixes the date at about A. D. 1100 (*Introduction to Literature*, vol. i. p. 50). When were engraved letters and pictures on blocks of wood, ivory or metal, in the form of what we now call "types," first invented and used? Certainly as early as the tenth century. Many books were printed by hand from those types, and the system of this kind of printing was called chirotypography and xylography. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (article Typography) gives a list of twenty such books, "probably of German origin," and ten others printed in some towns of the Netherlands. Says the writer: "Among these the *Biblia Pauperum* (the Bible of the Poor) stands first. It represents pictorially the life and passion of Christ, and there exist MSS. of it as early as the fifteenth century, some beautifully illuminated."

What, then, did the invention of John Gutenberg, about 1450, consist in? In arranging these hand-types so as to multiply copies of the book. That invention was the *printing-press*. Every Christian country was as yet Catholic, and the immediate and active use of the press spread throughout Europe with astonishing rapidity. From the year 1455 to 1536, a period of eighty-one years, it is computed that no less than 22,932,000 books were printed (Petit Radel, *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques*, p. 82).

Hallam tells us that the first book of any great size that was printed was the Latin Bible, which appeared in 1455. Martin Luther was born in 1483, and his Bible, in the German language, was issued in 1530. It is a common belief amongst Protestants that this was the first Bible ever printed in the vernacular. What is the fact? There were more than seventy different editions of the Bible in the different languages of the nations of Europe printed before Luther's Bible was put forth.

The library of the Paulist Fathers in New York City contains a copy of the ninth edition of a German Bible, profusely illustrated with colored wood engravings, and printed by Antonius Coburger at Nuremberg in 1483, the very year in which Luther was born. The first edition of this same Bible was issued in 1477. Nine editions of the Bible in the language of the people in six years in one city of Germany, and that within thirty years of the invention of the printing-press, and issued by Catholics too!

We have heard more than once of the Bible being "chained by the Romish priests." For once they who make such assertions tell the truth. The celebrated *Biblia Pauperum*—the Bible of the Poor—was one of those that were chained. As copies of the Bible were necessarily very costly and scarce in those days, the custom was to chain one to a pillar in the church where even the poorest of the poor could get at it; but, of course, not to read it. Oh! no. When druggists and other merchants in New York City chain costly city directories in their stores they do it precisely to prevent people looking into them.

As a singular example of the proverbial vitality of lies, I find this old *suggestio falsi* in the "chained Bible" story dished up in a recent work, entitled *Public Libraries in America*, by W. I. Fletcher, M.A., librarian of Amherst College; in which it is presented twice as an illustration, once in the text and again on the back of the cover, representing a "Holy Bible" with a dangling chain and a ham-

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mer descending to break it, with a Latin device—*Libros Liberate*—beneath; a motto well chosen to revive the original flavor of the ought-to-be-stale falsehood it is designed to illustrate. Mr. Fletcher may be an excellent librarian, but when he presumes to tell us that "the Reformation made a tremendous assertion as to the right of man to spiritual freedom," and that "the thousands of volumes written by the monks in the dark ages, and by them collected into libraries, were not much used," and limits his praise for the service rendered by these libraries to the "preservation and handing down to later and happier (?) eras the gems of classic [Christian omitted] thought and learning," one is naturally led to regret that he did not himself liberate certain books among the 61,000 which he, as custodian, keeps "chained" under lock and key, and read them before venturing to add another on the subject of libraries to his literary stores.

As to the stupendous labors of the tens of thousands of monks occupied during many centuries in multiplying copies of the Bible, patiently writing out the whole Scriptures by hand, and marvellously illuminating them—some of these copies being written entirely in letters of gold—any one but a blind and superstitious devotee of Romanism must see that they had the Protestant "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" and the great Protestant "American Bible Society" in their eye, and were determined to forestall them at all cost!

And what may thus be said in explanation of all that the popes and bishops and priests and monks have done in the matter of producing copies of the Bible also applies to the cultivation of letters and the multiplication of all other kinds of books, by Rome and all her agents in every age and in every country, and especially by her agents near home in Italy. One must not find fault with Protestantism for being so much behindhand in literature and the arts, and so much inferior to Catholicism in all these things. You see Protestants were not there to do it. All they need now is time and opportunity to catch up with Rome.

The following is from the pen of an American writer reviewing Hallam's *Middle Ages* in the columns of the *North American Review*, 1840:

"The great ascendency of the Papal power, and the influence of Italian genius on literature and the fine arts of all centuries, made Italy essentially the centre of light—the sovereign of thought—the Capital of Civilization." Hallam's own words were these: "It may be said with truth that Italy supplied the fire from which other nations lighted their own torches" (*History of Literature*, vol. i. p. 58).

The *Home Journal and News*, published at Yonkers, N. Y., contained the following notice:

"We publish this week our last instalment from Father Young's interesting and valuable book, *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*. No other book published so thoroughly refutes the calumnies frequently made against Catholics. The authorities quoted are the strongest, while the quotations presented are exhaustive and to the point. It must have taken years to gather the material, but the result more than repays the reverend gentleman for his labor. We strongly recommend the book to every Catholic. If it could only silence for ever the malicious slanders with which Catholics are charged it would indeed be one of the greatest works ever published; that it does not, is no fault of the author. It should, and the only reason it does not is because no one is so blind as the religious bigot, no one so bitter, no one so unscrupulous, no one so unjust. The religious fanatic knows neither honor, mercy, nor charity in his blind enthusiasm. His hatred clothes rumor with all the importance of fact, while his misguided earnestness gives his statements the benefit of a hearing.

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"To those who finally have the veil of prejudice removed, the wonder is they could have been so blind. Yet the network which religious bigotry has woven out of calumny and misstatements is so close that many honest minds go through life with a fear and aversion for Catholics and their church. The one discordant element in their lives is this very repugnance. Their hearts are good and charitable, but the horrid spectre their education has taught them to see in the Church of Rome, the fearful results to peoples where she has had undisputed sway, the mockery of religion as they have been taught to believe, the insincerity of her ministers, the prostitution of all her most sacred sacraments and rites to the idol of Mammon, form the curtain which shuts out from their minds the resplendence of God's Church as seen by those who know her as she is, and love her because they know her.

"Have Father Young's book in your house, loan it to your Protestant friends and acquaintances; it will certainly go far towards removing the bitterness born of misinformation. If it does only this it will have accomplished much. For many, however, it will serve as the entering wedge of earnest inquiry, which, where properly followed and persevered in, lands the investigator in the bosom of the church."

* * *

The Ozanam Reading Circle may well claim a considerable share in the success which has come from the new educational and literary movement among Catholics in the United States. It has the distinction of being the pioneer Reading Circle of New York City. Following is the report of the president, Miss Mary Burke, for the season 1895–96:

In October, 1886, the members organized, having in view the cultivation of a standard of literary taste. By associating together in an informal and friendly way our individual efforts were intensified; contact with other minds awakened new phases of thought. At our meetings we have obtained many advantages from the concentration of attention on some of the best books—Catholic books especially—from carefully selected literary exercises, and from the vigorous discussion of current topics. Year after year new plans have been added and the scope of the work extended. With united good-will we have given our best energies to make our undertaking pleasant and useful in its results.

For the success of our decennial year we invited the co-operation of numerous friends who attended our public meetings and sanctioned our efforts for the advancement of Catholic literature. A new feature was introduced. In addition to the Honorary Members, to whom we are indebted for many favors in the past, it was arranged to form an associate membership for well-wishers unable to promise active participation in our work. The payment of two dollars secured for each Associate Member the privilege of attending our public meetings once a month. Without binding themselves to the obligations of active members, many were thus enabled to assist in the extension of the work of self-improvement which has been fostered by the Ozanam Reading Circle.

During October, 1895, it was decided to resume the study of American literature in a brief and, as the plan has proved, a very successful way. The work of studying an author was divided among three members. The first was requested to give a short biographical sketch; the second told of the striking characteristics of the life and works of the author; while it was assigned to the third to present an abstract of the author's principal work. By this division of labor the study of each writer was made interesting and as complete as our time would allow. Among those presented to our consideration in this manner were,

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John Boyle O'Reilly, Christian Reid, Agnes Repplier, Louise Imogen Guiney, Edgar Allan Poe, Washington Irving, Cardinal Gibbons, Lowell, and Emerson. Following the same plan we became better acquainted with Coventry Patmore; Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England; Dante Gabriel Rosetti, and Aubrey de Vere.

In the study of these writers the members of our Circle have been greatly aided by the Paulist parish library, which has an extensive collection of the best works in modern literature. We certainly have a great advantage, in this respect, over many less-favored Circles, and, judging from the year's work, the members have fully appreciated this boon.

At every regular meeting portions of *The History of the Church of God*, by Rev. B. J. Spalding, covering from the fifth to the twelfth centuries, were read. Extracts from the monthly magazines were also given, and contributed not a little to the animated discussion of current topics. Original writing is always encouraged, though not compulsory, and accordingly many of the meetings during the year were enlivened by short stories, and individual criticisms of books which the members had read as elective studies. Some of the books reviewed were, *The Data of Modern Ethics* (Ming), *Chapters of Bible Study* (Heuser), *History of the Church in England* (Miss Allies), *History of Art* (Goodyear), *Land of Pluck* (Mary Mapes Dodge).

At the beginning of the year our Director, Rev. Thomas McMillan, promised to devote one evening each month to talks before the Circle on the live questions of the day, chiefly derived from the recent books of Bishop Spalding. These proved both instructive and interesting.

The public meetings formed a distinctive feature of this decennial year. The first, held on November 25, 1895, opened with a short address by the Director. This was followed by an account of the Wadhams' Reading Circle at Malone, N. Y., by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke. Afterwards the Rev. J. Talbot Smith spoke upon the lack of spirituality among the writers of modern fiction, especially noting some defects in the works of Conan Doyle. Among those who helped to make interesting the exercises at our monthly meetings were Miss Grace A. Burt, graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston; Miss Marie Coté gave original and selected readings; Mr. John S. McNulty entertained us by a talk about Novels; William J. O'Leary, A.M., of Brooklyn, favored us with an appreciative selection of passages from Tennyson. A favorable review of Edward Bok's book for young men, entitled *Successward*, was read by Mr. Banks M. Moore.

At two of our public meetings, March 24 and April 21, eloquent lectures were delivered by the well-known speaker, Henry Austin Adams, A.M. His subjects were "Cardinal Newman" and "The Modern Stage." It is needless to say every one was highly delighted with his marvellous oratory. On the Monday evening following the lecture on Cardinal Newman, by request, our Director reviewed for us Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated by a social gathering. The Circle was "At Home" to its numerous friends from 4 to 6 P.M. All agreed that the patriotic and musical selections, and particularly the lively conversation, enabled them to pass a most enjoyable afternoon. Miss Louisa Morrison, Miss Margaret A. Donohue, Mr. R. E. S. Ormisted, Mr. Matthew Barry, and Dr. John J. Rothwell kindly furnished the vocal part of the musical programme.

The closing meeting of the season was held in Columbus Hall on May 26, Mr. Alfred Young presiding. A scholarly address was delivered by Mr. John J. Delany on "Types of Womanhood," especially as exemplified in Queen Isabella

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and Joan of Arc. Musical numbers were furnished on this occasion by Professor Pedro de Salazar and the Excelsior Quartette.

In looking back over the various events in the season of 1895–96 we feel that our sincere thanks are due to those who, by giving their time and talents, so kindly helped to make our tenth year most successful, and profitable for our active, our associate, and our honorary members.

Besides the usual literary work, that is to be continued as heretofore on Monday evenings, we have arranged to complete, next October, the study of educational literature, under the direction of Rev. Thomas McMillan. The course of reading will be limited to six of the most approved books bearing on the professional training of teachers. This will be a rare opportunity for busy teachers who wish to concentrate their attention on books of recognized merit, and wish to escape the discouragement that sometimes comes to the solitary reader of pedagogical works.

Brander Matthews, writing in the January number, 1895, of the *St. Nicholas*, states: "Where Emerson advises you 'to hitch your wagon to a star,' Franklin is ready with an improved axle-grease for the wheels." The two types are happily blended in the Ozanam Circle. When the theoretical element would soar too quickly into ethereal altitudes unknown, the brake of common sense is so gently applied by the practical that we all ride together into the regions of higher truths, all unconscious of the unevenness of the road. We have had in mind these words of Ruskin: "To use books rightly is to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought fail; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and to receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion."

* * *

The Champlain Summer-School assigned August 5 for the conference of Reading Circles, and a large audience showed great interest in the work. Rev. Dr. Conaty called the meeting to order, and introduced Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, president of the Reading Circle Union, as presiding officer of the conference. Miss E. A. McMahon acted as secretary, assisted by Mr. Warren E. Mosher. Colonel Johnston spoke of his great interest in the Summer-School and his joy at its great success. He then gave an address on the reading of good books, and commended the civilization which urged women to be educated by reading. He gave some vivid examples of the prejudice of Greece and Rome against the cultivation of mind among women.

The following Reading Circles were represented at the conference:

Azarias Circle, Buffalo, N. Y., Miss B. A. McNamara; Fortnightly Reading Circle, Buffalo, N. Y., Miss Elizabeth A. Cronyn; Santa Maria Circle, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Miss Anna G. Daly; Sacred Heart Reading Circle, Manhattanville, N. Y., Miss Marcella McKeon; John Boyle O'Reilly Circle, Boston, Mass., Miss Katharine E. Conway; Azarias Circle, Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Hanna; Ozanam Reading Circle, New York City, Miss Mary Burke; Conaty Reading Circle, Watervliet, N. Y., Miss Mary O'Brien; Chaucer Reading Circle, Montreal, Canada, Miss Harriet Bartley; Fénelon Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Charles F. Nagle; Wadham's Circle, Malone, N. Y., Mr. W. Burke; Catholic Club of St. Anthony's Parish, Brooklyn, N. Y., Professor Marc Vallette; Cardinal Newman Circle, Rochester, N. Y., Miss S. R. Quinn; Columbian Circle, Rochester, N. Y., Miss Lizzie Willett; Catholic Literary Circle, Rochester, N. Y., James C. Connolly; Father Hecker Circle, Seneca Falls, N. Y., Rev. James O'Connor; St. Regis Circle, New York City, Miss Matilda Cummings; Cathedral Reading Circle, No. 1, New York City, Miss Agnes Wallace; Cathedral Reading Circle, No. 2, New York City; Cathedral Circle, Hartford, Conn., Miss Abby

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J. Reardon; Hecker Circle, Everett, Mass., Mrs. F. Driscoll; Fénelon Circle, Charlestown, Mass., Miss Margaret Curry; Alfred Circle, New Haven, Conn., Miss Fannie M. Lynch; Cathedral Reading Circle, Springfield, Mass., Miss Anna McDonald; Clairvaux Circle, New York, Rev. Gabriel Healy.

Miss Elizabeth A. Cronyn gave a musical selection in Italian.

Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., made an address on Catholic Authors. He referred to the concentration of attention upon the best books, which is one of the most practical results of the Reading Circles. Intelligent readers accept with gratitude the writings of the great authors whose intellectual gifts are employed in the advancement of science, art, and literature.

Brother Azarias devoted many years of his life to the study of classical literature in many languages. He felt keenly the duty of becoming familiar with the great works which represent the enlightened convictions of the most profound Christian scholars, especially those who had taken the pains to write luminous expositions of nineteenth century problems. We should know our own writers, who labor for us through many trials and tribulations. We should show our appreciation of the sacrifices they made in writing for our benefit by reading their works. In our plans for reading the first place should be given to the books that defend the Catholic faith and show forth what the church has done for letters, science, and education. Some there are who can do a valuable service in refuting erroneous opinions by learning the arguments which show how the truths of religion are reconciled with reason.

Well-informed Catholics take a pride in knowing what their brethren have written. It is often their duty to be able to give reasons for the faith. They should be able to point out the books in which the leading dogmas and doctrines of the church are explained and defended. By all means let our Catholic young people become intimate with the words and deeds of the heroes whose lives were given to the building up of this great Republic; but let them also be no less familiar with the sayings and doings of those heroic souls which reflect so brilliantly the beauties of the church, and her salutary influence on the intellectual life of the world.

Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, in his words of greeting to the Summer-School, urged all to read that remarkable letter on the wonderful unity of the Catholic Church lately sent to the bishops by Pope Leo XIII. In relation to this same subject great profit will be derived from the attentive reading of the book on *Christian Unity** written by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. It is a book which is up-to-date, very kindly in its treatment of the minds wandering in error, and is well calculated to bring light and comfort to earnest seekers after religious truth.

Miss Moore, of Boston, then gave a piano solo, after which Rev. Dr. Conaty spoke of the Reading Circle movement as the very vitality of the Summer-School idea; it has been its source, it is its sustaining power. It appeals to all who seek self-improvement. It offers a means by which general education may be promoted and systematic study carried on. It does not need numbers, but only energetic and persistent action on the part of two or more persons who want to learn something. The Reading Circle should be an organizer for the school, that direction be given by it to the Summer-School assembly, where the lecture courses supplement and complete the work of the winter evenings, and where the best thought of our Catholic men and women is brought to the attention of thinking people.

* * *

* *Christian Unity.* By Rev. M. M. Sheedy. 120 pages, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 10 cents. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

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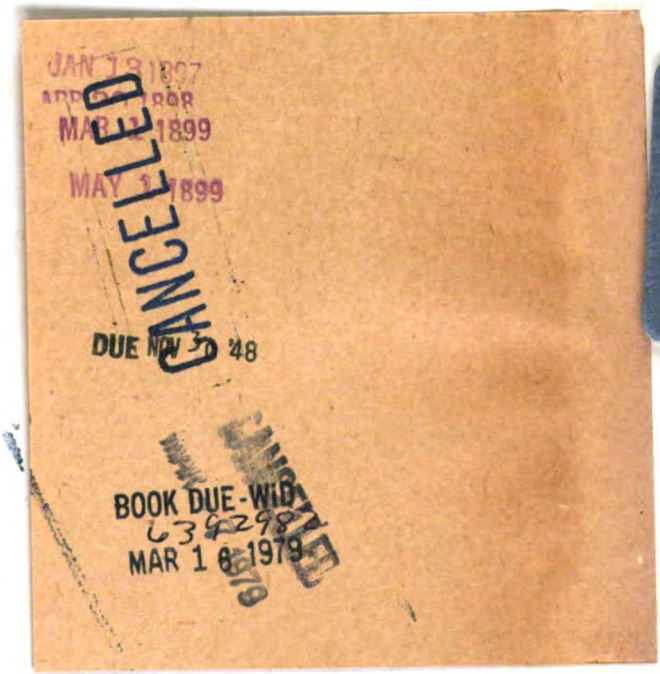

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